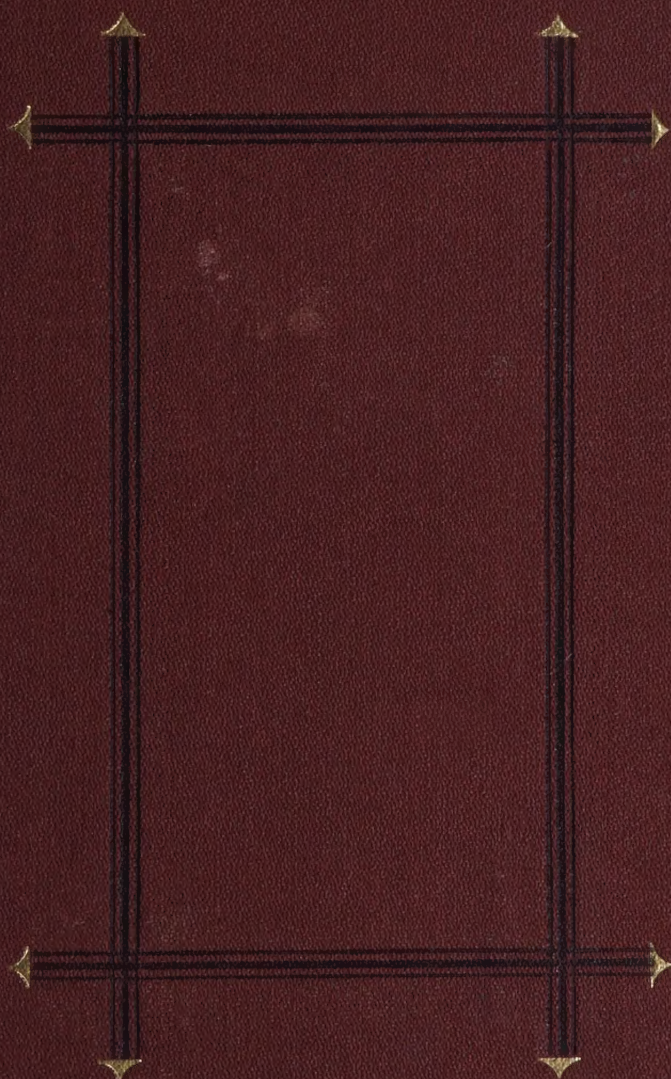


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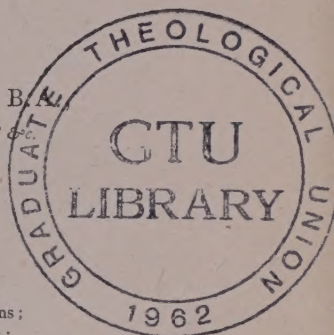
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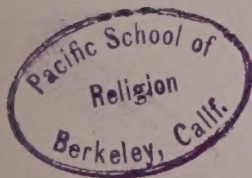
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Of divers saws, with diverse applications ;
Of texts, with near and far fetch'd annotations."

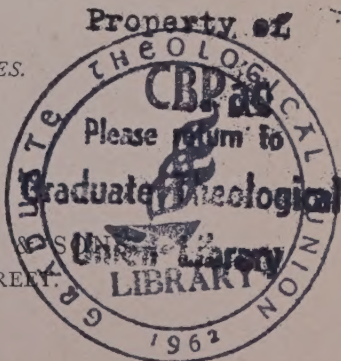
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SECULAR ANNOTATIONS

ON

SCRIPTURE TEXTS.



A TREASURY ESTIMATE OF MONEY'S WORTH.

ST. MARK xii. 41-44.

THERE was a certain poor widow whose estate, realty, personalty, in all, was limited in amount to two mites, which make a farthing. It was all that she had, even all her living. She was seen one day to come into the temple, by One who sat over against the treasury; by Him was seen to throw into the chest that sum total of her means. Others He beheld casting money into the treasury, and many that were rich casting in much. From the Mishna we learn that “according to his pleasure any one might cast into the chests how little soever he would,”—anything not less, however, than two *prutahs*. Now the *prutah*, say the expositors, was the small Hebrew coin equal to the eighth part of an Italian *as*, the *as* being the twenty-fourth part of a silver denarius. Well, the rich cast in much. The poor widow cast in her two mites. Yet, by the estimate of Him who sat there over against the treasury and looked on,—an estimate emphasised and enforced with a “Verily I say unto you,”—that poor widow had cast more in than all they which had cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.

She, of her want—*ὕστερήσεως*, as opposed to *περίσσευμα*, abundance (2 Cor. viii. 14). “How kind,” somewhere exclaims Thomas Hood, “are the poor to the poor! What are the best of our gifts, the parings of our superfluities, or even the ‘royal

and noble benefaction' written up in letters of gold, to the generous donations of the humbler Samaritans, who having so little themselves are yet so willing to share it with those who have less?" And approvingly he quotes the saying, that the charity which Plenty spares to Poverty is human and earthly; but it becomes Divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want.

Dr. Wendell Holmes is studious, in his narrative of the Maiden Sisters, to include mention, honourable and right honourable mention, of the "kindly woman, herself a poor widow," who, on a given day of a certain year, "sent a fractional pudding from her own table to the Maiden Sisters." The poor widow, fighting hard to feed and clothe and educate her children, had not forgotten the poorer ancient maidens. "I remembered it the other day, as I stood by her place of rest, and I felt sure that it was remembered elsewhere. I know there are prettier words than 'pudding,' but I can't help it; the pudding went upon the record, I feel sure, with the mite which was cast into the treasury by that other poor widow whose deed the world shall remember for ever."

Pregnant in import, though packed into a parenthesis, is what the Electra of Sophocles says—

. . . σμικρὰ μὲν τάδ' ἀλλ' ὅμως
Ἄ ἔχω.

It was of far more importance on the poor widow's account, observes a thoughtful preacher, that she should cast into the treasury of God two mites, than that the contributions for the repairs of the temple should be increased by such a trifle: "It was a noble act—a great sacrifice."¹ The fourth part of an as! exclaims an eloquent French divine: strange arithmetic according to which a very tiny piece of copper is of more value than a handful of silver. And yet it is the true arithmetic, rational arithmetic. No object whatever has in itself a peculiar, fixed, unalterable value; to appraise it aright, one must examine how far it fulfils its purpose, *remplit sa destina-*

¹ Sermons by H. J. Bevis: On Entertaining Strangers.

tion. The diamond of inestimable value in the hands of a jeweller is practically a wretched pebble to a shipwrecked outcast. A man dying of burning thirst would give his most precious possessions for a glass of water, for which under other circumstances he would refuse to pay any price at all. Now what is the end, the destination, of the gifts offered in the temple? If it be to augment the pomp of public worship, to pour forth the blood of a larger number of sacrificial victims, to heap up treasures in its porches, in a word, to enrich God; in that case, no doubt, the widow's coin is pitifully, absurdly small. "But, in truth, God is sufficiently rich in Himself; He asks only for our affection, everything else belonging to Him already; and if He requires of the Israelites certain offerings, He does so not for Himself, but for them, desiring to put within their reach a very simple means of expressing their gratitude. The sum poured into the treasury derives all its value from the feeling which prompted it; it counts for anything before God, only as it is a sacrifice; its value is just what it has cost the giver. Hence it is obvious that the widow, in depriving herself, out of piety, of all she possessed, does infinitely more than the rich who bring their large sums of money: as our Lord says, with His incomparable conciseness, she gives of her penury, they of their superfluity. She offers herself, her anxieties, her cares, her distresses; she willingly accepts some additional privations, that she may testify to God her sense of His goodness."¹

If there be first a willing mind, saith the apostle, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not. Xenophon tells us of Socrates, that when he sacrificed he feared not his offering would fail of acceptance in that he was poor; but, giving according to his ability, he doubted not but, in the sight of the gods, he equalled those men whose gifts and sacrifices overspread the whole altar; for Socrates ever deemed it a most indubitable truth, that the service paid to the Deity by the pure and pious soul was the

¹ "La Pite de la Veuve," par T. Colani.

most grateful service. As with what Plutarch relates of Artaxerxes, out on a royal progress, during which people presented him with a variety of gifts; but "a labouring man, having nothing else to give him, ran to the river, and brought him some water in his hands. Artaxerxes was so much pleased, that he sent the man a gold cup, and a thousand *darios*." To Phidyle, rustic and retiring, filled with misgivings and apprehensions lest the humble nature of her offerings to the gods should by them be scorned, Horace addresses an ode, in which he bids her be of good cheer, in the assurance that the value of every sacrifice depends on the spirit that inspires the offerer, and that the simplest oblation, piously rendered, is more acceptable to the powers above than the most sumptuous if wanting in devout will. Young is more prosy in his poetics, as far as expression goes, when he says,—

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more."

South's sermon on Good Intentions enforces "this great encouragement" in works of charity, that it is the will that gives worth to the oblation,¹ and, as to God's acceptance, sets the poorest giver upon the same level with the richest. Nor is this all, we are told; but so perfectly does the value of all charitable acts take its measure and proportion from the will and from the fulness of the heart, rather than that of the hand: "a lesser supply may be oftentimes a greater charity; and the widow's mite, in the balance of the sanctuary, outweigh the shekels and perhaps the talents of the most opulent and wealthy; the all and utmost of the one being certainly a nobler

¹ Dean Ramsay relates of a certain penurious laird in Fife, whose weekly contributions to the church collection, notwithstanding his largely increasing wealth, never exceeded the sum of one penny, that he, one day, by mistake dropped into the plate at the door a five-shilling-piece, but discovering his error before he was seated in his pew, hurried back, and was about to replace the silver coin by his customary penny, when the elder in attendance cried out: "Stop, laird, ye may put what ye like *in*, but ye maun tak naething *out*." The laird finding his explanations went for nothing, at last said, "A weel, I suppose I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na, laird," said the elder; "ye'll only get credit for the *penny*."

alms than the superfluities of the other." The balance of the sanctuary indeed reverses ordinary computations. Shekels and mites change places strangely ; and many that are last become first, and the first last.

Owen Feltham writes "Of Alms," that it is not necessary they should always come out of a sack. A man may be charitable, though he hath not an expanding plenty. "A little purse contained that mite, which, once put in, was the greatest gift in the treasury. Nay, sometimes a willing mind (when we are in want ourselves) is as acceptable as the richest offerings of wealth." *Bene velle* is here almost one with *bene facere*.

"The sense of an earnest will
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart thrill
If you have no power of giving ;
An arm to aid the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless ;
Kind words,¹ so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless :
The world is great, these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are all."²

—o—

BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

COLOSSIANS iv. 14.

"LUKE, the beloved physician." The name and the fame are immortal. Luke and Demas are with the apostle when he writes from his prison in Rome to the saints and faithful brethren at Colosse. When he writes a little later, a very little later, from the same city, and in the same bonds, to Timothy, his own son in the faith, Demas has forsaken him, having loved this present world ; but Luke

¹ "Little Dorrit turned at the door to say 'God bless you !' She said it very softly ; but perhaps she may have been as audible above—who knows !—as a whole cathedral choir."—*Little Dorrit*, chap. xiv.

² Lord Houghton. (R. M. Milnes.)

is with him, *only* Luke is with him. Look on that picture, and on this :

“ Look in, and see Christ’s chosen saint In triumph wear his Christlike chain ;

No fear lest he should swerve or faint ; His life is Christ,—his death is gain.

Two converts, watching by his side, Alike his love and greetings share : Luke the beloved, the sick soul’s guide, And Demas, named in faltering prayer.

Pass a few years—look in once more : The saint is in his bonds again ; Save that his hopes more boldly soar, He and his lot unchanged remain. But only Luke is with him now.”¹

In the long tried and unswerving fidelity of this, “ the ablest and most accomplished of all his friends,” Paul the aged, a prisoner in Rome, would find, as Dr. Roberts says, no little solace in the midst of his many trials. We have only to read the words “ the beloved physician,” in order to learn the place the evangelist occupied in the affections of St. Paul. “ By the loving and tender exercise of that skill which, as a physician, he possessed, he may have greatly conduced to the comfort of his often afflicted friend ; and by his bold, unselfish, and devoted faithfulness, even to the end, he contributed to cheer and brighten the last trying months which were spent on earth by the great apostle.” De Quincey signalises him in an impassioned fragment, as one learned in the afflictions of man ; wise alike to take counsel for the suffering spirit or for the suffering body. “ The voice that breaks upon the night is the voice of a great evangelist, one of the four ; and he is also a great physician.”² Dante beholds him in vision by the

¹ Whose, the beloved physician’s, joy is to the wandering sheep to tell of the great Shepherd’s love ; so is he commemorated in the Christian Year, because the Gospel according to St. Luke abounds most in such passages as the parable of the lost sheep, “ such as display God’s mercy to penitent sinners.” And, taught by him, the church prolongs her hymns of high thanksgiving still ; *that* recognition Keble makes, because the Christian hymns are all in St. Luke : the Magnificat, Benedictus, and Nunc Dimittis.

² “ His sandals are white with dust ; for he has been roaming for weeks beyond the desert, under the guidance of Arabs, in missions of hopeful benignity to Palmyra ; and in spirit he is weary of all things, except

side of St. Paul with his glittering sword :—

“Two old men I beheld, dissimilar
In raiment, but in port and gesture like,
Solid and mainly grave ; of whom, the one
Did show himself some favoured counsellor ¹
Of the great Coan,”

namely, Hippocrates. Inseparably associated in memory with the last days of the great apostle, by him St. Luke is known for all time as the beloved physician ; and to all who have had occasion to seek aid from some physician, whom to know is to love, the descriptive epithet, now doubly expressive, is doubly endeared.

Mr. Carlyle, in *Past and Present*, did well to recognise in a late Edinburgh professor, “the brave and humane Dr. Alison, whose noble healing art in his charitable hands becomes once more a truly sacred one.” Real in substance, and realised many times over, if also ideal in its external surroundings, is the portrait a popular story teller has drawn of one who has

faithfulness to God, and burning love to man.” See the opening paragraph of that unfinished (and, in one sense, uncommenced) fantasy piece, *The Daughter of Lebanon*, designed for a quasi sequel to the *Suspiria de Profundis*, as they again were professedly a continuation of the *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*.

¹ John Ward in his *Diary* takes note of its being observed by some, that St. Luke, when mentioning the difference betwixt Paul and Barnabas, makes use of an expression in his own faculty (παροξυσμός).

Grotius and Wetstein are for making a slave of the evangelist at one period of his life, with very little if any cause shown for it. Tradition also makes a painter of him. Gibbon's sneer pervades a passage which tells how “the East and West have been decorated by the pencil of St. Luke ; and the evangelist, who was perhaps a physician, has been forced to exercise the occupation of a painter, so profane and odious in the eyes of the primitive Christians,” etc. (Rom. Empire, chap. xlix.)

Lanzi and others have shown that the legend of the paintings of St. Luke probably resulted from a confusion of names ; a Florentine monk, named Luca, of the eleventh century, being, there is much reason to believe (Lecky, *Hist. of Rationalism*, vol. i., chap. 3), the chief author of the “portraits by St. Luke.” By Luke the Painter, Lucas Cranach is meant, one of the most celebrated of the old Germans ; Lucas *Mahler* (by some corrupted into the supposed surname, Müller).

Mr. Thackeray in the *Paris Sketch-book* derides the Chevalier Ziegler's picture of “St. Luke painting the Virgin,”—the evangelist with a monk's dress on, embroidered smartly round the sleeves.

preserved what is seldom long left in the constant presence of misery, an earnest sympathy for the affliction with which he has to deal ; which sympathy however, though it may thicken his voice and even bring a dimness to his eye, when he relates to wife or friend some scene of pain or sorrow that he has witnessed, never touches eye, hand, or heart in the moment of duty, never shakes the composed firmness with which he discharges his task.¹ Over and over again is repeated in family life, as well as in literary history, the homage Béranger pays to *le célèbre docteur Dubois*, to whom "l'auteur de ces chansons ne peut témoigner trop de reconnaissance, et en qui les qualités du cœur égalent la science et l'étonnante habileté."

Hardly a letter in the alphabet but would have a beloved physician's name to show. Abercrombie, unequalled by repute among the Scottish physicians of his day, and long to be remembered for his piety and benevolence. Armstrong, so

¹ "He was idolised by the poor. . . . His skill could be but partially recognised by this class, but they could understand his never varying kindness, his respect for their households, for themselves, and even for their prejudices and superstitions."

This is said of a country doctor, and certainly the surgeon may become, in spite of his steel instruments and caustics, beloved, even as, and equally with, the physician. A distinguished American M.D. combats the averment that the art of healing makes men hard hearted and indifferent to human suffering, though he is willing to own that there is often a professional hardness in surgeons, "just as there is in theologians." He owns too that it does not commonly improve the sympathies of a man to be in the habit of thrusting knives into his fellow creatures, and burning them with red hot irons ; owns even that a delicate nature will not commonly choose a pursuit which implies the habitual infliction of suffering, so readily as some gentler office. Yet while he is in the act of penning this concession, he sees passing by his window "a surgeon of skill and standing, so friendly, so modest, so tender hearted in all his ways, that if he had not approved himself at once adroit and firm one would have said he was of too kindly a mould to be the minister of pain, even if it were saving pain." And Dr. Wendell Holmes is assured, and would have us quite sure, that some men, even among those who have chosen the task of pruning their fellow creatures, grow more and more thoughtful and truly compassionate in the midst of their cruel experiences ; become less nervous, but more sympathetic ; have a truer sensibility for others' pain, the more they study pain and disease in the light of science. Not these the men, like Wordsworth's intellectual all-in-all, to peep and botanise upon their mother's grave.

kind and attentive to his patients, and so amiable in private life; Babington, so widely and deeply lamented; Baillie, whose generosity was only matched by the delicacy with which he exercised it; Brocklesby, the munificent dispenser of health and wealth, the friend and physician of Dr. Johnson, whom he attended to his death with unremitted affection and care.¹ But the A B C method will be too exhaustive, to the reader at least. Glance onwards then at Falconer, gratuitously prescribing for all the needy; and at the unwearied benevolence with which John Fothergill distributed the fruits of his labours, nearly a quarter of a million sterling, it is said; well might he be one of the people called Friends; and the great world of outsiders, beside the little inner circle of Quakers, found that in him a friend in need was a friend indeed. John Gregory is another of the excellent of the earth, sweet blooded, large hearted. Moir has a name to live for extreme kindness and assiduity. Pringle won a whole army's love by his benign temper and his exemplary zeal. Benjamin Rush left as his last injunction to his son the precept he had himself so notably observed: "Be indulgent to the poor." Sir Hans Sloane, during the thirty years he was physician to Christ's Hospital, never kept his salary, but expended it in charity. The German Wedel was renowned for his kindness to the poor, to whom again Tronchin devoted two precious hours each day, and by whom Willan was emphatically beloved. The last letter in the alphabet, so many in which we have had to skip, is worthily represented in Zimmermann, whose cheery kindness in managing his patients wrought wonders for them and for him.

The obligations of literature, testifies Mr. Robert Bell, to the enlightened sympathy and consoling friendship of the medical profession, are interwoven with every page of its history. Between no two professions, another man of letters affirms, has a more liberal and cordial intimacy been maintained than between

¹ Towards the close of Johnson's life, when it was supposed that his circumstances were not quite easy, Dr. Brocklesby generously pressed him, says Croker, to accept an annuity of one hundred pounds.

literature and medicine. Theocritus addresses to his friend Nicias his story of Polyphemus, which Leigh Hunt recognises as the earliest evidence of "that particular personal regard for the medical profession, which is so observable in the history of men of letters; for Nicias was a physician." "At once physician, and beloved by all the Nine."¹

Familiar to general readers is Dryden's record of his obligations to Gibbons and Hobbs, to which individual tribute the wider acknowledgment is added: "The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me."

Pope's apostrophe to Arbuthnot is a classical commonplace:—

"Friend of my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.)"

And further on, where he speaks of the muse as helping him through that long disease, his life,—

"To second, Arbuthnot, thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear."

¹ Scarcely a book of Mr. Leigh Hunt's, and the books he wrote were many, but contains some utterance of fervid acknowledgment to the faculty. Referring to Dr. Brocklesby, he says in one of his chatty travels about town: "Physicians of this class may, *par excellence*, be styled the friends of men of letters. They partake of their accomplishments, understand their infirmities, sympathise with their zeal to do good, and prolong their lives by the most delicate and disinterested attentions." In his *Fest of the Violets* he appends a footnote to the line which records Apollo's recognition of certain then living M.D.'s: "To Knighton, Smith, Elliotson, specially nodded," to pay homage to the middle name of the three in particular. And in another poem he hails him by name as—

"— Southwood Smith, physician of mankind,
Bringer of light and air to the rich poor
Of the next age ;"

while in a letter penned in the first gush of affliction at the death of his wife, the same author addresses the same physician as "Dear, very dear doctor,—*her* and my most kind friend, and prolonger of her existence. . . . For what did you not do for her, and for so many years? Come from a distance to her at any call, and through all obstacles; deliver her from racking pains; strengthen her through long tranquil intervals to bear more; . . . do all which skill and zeal could possibly do for her at the last; and all this with the wonted beautiful liberality of your profession to literature out of suits with fortune. Well might she think of you as she did, and you know what that was."—*Letters of Leigh Hunt*, ii. 277.

What though Cowper, in satirical mood—and Cowper was a master of refined satire—talks of doctors lengthening out, not the life, but the disease? he is prompt to make that very charge the occasion of affectionate homage to his own beloved physician, the kind and judicious Cotton, to whose intelligent and loving care he owed his recovery, under God, to sanity of body and mind:

“Perhaps a grave physician, gathering fees,
Punctually paid for lengthening out disease;
No Cotton, whose humanity sheds rays
That make superior skill his second praise.”

Arbuthnot had Swift to thank him in metre, as well as Pope,—short metre, Swift's, as the manner of the man was. It is where he writes in sickness from Ireland in 1714, and gloomily broods on his isolation and friendlessness, even anticipating that “those with whom I now converse, without a tear will tend my hearse.

“Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.”

Fielding commemorates in his masterpiece that “sergeant-surgeon to the king,” who “had the first character in his profession”—“a very generous, good natured man, and ready to do any service to his fellow creatures.” Richardson, in *his* masterpiece, makes one of his characters, a satirical man of the world too, pay fervent homage to a “most indulgent and humane physician,”—till he met with whom he professes to have ever “held it for gospel” that friendship and physician were incompatible things; little imagining that a man of medicine, when he had once given over his patient to death, would think of any visits but those of ceremony, that he “might stand well with the family, against it came to their turns to go through his turnpike.” Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is enthusiastic in her correspondence, on the subject of a kind doctor, unnamed, (but “the seventh doctor of his family, in a direct line,”) whom she describes as no less regular in his attendance

on the poorest peasant, from whom he can never receive one farthing, than on the richest of the nobility ; and who, " whenever he is wanted, will climb three or four miles on the mountains, in the hottest sun, or heaviest rain, where a horse cannot go, to arrive at a cottage, where, if their condition requires it, he not only gives them advice and medicines gratis, but bread, wine, and whatever is needful."¹ Rousseau pays special footnote honour to Parisot, the Lyons surgeon, as a tender and generous friend, never to be forgotten by those who, like Jean Jacques himself, had been *honoré de ses bienfaits*. The *éloges* on Vicq d'Azyr fully vindicate his claim to have had what the Duc de Levis, in a piquant chapter on the French doctors in vogue a century ago, calls an indispensable requisite in a great physician,—namely *un cœur sensible*. Eminently distinguished in this respect was that Dr. Mead of whom Theodore Hook says that his income might have been so much larger, had he not, upon every occasion when " by a benevolent curiosity " he discovered the slenderness of a patient's means, forbore to accept the fees that could ill be spared. " In his manners mild and soothing, in his conversation unaffected and intelligent, his study appeared to be to ' minister to the mind diseased,' as well as to the body ; " and his approach to the sick room is said to have been hailed by the watchful invalid rather as a relief from pain and suffering in itself, than as the mere business visit of a professional man, coming in the ordinary routine of duty to inquire and prescribe.

Dr. Veron bears witness to Recamier, one of the most celebrated teachers of modern times, as remarkable for his goodness of heart and his charity. Visiting an old woman, for instance, to whose garret he had to toil his long way upwards, arriving tired and out of breath, he soon silenced her apologetic outburst in respect of her altitude, to which her poverty, not

¹ " There never passes a week without one or more of these expeditions. His last visit is generally to me. I often see him as dirty and tired as a footpost, having eaten nothing all day but a roll or two that he carries in his pocket, yet blessed with such a perpetual flow of spirits he is always gay to a degree above cheerfulness."—Lady M. W. Montagu to the Countess of Bute (from Louvere), June 23, 1752.

her will, consented. "True," said the doctor; "it *is* very high; worth at least ten francs"; taking which sum out of his pocket, he made it over to the deprecating old dame. He is alleged to have given away the tenth of his receipts to his patients.

But enough of exemplification, however exemplary. A word or two however, in conclusion, on the practical truism that very many a patient who is most impatient of medical aid till peril encompasses him is then most eager for it. The doctor summoned in haste, post haste, and appealed to by piteous looks as well as earnest words, when perhaps too late, might deliver himself in the style of Shakspeare's repudiating prince,—

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the sheers of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"

La Bruyère derides those who deride the faculty, as themselves furnishing the means by which the faculty flourishes. "Les railleurs eux-mêmes fournissent l'argent. Tant que les hommes pourront mourir, et qu'ils aimeront à vivre, le médecin sera raillé et bien payé." When Tickler, in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, ridicules the portentous gravity of the doctors, when preparing to prescribe for your inside, of which the chance is that they know no more than of the interior of Africa,—“And yet, and yet, my dear Tickler,” interposes Christopher North, “when old fellows like us are out of sorts, then, like sinners with saints, we trust to the sovereign efficacy of their aid, and feel as if they stood between us and death.”¹ In the same

¹ It is not only for the sick man, says Mr. Thackeray, it is for the sick man's friends that the doctor comes: his presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. “Over the patient in a fever, the wife expectant, the children unconscious, the doctor stands as if he were Fate, the dispenser of life and death; he *must* let the patient off this time, the woman prays so for his respite!” And the author of *Pendennis* can readily fancy, and eloquently he gives language to the fancy, how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man: how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better: how harassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case has a bad ending—how immense, on the other hand, the delight of victory. The Dr. Goodenough of *Pendennis* is no fancy sketch.

stanza in which Byron jests about the way in which physicians end or mend us, *secundum artem*, he adds a but,

“ although we snceer
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer :
While that ‘hiatus maximè deflendus,’
To be filled up by spade or mattock, ’s near,
Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,
We tease mild Baillie, or soft Abernethy.”

M. Frédéric Soulié avows that twice in his life had the doctors saved it for him, saved as it were by the skin of his teeth ; yet can he not resist a sally at their expense as soon as ever he is well. “Deux fois en ma vie la médecine empressée et savante m’a arraché à la mort qui me tenait par le bout du doigt. Et voyez cependant comme la nature humaine est mauvaise. A peine arrive-t-il que je me porte bien, que voilà que je taquine médecin et médecine, que je m’ingénie à les trouver en défaut. Et Dieu sait que je m’en moquerais impitoyablement si j’avais un tant soit peu du génie de Molière ou de Lesage.” Even Molière’s *Malade imaginaire* has some reason on his unreasonable side when he warns a lusty kinsman that *dans la maladie, tout le monde* (lusty kinsman included) *a recours aux médecins*. In a later scene, says Argan sententiously, “Il est aisé de parler contre la médecine, quand on est en pleine santé” : an apophthegm shrewdly versified, hardly diversified, in Crabbe’s couplet :

“When men in health against physicians rail,
They should consider that their nerves may fail.”

Molière’s Lisette is warned by M. Tomès, “Ecoutez, vous faites la railleuse ; mais vous passerez par nos mains quelque jour.” Lisette’s retort is, “Je vous permets de me tuer lorsque j’ai recours à vous.” Methinks the lady doth protest too much ; unless, indeed, the *vous* be meant as an insult to the person addressed, not a comprehensive defiance of the cutting, slashing, and poisoning profession at large.

When Emily Brontë lay a dying, she persistently declared, until the very last, that “no poisoning doctor” should come

near her. Her resolution relaxed but when it was too late. The morning of her last day upon earth was nearing noon, and Emily was worse, and could now only whisper in gasps. And "now, when it was too late, she said to Charlotte, 'If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now.' About two o'clock she died."

Savillon, in Mackenzie's tale, records of his moribund uncle, in a confidential letter: "I have sent for a physician, without letting him know; for it was another effect of his good constitution to hold the faculty in contempt. At present, I am sure he will thank me in his heart for my precaution." The squire in *Silas Marner* is described as regarding physic and doctors as many loyal churchmen regard the church and the clergy—tasting a joke against them when he was in health, but impatiently eager for their aid when anything was the matter with him.

When Colonel Newcome has made an innocent little jest at the expense of a fashionable doctor, the simple-hearted old soldier, thinking the joke too severe upon Sir Danby and the profession, forthwith apologises by narrating many incidents he knew to the credit of surgeons. How, when the fever broke out on board the ship going to India, their surgeon devoted himself to the safety of the crew, and died himself, leaving directions for the treatment of the patients when he was gone; and again, what heroism the doctors showed during the cholera in India, and what courage he had seen some of them exhibit in action, attending the wounded men under the hottest fire, and exposing themselves as readily as the bravest troops. "What chaplets are woven for men of slaughter," exclaims the historian of a feather, who by preference elects to venerate "the race of Lintleys, the men who, like minor deities, walk the earth, and in the homes of poverty, where sickness falls with doubly heavy hand, fight the disease beside the poor man's bed, their only fee the blessing of the poor. Mars may have his planet, but give me what in the spirit of the old mythology might be made a star in heaven, the night lamp of apothecary Lintley." Mr. Dickens, in one of his later

books, sketches as "physician, a composed man, who performed neither on his own trumpet nor on the trumpets of other people. Many wonderful things did he see and hear, and much irreconcilable moral contradiction did he pass his life among; yet his equality of compassion was no more disturbed than the Divine Master's of all healing was. He went, like the rain, among the just and unjust, doing all the good he could, and neither proclaiming it in the synagogues nor at the corners of streets." Hippocrates speaks of four qualities as indispensable in every good physician—learning, sagacity, humanity, and probity. Dr. John Brown claims for Sydenham the dignity of furnishing in himself an exemplar of these qualifications to the full; his personality giving a constant charm to everything he writes, so genially and congenially is the warmth of his large, humane, practical nature felt throughout. To Sydenham is accorded the distinction of having possessed, in rare acuteness, that sense of the value of what was at stake, and that gentleness and compassion for his suffering fellow men, without which, affirms his like minded critic and fellow labourer, "no man, be his intellect ever so transcendent, his learning ever so vast, his industry ever so accurate and inappeasable, need hope to be a great physician." Quite another John Brown—but the John Browns are so many—is he to an edition of whose works Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, prefixed an essay wherein occurs a classification of physicians, according to the Linnæan method, as the "canting doctor," the "wheedling doctor," the "Adonis doctor," and the "bully quack doctor." The author of *Biographia Borealis* is for adding to the list the Quaker philanthropist doctor; such a one as John Fothergill, who rather lives in the gratitude of mankind for the good that he did than in the archives of science for the facts he discovered, the phenomena he explained, or the theories he constructed. In Hartley Coleridge's classification of the faculty, the fourth place is assigned to "the philanthropists, to whom knowledge is only a secondary object, valued as it is the means of abating pain and preserving life—correlative to those Christian teachers and pastors who are animated with the true

and faithful love of souls.”¹ Seeing much of that distress which would fain hide itself, and which should therefore be relieved in secret, they perform, he says, “many good deeds which others do not, not from disinclination to well doing, but because the occasions do not cross their paths.” But few indeed, it is (in Fothergill’s favour) contended, are those who will, like him, hunt misery out of its lurking places into the light of consolation. And then Fothergill “was not only beneficent; he was munificent.” The alleged expenditure, previously mentioned, of his vast earnings, warrants the dual epithet to the full.

The lines that follow, if not in his most vigorous, are in Crabbe’s most feeling, style; and Crabbe himself, be it remembered, had been doctor before he turned divine, though doctor of divinity he never became. Among his whilom brethren of the art of healing he recognises, as worthy of all recognition,

“Men who suppress their feelings, but who feel
 The painful symptoms they delight to heal;
 Patient in all their trials, they sustain
 The starts of passion, the reproach of pain;
 With hearts affected, but with looks serene,
 Intent they wait through all the solemn scene;
 Glad if a hope should rise from nature’s strife,
 To aid their skill, and save the lingering life;
 But this must virtue’s generous effort be,
 And spring from nobler motives than a fee.
 To the physician of the soul, and these,
 Turn the distress’d for safety, hope, and ease.”

¹ Just as the medical loungers are said to be correlative to “the gentlemen in orders, and the drudging curates,—a very unprofitable race when gentlemen, a very unhappy and mischievous one when otherwise”; while the doctors who pursue their trade eagerly and diligently for money or advancement are said to correspond to the preferment hunters of the Church, and the popular preachers and Tartuffes of all denominations; the votaries of medical science again having their analogue in the class of speculative theologians, and students of religious learning.

A SCORNER'S FRUITLESS QUEST OF WISDOM.

PROVERBS xiv. 6.

“**A** SCORNER seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not.” Presumably because of his scornful spirit. He institutes his search on a wrong principle. The starting point of his quest is a mistake, and nothing comes of it. Wisdom is not open to all comers who come from his quarter, and come in his spirit. Wisdom is justified of all her children; but of these he is not one.

Rather is his portion with those who, ever learning, are never able to come to a knowledge of the truth; to a real knowledge of real, vital, saving truth. “A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not; but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth.” How can an habitual scorner understand? Sympathy is essential to insight; and between sympathy and scorn there is a great gulf fixed, to cross which is practically beyond the resources of either nature or art.

Discussing the proposition, or rather affirming and enforcing it, that the first duty of a poet who aims at immortality is to compose for men as they are men, not as they chance to be philosophers by trade, or shopkeepers by trade; not as they are individually crotchety or self contained, but as they are endued with common feelings and susceptibilities, Hartley Coleridge remarks that the duty alleged will be almost always neglected by him who sets out with a despair or a contempt of general sympathy. “He feels that his own mind is not in accord with that of his fellow creatures; he therefore is afraid, not without cause, of being unintelligible; for sympathy is the ground of all mutual understanding.” As with the poet, so with his critics. Sympathy is the *conditio sine quâ non* of insight.¹ It is by studying Shakspeare in a reve-

¹ When the German in *Hyperion* submits that a foreigner, like Paul Flemming must find it exceedingly difficult to understand Jean Paul Richter, so far from easy is it to his own countrymen, “I have always observed,” replies Flemming, “that the true understanding and appreciation of a poet depend more upon individual, than upon national, character.

rential and admiring spirit, and, as Professor Moir puts it, "bringing the inward light of a warm sympathy and poetic feeling to bear upon his darker passages," that real advance has been made in intelligent Shakspearian criticism. Of Shakspeare himself Mr. Bagehot is writing when he says, that however strong in any poet may be the higher qualities of abstract thought or conceiving fancy, unless he can actually sympathise with those around him, he can never describe those around him. "Any attempt to produce a likeness of what is not really *liked* by the person who is describing it will end in the creation of what may be correct, but is not living — of what may be artistic, but is also artificial." This critic singles out Goethe as eminently wanting in Shakspeare's and Scott's gift of sympathy; describing him as a man of universal culture, who mixed with all classes, but became absorbed in none, and remained the cold artist throughout. Mr. Lewes, on the other hand, representing Goethe as eminently qualified to become the friend of those who held opposite convictions to his own, says of his intimacy with Jung Stilling that, "sympathising with Stilling, listening to him, and dexterously avoiding any interference with his religious faith, he was not only enabled to be his friend, but also to learn quietly and surely the inner nature of such men." What Canon Kingsley finds wanting in an otherwise satisfactory expositor of the ways of the Mystics is, that the author in question had not respect and trust enough for the men and women of whom he wrote, and was too much inclined to laugh at them, and treat them *de haut en bas*; that he trusted too much to his own great power of logical analysis, and was apt to mistake the being able to put a man's thoughts into words for him, for the being really able to understand him. "To understand any man we must have sympathy for him, even affection."¹ No

If there be a sympathy between the minds of writer and reader, the bounds and barriers of a foreign tongue are soon overleaped. If you once understand an author's character, the comprehension of his writings becomes easy."—*Hyperion*, chap. v.

¹ Apply what Madame de Staël says in *Corinne*, and of that sympa-

intellectual acuteness, no amount even of mere pity for his errors, will enable us to see the man from within, and put our own souls into the place of his soul."

"The enemies of a religion," says Gibbon in his *Essay on the Study of Literature*, "are never well acquainted with it, because they detest it, and often detest it because they are not acquainted with it." "To attempt," as Mr. Caldwell Roscoe somewhere says, "to grasp in its fulness the real case of your adversary, to pierce to the real ground on which he supports his convictions, to find the elements of truth which are embraced in it, and to follow the edge of that delicate boundary along which it melts into error, is a mode eligible only to a powerful mind, and not a narrow one."

A painting is conceived by the artist in a certain predetermined order of ideas; and it cannot, argue all sound art critics, be understood at all unless the spectator can get himself into a condition of feeling in sympathy with that of the painter.

The accomplished penman of the voluminous *Causeries de Lundi* professes in one of them to have always thought and felt that a critic should go to his author's own inkstand for the ink wherewith to criticise him. To M. Sainte-Beuve has been assigned, with justice, the rare talent of knowing, in all its bearings, the subject he discusses: he studies it psychologically, so to speak; that is to say, he understands how the particular temper and character of any given writer leads him to regard the theme under reviewal, and he judges him

thetic heroine: "Perhaps a countenance so apparently cold as Nevil's can never be read, save by those to whom it is dearest. Impartiality guesses nothing, judges only by what is displayed."—*Corinne*, livre xv., chap. ii. There is deep significance in those lines of Wordsworth's, "And you must love him ere to you he will seem worthy of your love." So profoundly *humane* a poet as Wordsworth, in the fullest sense of the phrase, could not but be rich in varied illustrations of sympathetic insight. Here is one pointing in quite another direction,—his portraiture of one who could *afford* to suffer

"With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life."

accordingly. "Ordinary critics," this English critic on the great French critic goes on to say, pass sentence upon a work merely from the impression they have derived from it; but M. Sainte-Beuve does more; "he enters into the author's feelings, shares his idiosyncrasies, and thus gives him the intense pleasure of knowing that he has found at last, for an Aristarchus, a man who has taken the trouble of studying him accurately and patiently." We shall see what the Frenchman himself says of his method, further on.

Of Professor Max Müller, again, it has been said that, although never shrinking from showing that he has distinct convictions of his own, no man was ever farther from misrepresenting or depreciating any other system, that he does full justice to everything that is good and true in each of the systems which he comes across. "Indeed, he does more than justice to it. He evidently takes a hearty delight in tracing out the original elements of truth in each system, and showing how later changes commonly corrupted them. This is the spirit in which all theologians should approach all theological questions; but it is exactly the spirit in which they hardly ever are approached." It is affirmed to be the task of a man who really wishes to know the truth for himself, and truly to judge his neighbours, to penetrate beneath that outward mask which words throw over thought, and to discern the identity which lies hid below. "He must assume, even when appearances seem most to contradict it, that he is not alien from those who most deeply offend him. There is a fundamental rationality in man; and though it is hard, amid the confused skein of words, to disentangle that which is the clue to the whole, . . . yet the endeavour must be persistently made." This sympathy with men, which a masterly essayist on Independence of Thought shows to be so valuable,—this identification of ourselves with others, and "abnegation of our own individuality in favour of the common spirit of mankind," is truly said to be not attainable by logical power, though logical power may be a great aid towards perfecting it. It is shown to be far more closely allied to the imagination; and, "like all

imaginative excellence, it demands, as its condition, tenderness, delicacy, and the absence of self sufficiency."

Cowper writes of the treatment of *Henry and Emma* in his great contemporary's *Lives of the Poets*:—"I admire Johnson as a man of great erudition and sense, but when he sets himself up for a judge of writers upon the subject of love, a passion which I suppose he never felt in his life, he might as well think himself qualified to pronounce upon a treatise on horsemanship, or the art of fortification."

It has been said of one of the most recent, and certainly not the least capable or least distinguished, of the many biographers of Columbus, that he is wanting in precisely that sympathy which is required for the understanding of the class of men of whom Columbus¹ is one. As a signal instance of the biographic results which follow from any attempt to sketch such characters without the sympathy in question, George Fox is singled out for distinctive mention, the portrait of him by Lord Macaulay being designated "a simple caricature," which only leaves its victim more unintelligible than he was before. "We quite see why those parish constables should have dieted this noisy brawler in leathern breeches on bread and water; but Lord Macaulay does not help us to see just the one point which we wanted to see—why this noisy ranter became the spiritual regenerator of his time, and how it was that men like Penn and Barclay licked all this portentous nonsense into shape." Michelet's treatment of Joan of Arc, on the other hand, is cited as one of the finest instances which history has

¹ His most popular biographer, Washington Irving, had long ago said, that to appreciate Columbus and his voyages we must transport ourselves to the time, and identify ourselves with the great voyager; must enter into his very thoughts and fancies, find out the data that assisted his judgment and the hints that excited his conjectures, and for a time clothe the regions through which we are accompanying him with the gorgeous colouring of his own imagination. "In this way we may delude ourselves into participation of the delight of exploring unknown and magnificent lands, where new wonders and beauties break upon us at every step; and we may ultimately be able, as it were from our own familiar acquaintance, to form an opinion of the character of this extraordinary man and of the nature of his enterprises."—Irving, *Life of Columbus*, bk. vii., chap. i.

ever given us of the force of poetic sympathy in rendering a very peculiar character intelligible. "By the sheer insight which faith in a great nature alone can give, the historian shows the oneness of that life of a peasant girl as it grew through vision and effort, through its strange alternations of poetry and prose, into the life of a great national deliverer." Canon Kingsley declares the historian's success to depend on his dramatic faculty, which is not logical merely but moral, and depends on the moral health, the wideness and heartiness of his moral sympathies, by which he can put himself into the place of each and every character, and not merely feel for them but feel with them.

"Is it," asks George Morley, "through experience that we learn to read the human heart, or is it through sympathy? If it be experience, what becomes of the poet? If the poet be born, not made, is it not because he was born to sympathise with what he has never experienced?" It has been authoritatively pronounced impossible to be a good naturalist without sympathy: a man must enter into the life and personal character, so to speak,—the habits and idiosyncrasies of the birds, and even of the fishes, to say nothing of the higher creatures,—before he can understand them.¹ And it is no shallow critic that hails as "profound" Mr. Grote's remark, that all religious doctrines and observances are apt to appear ridiculous to those who do not believe in them. No man, it is forcibly maintained, can really understand a period of ecclesiastical controversy, for instance, who looks upon the point at issue with scorn. "He had better be a violent partisan either way, for then he will understand at least one side"; whereas the indifferent philosopher often understands neither. Shall we hate the Romanist? asked the late F. W. Robertson,—and curse, and rant, and thunder at him? or shall we sit down beside him, and

¹ In reading the works, for instance, of such a naturalist as Mr. Gould, the first thing that strikes a reviewer of his and Mr. Yarrell's books is the love he bears to his subject. Naturalists, as a rule, are declared to be a genial, loving, affectionate folk; and the same personal traits are noted as reappearing in such men as Audubon, White of Selborne, and Linnaeus.

try to sympathise with him, and see things from his point of view, and strive to understand the truth which his soul is aiming at, and seize the truth for him and for ourselves?¹ Where'er we roam—the aspiration is Wordsworth's—along the brink of the Rhine, or of the Tiber,

“Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity!—to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.”

Mr. Carlyle, in his lecture on Mahomet, declared to his audience that, as there was no danger of any of them becoming Mahometans, he meant to say all the good of “the prophet” he justly could: that was the way to get at his secret; let them try to understand what he meant with the world; for the current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming impostor, a falsehood incarnate, and that his religion was a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, the lecturer dismissed as beginning really to be now untenable to any one. It is in reference to Dante's power of portrait painting that the author of *Hero Worship* says: “In the first place he,” or any man whose words paint you a likeness, “could not have discerned the object at all, or seen the vital type of it, unless he had, what we may call, *sympathised* with it, had sympathy in

¹ See the very noteworthy sermon on the First Miracle of Christ. In another discourse, preached three years earlier, Mr. Robertson makes some observations on the Pentecostal gift of tongues, which, without pausing to ask how far they are orthodox in tone, may here be cited in illustration of the subject in hand. “Wild as the expressions might appear to one coldly looking on and not participating in the feelings of the speakers, they would be quite sufficient to convey intelligible meaning to any one affected by the same emotions. Where perfect sympathy exists, incoherent utterance—a word, a syllable—is quite as efficient as elaborate sentences. Now this is precisely the account given of the phenomenon which attended the gift of tongues.” That is to say, all who, on the day of Pentecost, were in the same state of spiritual emotion as those who spoke understood the speakers; each was as intelligible to all as if he spoke in their several tongues: to those who were coolly and sceptically watching, the effects appeared like those of intoxication. A similar account, the preacher goes on to say, “is given by the apostle Paul: the voice appeared to unsympathetic ears as that of a barbarian; the uninitiated and unbelieving, coming in, heard nothing that was articulate to them, but only the ravings of insanity.”—F. W. Robertson, *Sermons*, vol. iii.; on the Dispensation of the Spirit.

him to bestow on objects." So of Cromwell and those chaotic speeches of his, which some take to be wilfully ambiguous and unintelligible: not so, contends his expositor, describing the method by which *he* studied, and so came to edit, those speeches: "Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be: you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken rude tortuous utterances, a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man." *Pour juger un homme*, says Balzac, *au moins faut-il être dans le secret de sa pensée, de ses malheurs, de ses émotions*. Perfect tolerance has been called the result of perfect clearness of vision; he who comprehends an object cannot hate it, has already begun to love it. A loving heart again has been called the beginning of all knowledge. "The heart sees farther than the head"; but indeed without the seeing heart no true seeing for the head is allowed to be so much as possible. Sympathy, Mr. Carlyle continually insists, is the first essential towards insight.

Fine taste, says Hazlitt, consists in sympathy, not in antipathy.

Applauded as *très fine et très juste* is the remark of le Père Tournemine, that those qualities only are admired in an author, of which the admirer has the germ and the root in himself. Hence it follows, that there is, in the writings of *esprits supérieurs*, what Sainte-Beuve calls, "un degré relatif où chaque esprit inférieur s'élève, mais qu'il ne franchit pas, et d'où il juge l'ensemble comme il peut." Sainte-Beuve has elsewhere explained the method he adopted, with such distinguished success, in the art, and with him it was a finished art, of literary portraiture: "Quand je fais le portrait d'un personnage, et tant que je le fais, je me considère toujours un peu comme chez lui; . . . je l'entoure de soins et d'une sorte de déférence, pour le faire parler, pour le bien entendre," etc. Elsewhere, again, he greets the good sense, if seemingly whimsical withal, of Gabriel Naudé's assertion—not without vouchers from Cardan and Campanella—that in order to paint a man or to treat a subject well, you must get into the interior—*il faut se transmuier dedans*; and he amusingly cites the example of Du Bartas, who, to qualify himself to write his famous descrip-

tion of the horse, did—not exactly get inside, but the next best thing to it—gallop and canter and prance about his room for hours together, *contrefaisant ainsi son objet*.

Treating of imagination as the power by which one human being enters into the mind and circumstances of another, Mr. J. S. Mill declares this power to constitute the poet, in so far as he does anything but melodiously utter his own actual feelings; to constitute the dramatist entirely; and to be one of the constituents of the historian, for by it we understand other times. In a separate treatise he especially recognises in Mr. Grote for instance, together with the clear light of the scrutinising intellect, the earnest feeling of a sympathising contemporary. Hawthorne's *Transformation* gives us in Hilda an elaborate study of the refined sympathetic temperament, distinctively in its relations with art. He endows her with a deep and sensitive faculty of appreciation. He makes her see—no, not see, but feel—through and through a picture; bestowing upon it all the warmth and richness of a woman's sympathy. "Not by any intellectual effort, but by this strength of heart and this guiding light of sympathy, she went straight to the central point, in which the master had conceived his work." Thus she is described as viewing that work, as it were, with his own eyes, and hence her comprehension of any picture that interested her was perfect.¹

¹ If a picture had darkened into an indistinct shadow through time and neglect, or had been injured by cleaning, or retouched by some profane hand, she seemed to possess the faculty of seeing it in its pristine glory. The copy would come from her hands with what the beholder felt must be the light which the old master had left upon the original in bestowing his final and most ethereal touch. "There is," in her own words, "a class of spectators whose sympathies will help them to see the perfect through a mist of imperfection. Nobody, I think, ought to read poetry, or look at pictures or statues, who cannot find a great deal more in them than the poet or artist has actually expressed." With his wonted symbolism of ethical import Mr. Hawthorne has made Hilda lose some measure of this gift of hers, when she becomes involved in the embarrassments of the story. "She had lost the faculty of appreciating those great works of art," etc. "She grew sadly critical, and condemned almost everything that she was wont to admire." Heretofore, her sympathy had gone deeply into a picture, yet seemed to leave a depth which it was inadequate to sound; now, on the contrary, her perceptive faculty is described as penetrating the canvas like a steel probe, and finding but a crust of paint over an emptiness.

BEREAVED INDEED.

GENESIS xxxvii. 35 ; xliii. 14.

IF for nothing else, the record of Jacob's bitterness of grief when bereaved of his son Joseph would be of special interest, as being the first record in the world's history of intensely felt sorrow intensely expressed. Mourners and mourning there had been in the world for generations past ; for had not death reigned from Adam to Jacob ? Deep mourning and excited mourners there must have been, dating from that first dreadful death by which Eve lost a son in Abel, and discovered a murderer in her firstborn. . But no stress is laid in Scripture upon the manner of any lamentation previous to that of Israel for his favourite boy. We read how Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her ; and again how Jacob set a pillar up on Rachel's grave. But there is no hint of agony of woe, of affliction inconsolable and uncontrollable, in these earlier records of bereavement. It is when Jacob comes to mourn for Joseph with the sort of irrepressible, convulsive sorrow that wrung from David the wailing lament over Absalom, "O my son Absalom ! my son, my son Absalom ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !" it is when the coat of many colours, brought home reddened with blood, seems to the fond father proof infallible of Joseph's death, that he rends his clothes, and puts sackcloth on his loins, and mourns for his son many days, like Rachel refusing to be comforted, because Joseph *is* not. There are bereavements and bereavements. If Jacob be bereaved of his children, he is bereaved : above all, since Joseph is his favourite child, being to Israel the child of his old age. So bereaved, bereaved indeed.

That Joseph was not dead, after all, makes no difference in our estimate of the father's grief. Entirely convinced of the death, as entire was his fellow feeling with a modern's note of exclamation, varying in but one little word, after allowing for the difference of an unrecovered and unburied corpse—

"But he is in his grave, and oh,
The difference to me !"

Nor does it matter that possibly in after years a faint surmise of doubt as to Joseph's actual death may have feebly possessed him ; for it is noteworthy that although he plainly tells his remaining sons, "Me have ye bereaved of my children : Joseph is not, and Simeon is not,"—and hence his dread of their taking Benjamin away,—yet is he represented as saying a chapter later, "The one went from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces, and I saw him not since": words which admit of the recognition of a doubt, however dim and comfortless. At the time his conviction was, "Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." And therefore did he not only refuse to be comforted, when all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he declared that he would go down into the grave unto his son mourning.

"It is too true an evil : gone he is ;
And what 's to come of my despidèd time
Is nought but bitterness."

Or in the more passionate style of another and more impassioned Shakspearian mourner, bewailing *paulo post mortem* her noblest of men, "Woo't die? Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide in this dull world, which in thy absence is no better than a sty?" While Cicero still had his Tullia, in her sweet conversation he could drop all his cares and troubles ; but in losing her he felt all solace gone : "I cannot now," he writes to Sulpicius, "in the affliction which I feel at home, find any remedy abroad ; but am driven as well from my house as the Forum ; since neither my house can ease public grief, nor the public my domestic one." Not less keen than heathen Tully's anguish at the loss of his child, is Christian John Evelyn's when bereaved of his daughter Mary : "O dear, sweet, and desirable child ! how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctancy of a tender parent? Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother . . . Oh, how she mourns thy loss ! how desolate hast thou left us ! to the grave shall we both carry thy memory." With his child of brilliant promise, Herbert, are said to have

died for ever the golden hopes, the radiant felicity, and the internal serenity of Robert Southey. Mr. de Quincey, while accompanying the "unhappy father" through Grasmere on his road homewards to Keswick, from some visit he had been paying to Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, learned from his own lips his "final feelings, months after the event, as connected with that loss." What Southey said was spoken without external signs of agitation, calmly, dispassionately, "almost coldly, but with all the coldness of a settled misery." For him in this world, he said, happiness there could be none; for that his tenderest affections, the very deepest by many degrees which he had ever known, were now buried in the grave with his youthful and too brilliant Herbert.

"But, oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!"

In the opening chapter of his own *Sketches from Childhood*, Mr. de Quincey describes in memorable words the shock he suffered so early in life from the loss of his eldest sister. He takes the heart even of infancy to be as apprehensive as that of maturest wisdom, in relation to any capital wound inflicted on the happiness; and that the happiness of life was now ended with him was the secret misgiving of his heart. "It is finished, and life is exhausted." But how could that be? he goes on to ask. Could it be exhausted so soon? Had he read Milton, had he seen Rome, had he heard Mozart? No. The *Paradise Lost* was yet unread, the Coliseum and St. Peter's were unseen, the melodies of Don Giovanni were yet silent for him. Raptures there might be in arrear. "But raptures are modes of *troubled* pleasure; the peace, the rest, the lull, the central security, which belong to love, that is past all understanding, *these* could return no more." One who ranks as high in mastery of French prose as De Quincey does in that of English, thus expresses his sense of a like bereavement,—it is Chateaubriand bewailing his lost sister Lucile: "I have not passed a single day without mourning for her loss. Lucile loved concealment: I have made a solitude for her in my

heart ; never shall she be suffered to depart from thence until I have ceased to breathe. These are the true, the only events of my real life ! The death of Lucile struck at the very root of my being ; it was the days of my childhood in the midst of my family, it was the earliest vestiges of my existence, which then disappeared." With Lamartine addressing Nature he might say,—

"Un seul être vous manque, et tout est dépeuplé."

That Marquis de Lassay whose portrait St. Simon has painted in two or three places, *en courant*, was plunged into the lowest depths of despondency, and almost despair, by the loss of his wife within a few years of their marriage. There remained for him now, he protested, nothing in the wide world ; he had nothing to hope for, this side death ; it was not in human power to give him one moment's pleasure : "la plus aimable personne du monde n'est plus ; une personne qui ne vivait que pour moi ; . . . je ne la verrai plus." Again : "Il n'y a plus de lieu où j'aie envie d'aller, tout m'est égal ; ma chère Marianne donnait de la vie à tout ; et, en la perdant, tout est mort pour moi." As some one has said of the effect of a like bereavement,—the lost companion had been the keystone in the arch of the mourner's existence ; she was gone, and a mass of chaotic ruins alone remained of the visions which had once beguiled him. Visions such as the veteran in Schiller's trilogy bewails, who felt so keenly what he had lost in one with whom the bloom was vanished from his life—in one who stood beside him, like his youth, transformed for him the real to a dream, clothing the palpable and the familiar "with golden exhalations of the dawn." Truthful simplicity marks the description in Scott of a plain, good, sensible, elderly Scotch doctor's quiet suffering, on the loss of his wife. He felt the shock, we read, as men of sense and firmness feel a decided blow, from the effects of which they never hope again fully to raise themselves. He is described as discharging the duties of his profession with the same punctuality as ever ; he was easy, and even, to appearance, cheerful in his inter-

course with society ; but the sunshine of existence was gone.¹ There is the soberness of fiction. In Bürger's wild laments over his dead and gone Molly we have the comparative frenzy of fact. "The partner of my soul," he writes, "she in whose existence were bound up my life, my strength, my all, she too . . . is dead. Oh brief possession of my highest earthly bliss ! Words can express neither my deep and passionate love, nor the nameless agony in which my for ever widowed soul is plunged. God preserve every feeling soul from an anguish such as mine !" Those who knew Francis Jeffrey only as the blue and yellow editor, as sharp as a needle, and almost as small, almost equally one eyed, would scarcely expect to find his letters on the loss of his young wife full of such sentences as these : "Now I have no interest in anything, and no object or motive for being in the world." "It is impossible for me to describe to you the feeling of lonely and hopeless misery with which I have since been oppressed." He had long been accustomed, he tells his brother, to place all his notions of happiness in domestic life ; and he had found it there so pure, so perfect, and entire, that he could never look for it anywhere else, or hope for it in any other form. "Heaven protect you from the agony it has imposed upon me !" And as the *Edinburgh* editor with his Kitty, so the *Quarterly* editor—by repute still harder and harsher—with his Anna : *he* wished he was where Anna lay, for he was tired of lingering here, and every hour affection bade him "go and partake her humble bier.

¹ If every morning he missed the affectionate charges which recommended to him to pay attention to his own health while he was labouring to restore that blessing to his patients ; so, every evening, as he returned from his weary round, it was without the consciousness of a kind and affectionate reception from one eager to tell, and interested to hear, all the little events of the day. And very like Sir Walter is this incidental touch—that the doctor's whistle, which used to arise clear and strong so soon as the village steeple was in view, was now for ever silenced ; and we see the rider's head droop, while the tired horse, lacking the stimulus of his master's hand and voice, seems to shuffle along, as if it experienced a share of his despondency.

“I wish I could ! For, when she died,
I lost my all ; and life has proved,
Since that sad hour, a dreary void,
A waste unlovely and unloved.”

What a difference throughout the whole of this curious and teeming earth a single death can effect ! exclaims the author of the *New Phædo* : one gap, invisible to all but ourselves, in the crowd and turmoil of the world, and everything is changed. “In a single hour, the whole process of thought, the whole ebb and flow of emotion, may be revulsed for the rest of an existence.” Nothing, he adds, can ever seem to us as it did ; there is a blow struck upon the fine mechanism by which we think, and move, and have our being ; the pendulum vibrates aright no more ; the dial hath no account with time ; the process goes on, but it knows no symmetry or order ; it was a single stroke that marred it, but the harmony is gone for ever. “The entire world,” declares Heathcliff, after the loss of Catherine, “is a dreadful collection of memoranda that she did exist, and that I have lost her.” And who is there, asks the author of *Zanoni*, that has not, in his progress through life, felt all its ordinary business arrested, and the varieties of fate commuted into one chronicle of the affections ? “This unit, so trivial to the calculations of others, of what inestimable value was it not to him ?” Retracing in another such recollections, we feel “what emotions a single being can awake ; what a world of hope may be buried in a single grave.”¹

We are told of, and indeed by, Montaigne, as the survivor of Etienne La Boétie, that from the date of that death, “il ne fit plus que *trainer languissant*,” and dragged at each remove a

¹ Of Trevelyan, after the early death of his betrothed, we read that he suffered no pause in his career, that he eagerly courted all occupations, that he lived in the world as the worldly do, discharging its duties, fostering its affections, and fulfilling its course. “But there was a deep and wintry change within him : the sunlight of his life was gone ; the loveliness of romance had left the earth. The stem was proof as heretofore to the blast, but the green leaves were severed from it for ever, and the bird had forsaken its boughs.” With Gertrude the poetry of existence was gone.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, chap. xxxiii.

lengthening chain. Thenceforth for him existence was empty and colourless; it had lost for him its brightest sheen, its sweetest perfume; the wine of life was on the lees.

Tous mes liens sont rompus, was the cry of Fénelon, when the fatal news reached him of his royal pupil's death; *rien ne m'attache plus à la terre*. It was the death of his wife that led to John Howard's betaking himself to active pursuits, and forswearing the seclusion of Cardington, for he had lost all interest in his home and its occupations.¹ The grief of M. Roland, when apprised of his wife's execution, "knew no bounds; to live without her was impossible"; and at once he took effective measures to prove the impossibility. It is not what would have been predicated of that grave, solid, almost (in seeming) stolid ex-minister, whose philosophy of life and death had hitherto appeared so out of keeping with such an end. But philosophy has many a time failed the philosopher at a pinch. Philip van Artevelde is no anomaly in this respect. Van Ryk makes bold to tell the bereaved Regent of Flanders—

"If I might speak, my lord, my humble mind,
You have not, since my honoured lady's death,
In such a sovereignty possessed yourself
As you were wont to say that all men should.

Artev. That was a loss, Van Ryk; that was a loss."

Addison expatiates tenderly on the melancholy state of one who has such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life; his condition resembling that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every

¹ To Perthes, bending beneath such another blow, life looked empty and desolate. All that he had done and planned had for four-and-twenty years been solely in reference to his Caroline. "She never knew, at least in full, how dependent I was on her. . . . But now all this is over, I am no longer bound, I can do what I will, and next to the yearning after her I am most oppressed in my solitude by the consciousness of freedom." But Frederick Perthes was not the man to foster unavailing regrets, still less to harbour a spirit of repining. And worthy of all acceptance are the words of Madame Guizot: "On ne succombe au regret que lorsqu'il n'existe plus aucun sentiment capable de vous en distraire; et celui qui perd ce qu'il aime le mieux n'en mourra point, s'il aime encore quelque chose."

moment essaying to help himself with it.¹ And one of the leading essayists of our own time—like Addison too once a secretary of state, though in most respects as unlike Addison as may be, or need be—has well said that commonly the absence most felt (most “missed,” he writes it—but ’tis the presence that’s missed) is that household life which presided, which kept things in order, and must be coaxed if a chair were displaced. “That providence in trifles, that clasp of small links, that dear bustling agency—now pleased, now complaining, dear alike in each change of its humour; that active life which has no self of its own; like the mind of a poet, though its prose be the humblest, transferring self into others, with its right to be crossed, its charter to scold; for the motive is clear—it takes what it loves too anxiously to heart.”² What power is in a tear, exclaims Barry Cornwall, what strength in one poor thought alone, when all we know is, “She was here,” and “She is flown!” *She was Mine*, is the expressive heading of a little poem within a large one of Mr. Coventry Patmore’s:

“Thy tears o’erprize thy loss! Thy wife, in what was she particular?
Others of comely face and life, others as chaste and warm there are;
And when they speak they seem to sing: beyond her sex she was not
wise;
And there is no more common thing than kindness in a woman’s eyes.
Then wherefore weep so long and fast, why so exceedingly repine?
Say, how has thy beloved surpassed so much all others?’ ‘She was
mine.’”

Be the kinship what it may, bereavement indeed is felt when the one taken away was thus felt to be the bereaved one’s very

¹ “He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures that were before entertaining to him by her participation in them. The most agreeable objects recal the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them.”—*The Tatler*, cxiv.

² Lord Lytton’s bereaved vicar and scholar, whose prudent genius is gone from the household, wearily pauses over his folios, and looks out on the silent garden, feeling that he would give with joy all that Athens produced, from Æschylus to Plato, to hear again from the old familiar lips the lament on torn jackets, or the statistical economy of eggs.

own. Mary Marchmont, in the story of a legacy, finds so sudden and terrible a break in her existence at her father's death, that she can scarce believe the world has not come to an end, with all the joys and sorrows of its inhabitants. As the German poet Hermann Ling, on the loss of his mother, sadly sings,

“Now thou art gone the earth appears
No more the earth of other years,¹
Its light and life are dead to me, too.”

Yolande's grief for Grand'mère, in the closing chapter of the *Huguenot Family*, is brought out with force and feeling. She shivers in her loneliness, and shrinks in her mutilation. “Yolande needed every solace to bring her back to life, for was she not bereft indeed?” It belonged to her nature that in the comparative negation of a French girl's personality, she had been bound up in Grand'mère, that she had lived a dual and not a single life, that in almost everything she had been “associated and identified with the noble and sweet old woman who was gone to kindred spirits.” Accordingly she

¹This is the tritest of experiences in bereavement. Henriette von Willich, in a letter to Schleiermacher on the loss of her Ehrenfried, ends with saying: “It is a lovely summer evening. A little girl told me that her mother was lying under the mound in the churchyard. I went aside and wept bitterly at the thought that he also lies there, he who was everything to me; and at the thought that I can enjoy nothing now with a light heart, not even a lovely summer's day.” Sir Fowell Buxton fondly dwells in his diary on the remembrance of his bright boy Harry standing with him on the Warren hills, where now the father stood alone. “Nature seemed as if she had not changed . . . but now I could see nothing but the churchyard where his bones repose. Dear fellow! how large a portion of my hope and joy lies there: how has the world changed with me since that joyous hour!” So with Mrs. Richard Trench, more fervidly dilating on a similar distress: “All nature is bright, vivid, animated; he pale, cold, and silent, ‘in his narrow cell for ever laid,’ and with him his mother's highest joy and fairest hopes. . . . A fine prospect now reminds me that he who took such early delight in the beauties of nature is no longer here to give me a reflected pleasure.”

Mr. Longfellow tells us of the hero of his *Hyperion*, bereaved indeed, that when, after a season, he looked up again from the blindness of his sorrow, all things seemed unreal; like the man whose sight had been restored by miracle, he beheld men as trees walking. And the trees themselves, where were they? What had become, in summer tide, of their green leaves? Nothing could bring back the hour of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.

now could not help feeling as if part of her nature was at once buried in the earth and flown to the skies, "as if there was a yawning chasm always open before her feet, with the blue distance of the future a complete blank." Earnest pathos inspires the words of Aurora Leigh in her utter orphanhood :

"Who loves *me*? Dearest father, mother sweet,
I speak the names out sometimes by myself,
And make the silence shiver : they sound strange
As Hindostanee to an Ind-born man
Accustomed many years to English speech ;
Or lovely poet-words grown obsolete,
Which will not leave off singing. Up in heaven
I have my father,—with my mother's face
Beside him in a blotch of heavenly light ;
No more for earth's familiar household use,
No more ! . . . Death quite unfellows us,
Sets dreadful odds between the live and dead,
And makes us part as those in Babel did,
Through sudden ignorance of a common speech."

The note, call it of interrogation or of exclamation, is repeated, or musically varied, in one of Mrs. Browning's sonnets :

"When some belovèd voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense?"¹

¹ The sonnet leaves not the question unanswered. Unavailing for the purpose is friendship's sigh, it allows ; unavailing the subtleties of reasoning, the melody of viols, the songs of poets or of nightingales. None of these can undo that mortal silence, "nor yet the spheric laws self chanted, nor the angels' sweet All-hail, rich in the smile of God.

Nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ!—and fill this pause."

NAAMAN IN THE HOUSE OF RIMMON.

2 KINGS v. 18.

CONVINCED by a miraculous cure that Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, were *not* better, as cleansing powers, than all the waters of Israel; convinced, by the effect of dipping seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God, that there was no god in all the earth but in Israel; Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, a great man with his master and honourable, a mighty man in valour, and no longer a leper (for after that simple sevenfold baptism in Jordan his flesh had come again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean); Naaman was now determined to offer henceforth neither burnt-offerings nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord alone. Nevertheless, was not Naaman under obligations to the king of Syria, and did not his official relations with his master involve him in implied acts of idol worship, unless he renounced his allegiance altogether? What was he to do? He could not face the alternative of forswearing the service of either master—his earthly one of old, who had been so kind and trusting, or his new and Divine One in heaven. Could he not cleave to the one without offending the other? He hoped so, believed so, and would act on that hope and that belief. “In this thing,” said he to Elisha, “the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon; when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.” And what says the prophet in reply? Nothing but “Go in peace.” What that may definitely or indefinitely have implied is a vexed, or at the least an open question. To all practical purposes the casuistry of the case is left undetermined. And so be it left here. Not to vex a vexed question, but casually to illustrate it by stray side-lights, and to glance here and there, as it were, at some sort of collateral issues, is the being’s end and aim of these discursive aids and appliances of annotation.

Naaman's practice—not formally prohibited, if not specially sanctioned either, in the valedictory "Go in peace"—reminds one of a verse in a later chapter of the same book (xvii. 41): "So these nations feared the Lord, and served their graven images, both their children and their children's children: as did their fathers, so do they until this day." Not indeed that Naaman actually and believingly "served" Rimmon; but he bowed down to him. He not merely accompanied his royal master to the house of Rimmon, for that he might have done in the merest routine of ceremonial state service; but, arrived there, he bowed down himself, and this in a way that he felt needed absolution from the one true God; and therefore he craved absolution beforehand, and having craved it—not to say, having received it—he departed in peace.

Worth notice again in the like connection is what we are told of Asa, king of Judah (1 Kings xv. 14): "But the high places were not removed: nevertheless Asa's heart was perfect with the Lord all his days."

When Corneille's Pauline counsels the Christian warrior to worship his God in secret, and be a good pagan in public—"Adorez-le dans l'âme, et n'en témoignez rien"—the answer of Polyeucte is prompt in generous indignation at the compromise:

"Que je sois tout ensemble idolâtre et chrétien!"

Gibbon has, almost of course, his polite sneer of pity for "the trembling Christians" of Tertullian's time, who, when persuaded on the occasion of solemn festivals of the state to comply with the fashion of their country and the commands of the magistrate, laboured under the most gloomy apprehensions, from the reproaches of their own conscience, the censures of the church, and the denunciations of Divine vengeance. "The philosopher, who considered the system of polytheism as a composition of human fraud and error, could disguise a smile of contempt under the mask of devotion without apprehending that either the mockery or the compliance would expose him to the resentment of any invisible, or, as he conceived them,

imaginary powers. . . . But the belief of the Christian was accompanied with horror. The most trifling mark of respect to the national worship he considered as an act of homage yielded to the demon, and as an act of rebellion against the majesty of God."¹

The question has been put, Was it settled policy or more mature reflection which led Pope Gregory the Great to devolve on a barbarian king the odious duty of totally abolishing idolatry; while it permitted to the clergy a milder and more winning course, the protection of the hallowed places and usages of the heathen from insult by consecrating them to holier uses? To Ethelbert the Pope writes, enjoining him, in the most solemn manner, to use every means of force as well as persuasion to convert his subjects; utterly to destroy their temples, to show no toleration to those who adhere to their religious rites. To Mellitus, bishop of London, on the other hand, he enjoins great respect for the sacred places of the

¹ The knights of chivalry were expected to maintain, at every risk however imminent, what Scott, in his *Essay on Chivalry*, calls an "intemperate zeal for religion." Like the early Christians, they were, as he says, prohibited from acquiescing, even by silence, in the rites of idolatry, although death should be the consequence of their interrupting them.

Mr. de Quincey, in his learned and eloquent dissertation on the pagan oracles, insists on the fact, often overlooked by historians, that paganism for Rome, after the Cæsars became Christianised, was, to a considerable extent, a mere necessity of her pagan origin. Rome could not forget or forego the indispensable office or the indefeasible privileges of the *Pontifex Maximus*, which actually availed, "historically and *medalically* can be demonstrated to have availed, for the temptation of Christian Cæsars into collusive adulteries with heathenism." Now there might be an emperor who timidly recorded his scruples, who feebly protested, but gave way at once to an ugly necessity. Anon there would come another, more deeply religious or constitutionally more bold, who fought long and strenuously against the compromise. "What! should he, the delegate of God, and the standard bearer of the true religion, proclaim himself officially head of the false? No; that was too much for his conscience." But the fatal meshes of prescription, of superstitions ancient and gloomy, gathered around him; he heard that he was no perfect Cæsar without this office. "The pious Theodosius found himself literally compelled to become a pagan pontiff." Reluctantly, as Mr. de Quincey describes the process of constraint and concession, this emperor gave way, soothing perhaps his fretting conscience by offering to Heaven, as a penitential litany, that same petition which Naaman the Syrian offered to the prophet Elisha as a reason for a personal dispensation.

heathen, forbids their demolition ; he only commands them to be cleared of their idols, to be purified by holy water for the services of Christianity.¹ Whatever popular customs of heathenism were found to be not absolutely incompatible with Christianity were retained, some of them to a very late period. "Nothing could have been more prudent than these regulations," says Edmund Burke, who regards them as indeed formed from a perfect understanding of human nature. He would have applauded to the echo, one may infer, in principle if not in detail, the moderation of Zwingle as a reformer, who called God to witness how much rather disposed he was to build up (edify) than to pull down. "I know some timid souls," the Swiss reformer tells the council, "that deserve to be dealt with tenderly ; let the mass therefore be still read for some time on Sunday in all the churches, and on no account let those who celebrate it be insulted." Quite otherwise minded in the main was John Knox, when, on his arrival in Scotland in 1555, he found that the friends of the Reformed doctrine continued to attend mass ; principally, says Dr. McCrie, with the view of avoiding the scandal which they would otherwise incur. "Highly disapproving of this practice, he (Knox) laboured, in his conversation and sermons, to convince them of the great impiety of that part of the popish service, and the criminality of countenancing it by their presence." Doubts being still entertained on the subject by some, a meeting of the protestants in Edinburgh was held for the express purpose of discussing the subject. Maitland defended the practice with all the ingenuity and learning for which he was distinguished ; but "his arguments were so satisfactorily answered by Knox," adds Knox's biographer, "that he yielded the point as indefensible, and agreed, with the rest of his brethren, to abstain for the future from such temporising conduct." He would have shaken his head at the counsel of the Lutheran ministers touching the refusal of the elector of Saxony, as grand

¹ "New altars are to be set up, and relics enshrined in the precincts. Even the sacrifices were to be continued under another name."—*Hist. Lat. Christ.*, bk. iv., chap. iii.

marshal, to attend with the sword of state at the "mass of the Holy Ghost," with which the Diet of Augsburg was to open. They overcame the elector's scruples by representing the duty as a civil, not a religious, ceremony, and justified their permission by that ceded to Naaman by Elisha.¹

Among other gossip recorded of James I. with Sully, when that statesman was envoy to the English court in 1603, is this—that the king asked if, when speaking with the nuncius, he (De Rosny) called the Pope his holiness, as by so doing he would greatly offend God, in whom alone was holiness. Rosny replied that he commonly used the style prevalent at court, governing himself according to the rules adopted in regard to pretenders to crowns and kingdoms which they thought belonged to them, but the possession of which was in other hands, conceding to them, in order not to offend them, the titles which they claimed. "James shook his head portentously, and changed the subject." It is observable in regard to a treaty with his Catholic majesty in the following year, that on religious matters it was agreed that English residents in Spain should not be compelled to go to mass, but that they should kneel in the street to the host unless they could get out of the way.

That we are neither to "worship or cringe to anything under the Deity," South calls "a truth too strict for a Naaman;"² he can be content to worship the one true God,

¹ "But although the elector was persuaded to appear at the mass, yet he refused to bow before the idol, as the Lutherans termed the consecrated host, and both he and the landgrave of Hesse Cassel remained standing when the whole congregation prostrated themselves at the elevation."—*Coxe, House of Austria*, chap. xxix.

² In at least two of his best fictions, Sir Walter Scott makes telling reference to the casuistry of the captain of the host of Syria. Captain Dugald Dalgetty makes a vexed question of being required, when in garrison, in the service of Spain, to go to mass with his regiment. Accordingly, he applies to a Dutch pastor of the Reformed Church, who tells him he thinks he may lawfully go to mass, "in respect that the prophet permitted Naaman, a mighty man of valour and an honourable cavalier of Syria, to follow his master into the house of Rimmon, a false god or idol, to whom he had vowed service, and to bow down when the king was leaning upon his hand." Again: Jeanie Deans finds herself involuntarily

but then it must be in the house of Rimmon.¹ The reason was implied in his condition: he was captain of the host, and therefore he thought it reason good to bow to Rimmon rather than endanger his place; better bow than break."

Hobbes is held to have adapted the Bible to his theory of civil government (in the *Leviathan*) with considerable ingenuity. How could the civil ruler be supreme, as Hobbes declared him to be, if God had established a Divine society and a Divine system of morality? Under Christian powers, indeed, no difficulty would arise. But how with infidel powers? In their case, on Hobbes' showing, the precedent of Naaman, who bowed down to Rimmon but worshipped the true God in his heart, might safely be followed. Just as with the sanction of the Jesuits in India and China, as charged against them by Pascal in the *Lettres à un Provincial*: "Où ils ont permis aux chrétiens l'idolatrie même, par cette subtile invention de leur faire cacher sous leurs habits une image de Jésus-Christ à laquelle ils leur enseignent de rapporter mentalement les adorations publiques qu'ils rendent à l'idole Cachinchoam et à leur Keum-fucum." The philosopher of Malmesbury would own to as little sympathy as a recent writer with

within the walls of a church of the English establishment, and is too faithful to the directory of the presbyterian kirk to have entered wittingly a prelatie place of worship. "But notwithstanding these prejudices it was her prudent resolution, in this dilemma, to imitate as nearly as she could what was done around her," as regards change of posture adopted in different parts of the ritual, etc. "The prophet, she thought, permitted Naaman the Syrian to bow even in the house of Rimmon. Surely, if I, in this strait, worship the God of my fathers in mine own language, although the manner thereof be strange to me, the Lord will pardon me in this thing."

¹ "Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished."

Paradise Lost, bk. i.

the "insular patriotism" of the Englishman abroad, who is said to go about "like a puritan in a cathedral, longing to break down the symbols of an erroneous worship"; or with that "model Englishman," as he is called in this one particular, Robinson Crusoe, who, on finding an idol set up in a barbarous corner of Asia, could not refrain from burning it at the risk of his life, and without even the pretence of converting the ignorant heathens, merely by way of relieving his feelings. "He felt it to be absolutely incumbent upon him to insult the stupid idolaters, though he had no chance of preaching to them, or explaining his motives." But *ce cher Robinson* is rather an exaggerated type of the model Englishman as now understood. Not so perhaps John Howard, who writes in one of his letters from Rome: "The Pope passed very close to me yesterday; he waved his hand to bless me. I bowed, but not kneeling, some of the cardinals were displeased. But I never can nor will prostrate myself to any human creature or invention, as I should tremble at the thought of the adoration I have seen paid to him and the wafer."

My Lord Chesterfield is a proper type of the man of the world's theory and practice as regards Protestant recognition, abroad, of Roman error. To his son at Rome he writes, after urging him to be presented to his holiness, and to kiss his slipper with a will, if need be: "For I would never deprive myself of anything that I wanted to do or see by refusing to comply with an established custom." The earl goes on to say: "When I was in Catholic countries, I never declined kneeling in their churches at their elevation, nor elsewhere when the host went by. It is a complaisance due to the custom of the place, and by no means, as some silly people have imagined, an implied approbation of their doctrine. Bodily attitudes and situations are things so very indifferent in themselves, that I would quarrel with nobody about them." Possibly the noble lord would have been ready, for a consideration, with Themistocles to worship the king of Persia;¹ or

¹ Being assured by Artabanus that it would be an infringement of the

with Napoleon I. to play the devout Mussulman¹ *pro re natâ*. There is a rather curious passage in the memoir of the late Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, in which admiration is claimed for one Pastor Gossner, a "zealous and awakening preacher," once the curate and pupil (as afterwards the biographer) of Martin Boos, and who had long "been freed from the error chains of popery, though he had not as yet thrown off the outward badge of servitude to Rome." When asked why he still adhered to a communion which he no longer approved, he was wont to reply: "Because I compassionate the destitute state of those in whose church I have been nurtured, and am anxious to preach to them the pure, simple, unadulterated gospel of the grace of God; whereas if I were to own myself a Protestant, not one of them would ever come to hear me." When asked how he could sanction the popish ceremonies by kneeling at the tinkling of a bell before an altar which in heart he had forsworn, he made answer: "While I kneel there I take no note of the mummary that is going on around; I am wrestling with God for a blessing on the word that I am about to proclaim to the multitude." With some *naïveté* Dr. Henderson remarks that "there will be a difference of opinion as to the validity of his reasoning, the soundness of his policy, the propriety of his conduct."² The spirit of the apologist is of no remote affinity with that of Luther in regard of the

custom of the country for the king to admit any one to audience that did not worship him, Themistocles replied: "My business, Artabanus, is to add to the king's honour and power; therefore I will comply with your customs, since the god that has exalted the Persians will have it so. . . . So let this be no hindrance to my interview with the king."—Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles*.

¹ When in Egypt in 1798, Napoleon made all his troops join with the multitude in celebrating the festival in honour of the inundation of the Nile; he took part with the scheiks and imauns in the ceremonies at the great mosque; joined in the responses in their litanies like the faithful Mussulmans; and even, says Alison, "balanced his body and moved his head in imitation of the Mahometan custom."—*History of Europe*, chap. xxvi.

² Be it added, however, that the Pastor Gossner did not persevere in this course, although "it is certain that his conscience did not then condemn him in the thing which he allowed; certain also that the end which he had in view was very fully attained."

Count di Cattinara (Mercurino Arborio), the eloquent and powerful chancellor of Charles V. at Aachen, in 1520, who was always the advocate of lenient and conciliatory measures towards the Protestant reformers, insomuch that Dr. Martin said, in one of his letters, that perhaps God, to help them, had raised up this man to be like Naaman the Syrian, who believed in the Lord of hosts, although he went in with his master to bow himself in the house of Rimmon.

Cornelia Knight records, in her Diary in Rome, the attendance there at high mass at St. Peter's, on Christmas Day (1783), of the Emperor Joseph II. and Gustavus III. of Sweden, and mentions that the king at first hesitated about kneeling, and asked the emperor what he should do: "Do as I do," replied Joseph. "But I am not of your communion," rejoined the other. "Well," resumed the emperor, "believe what you will; but as you came here of your own choice, you should act so as not to scandalise others." Gustavus took the hint, and knelt down.¹ But no men on earth can be more tolerant than the Romans, according to Madame de Stäel, who makes them out to have been no way displeased, for instance, at her Oswald's omitting to join the kneeling crowd of supplicants² in the Coliseum. In one of her letters to Bishop

¹ Miss Knight herself was eminently disposed to do at Rome as Rome does, whenever the compliance was practicable; above all, whenever it seemed innocently gratifying to the Romans. She tells complacently how on one occasion of a "demonstrative" sort in the streets, she was standing with her friends at the windows to "look at the people as they marched past in an orderly manner. They looked up, and, in a cheerful tone, desired us to cry *Viva il Papa!* which we did very willingly, and added *Viva mille anni!* for which they applauded us. One of them, however, a well dressed young man, said, with an air of drollery, 'But will you cry *Viva la Santa Chiesa?*' '*Vivan tutte le Chiese!*' cried I; to which he replied, '*Brava! Bravissima!*'" Woman's wit was here good at need. It was the anti-republican bent of the demonstration that won Miss Knight's sympathy, however.

² Who, when the Capuchin preacher threw himself on his knees before an altar, crying, "Mercy and pity!" followed his example; and the appeal from wretchedness to compassion, from earth to heaven, echoing through the classic porticoes, was provocative of "a deeply pious feeling in the soul's inmost sanctuary. Oswald shuddered; he remained standing, that he might not pretend to a faith which was not his own; yet it cost him an

Burgess, great interest is expressed by Hannah More in the fate of an army lieutenant, "who is broke, and for ever disqualified to serve," because he "could not wound his conscience by joining, as an officer, in firing, bell-ringing, etc., in a popish procession at Malta. He has been to see me. He is a very sensible, correct young man; but, though connected very highly, and a relation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he is left to starve for disobeying orders. I will not say whether he was right or wrong, but surely there are greater sins left unpunished than following the dictates of a too tender conscience." Edward Irving, fresh from a tour in Ireland, related at a party at which Dr. Chalmers was present, his going to a Roman Catholic chapel in Dublin, to see high mass performed, a ceremony which he had never witnessed, and how, to escape observation, he ensconced himself behind a pillar, where he stood. Every now and then, however, an old woman behind him¹ pulled him by the skirts, saying, "Sure you'll go down on your knees." "And did you go down?" asked one of the elders of St. John's,—the church which then counted both Chalmers and Irving its ministers. "I went down at last, both to please the old woman, and to prevent the tails of my coat being torn off by the tugs she was constantly giving." The question as to whether Mr. Irving should have done this or not was raised and keenly discussed. Dr. Chalmers, his biographer tells us, said nothing: the discussion closed, and conversation took another turn, while the doctor stood still in dreamy abstraction, as his manner was. He was evidently, says Dr. Hanna, "still busy trying to settle the *questio vexata* satisfactorily to his own mind; nor was it till some practical question had to be determined that he came out of his

effort to forbear from this fellowship with mortals, whoever they were, thus humbling themselves before their God."—*Corinne*, livre ix., chap. ii.

¹ Was he reminded of Madge Wildfire's similar manipulation of Jeanie Deans, during the service at an English church? Jeanie's perplexity at the changes of posture was not much relieved by her crazy companion's taking the opportunity to "exercise authority over her, pulling her up and pushing her down with a bustling assiduity, which Jeanie felt must make them the objects of painful attention."

abstraction." No doubt he recurred anon to the *quæstio* as one still *vexanda*.

Brydone mentions in his travels the case of an Englishman who attended mass at a church in Naples, through curiosity, and on the elevation of the host remained standing, while those around knelt; for this he was reproved by a gentleman near him, as a violation of the rules of delicacy and good breeding, in thus shocking the feelings of the congregation. He answered that he did not believe in the real presence; "No more do I, sir," was the reply, "and yet you see I kneel." Archbishop Whately, without attempting to vindicate the conduct of the Englishman, who was under no compulsion to be present at a service in which he scrupled to join,¹ takes or makes occasion to remark, that the Neapolitan, or Mr. Brydone, would probably have been disposed, if entrusted with the government of any country, to compel every one's compliance, in all points, with whatever the feeling of the people required; not only to kneel before the host, but to attend in processions the image of St. Januarius, etc., if their omitting it would be likely to give offence. "The plea of conscientious scruple they would not have understood."²



THE SPOTS OF THE LEOPARD, AND THE WALLOW- ING OF THE SOW.

JEREMIAH xiii. 23; 2 PETER ii. 22.

BETWEEN the pard and the swine there is a distinction not without a difference, and a marked one, in all that

¹ Apply the lines in Milton:—

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Samson. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds.

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? etc.

—*Samson Agonistes*, l. 1368-72.

² Dr. Whately was convinced, and prompt to assert his conviction, that atheists, should they ever become the predominant party, would persecute religion. See his *Essays on the Kingdom of Christ*, i., § 13.

regards physical outline, structure, symmetry, mien, and movements. But there is the like moral attached in holy writ to these twain. The nature of either is a fixed type, unchangeable. You may paint out the spots of the leopard, but it is only whitening the sepulchre. The spots are still there, irremovable, ineradicable, a constant quantity; no brush of yours will efface those ingrained, inborn, and inbred signs of that wild, cruel, stealthy, treacherous, feline nature. "Out, damned spot!" wailed the sleep-walking murderess; but the wail was in vain, all Arabia's perfumes could not cleanse that little hand. Not less vain any endeavour to extirpate the branded spots on that sleek satiny hide. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots," so as to become, as well as seem, in the laureate's phrase, "most loving"?¹ That is a millennial day the prophet speaks of when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. No changing of the spots until then. A surface cleansing may hide them, but the nature of the beast will anon vindicate their meaning. So with the sow that is washed: there is no

¹ CEnone bethinks her she must be fair, for yesterday,

"When I passed by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail,
Crouched fawning in the weed. Most loving is she."

Archbishop Chichely's query, as versified by Wordsworth in an ecclesiastical sonnet, is—

"What beast in wilderness or cultured field
The lively beauty of the leopard shows?"

Thomson again pictures

"The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste."

Southey is trenching on supernatural ground when, in the *Curse of Kichama*, he subdues the leopard nature to Kailyal's hallowed influence:

"A charm was on the leopard when he came
Within the circle of that mystic glade;
Submit he crouched before the heavenly maid,
And offered to her touch his speckled side;
Or with arched back erect, and bending head,
And eyes half closed for pleasure, would he stand,
Courting the pressure of her gentle hand."

regeneration for the sow in any amount of washing by water ; the ablution over, away she wends again to her wallowing in the mire.¹ It is the nature of the beast, and nature will have

¹ Like the canine race (dishonourably characterised in the same "true proverb"), the porcine is of ill account in holy writ. As the flesh of the swine is formally prohibited as "unclean," in Leviticus, so in Isaiah the offering of swine's blood is, by implication, denounced as almost inconceivably abominable ; and the "eating swine's flesh, and the abomination, and the mouse," are with execration connected together (Isa. lxvi. 3, 17). Cowper has some familiar rhymes on Mahomet's formally partial, but practically complete, prohibition of swine's flesh :

"Thus says the prophet of the Turk,—
Good Mussulman, abstain from pork ;
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large."

The result being, as Cowper rhymes and reasons it out, that much controversy arose as to which joint the prophet had it in his mind to forbid ; some chose the back, others the head and tail : *sequitur*, "thus conscience freed from every clog, Mahometans eat up the hog." More staunch to their principles are the Jews, as Shakspeare forgets not to exemplify in Shylock, who, invited by Venetian gentlemen and Christians to dinner, disdainfully replies : "Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your Prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into." Yet of the Mahometans too we are assured that nothing in the creed or practice of Christians does so much to envenom the hatred of Mahometans against them, as the fact of their eating pork. There are few acts which Christians and Europeans regard with more unaffected disgust, Mr. Stuart Mill asserts, than Mussulmans regard this particular mode of satisfying hunger. Besides its being an offence to their religion, their aversion to the flesh of the "unclean beast" resembles an instinctive antipathy, such as "the idea of uncleanness, when once it thoroughly sinks into the feelings, seems always to excite in those whose personal habits are anything but scrupulously cleanly." Mr. Walter Savage Landor, by the way, ironically or otherwise, accounts it one among the prejudices of former times, that pigs are uncleanly animals, and fond of wallowing in the mire for mire's sake. "Philosophy has now discovered," he makes Lucian say, in one of the Imaginary Conversations, "that when they roll in mud and ordure, it is only from an excessive love of cleanliness, and a vehement desire to rid themselves of scabs and vermin." Christians, generally speaking, recognise no application to them of the Mosaic prohibition. Not but that a Christian now and then urges, on physical and sanitary ground, if not on moral and ceremonial, the application, as worthy of all men to be received and enforced. The author, for instance, of that eccentric little book with an eccentric title, the *Blood of the Aristocracy*, who insists that the pig is an

her way. *Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.* So again the proverb that says the wolf may change his hair, but

uncleanly feeding creature, eating garbage and carrion wherever it can, and that all who eat its flesh defile themselves and destroy their health, at once physical, intellectual, and moral. One of this author's critics submits that, in that case, the Jews, it would seem, are the only possible saviours of society; and that "Mr. Disraeli might perhaps lead the Tory party to some good purpose if he held the pure tradition of his fathers." It is also suggested, in reference to the author's own reference to America, that on his showing the health of a people who invented the expression "pork is lively" must certainly be undergoing a rapid, though unseen, decline. Johnson would tell with zest what Dr. Barrowby, the physician, who was "very fond of swine's flesh," said one day while eating it, namely, "I wish I was a Jew." "Why so?" said somebody; "the Jews are not allowed to eat your favourite meat." "Because," replied the doctor, "I should then have the gust of eating it, with the pleasure of sinning." *Genus humana ruit per vetitum et nefas.*

Our best Christian historian of the Jews takes note of the tendency of the flesh of swine in southern countries to produce cutaneous maladies, the disease to which the Jews were peculiarly liable; besides that the animal, being usually left in the east to its own filthy habits, is not merely unwholesome, but disgusting, it being the scavenger of the towns. Sir Thomas Browne says the Jews abstained from swine's flesh at first symbolically, as an emblem of impurity, and not fear from of the leprosy, "as Tacitus would put upon them"; and the old physician declares the similar abstinence of the Cretans to have been superstitious, upon tradition that Jupiter was suckled in that country by a sow; that of "some Egyptians" political, because swine "supplied the labour of ploughing, by rooting up the ground"; while that of the Phœnicians and Syrians, Arabians and Indians, is assignable to "like considerations": a great part of mankind "refraining one of the best foods, and such as Pythagoras himself would eat; who, as Aristoxenus records, refused not to feed on pigs." When Macilente, in one of Jonson's comedies, scouts pork as a hatefully "greasy dish," Carlo is unctuously fervid in its defence: "Thou knowest not a good dish, thou. Oh, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No marvel though, that saucy, stubborn generation, the Jews, were forbidden it; for what would they have done, well pampered with fat pork, that durst murmur at their Maker out of garlick and onions? . . . 'Tis an axiom in natural philosophy, what comes nearest the nature of that it feeds converts quicker to nourishment, and doth sooner assimilate. Now nothing in flesh and entrails assimilates or resembles man more than a hog or swine.

"*Macil.* True; and he, to requite their courtesy, oftentimes doffeth his own nature, and puts on theirs; as when he becomes as churlish as a hog, or as drunk as a sow; but to your conclusion.

"*Car.* Marry, I say, nothing resembling man more than a swine, it follows nothing can be more nourishing. . . . Pork, pork, is your only feed."—*Every Man out of his Humour*, Act v., sc. 4.

Reciting the attractions of Cologne, Gerard, in Mr. Charles Reade's masterly matter of fact romance of the fifteenth century, makes mention of

not his nature : *Lupus pilum mutat, non mentem*. The fox, as Shakspeare's Worcester has it, though ne'er so tame, so cherished, and locked up, will have a wild trick of his ancestors. The narrative as well as the moral of La Fontaine's *La Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme*, is at least as old as Æsop.

“Tant le naturel a de force !
 Il se moque de tout. . . .
 En vain de son train ordinaire
 On le veut désaccoutumer :
 Quelque chose qu'on puisse faire,
 Ou ne saurait le réformer. . . .
 Qu'on lui ferme la porte au nez,
 Il reviendra par les fenêtres.”

Bacon adverts to the same fable, by an older hand, in his essay “Of Nature in Men,” where he warns a man against trusting his victory over his nature too far, “for nature will lie buried for a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation ; like as it was with Æsop’s damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board’s end till a mouse ran before her.” There is no one circumstance, says Fielding, in which the distempers of the mind bear a more exact analogy to those which are called bodily, than that aptness which both have to a relapse.¹ Scott’s Harry the

the church of the Maccabees, and the caldron in which they and their mother Solomona were boiled by a wicked king for refusing to eat swine’s flesh. “O peremptory king, and pig-headed Maccabees !” exclaims that roystering Burgundian man at arms, Denys. “I had eaten bacon with my pork, lieber than change places at the fire with my meat.” “What scurvy words are these ? It was their faith,” Gerard rebukingly replies.—*The Cloister and the Hearth*, chap. xxvii.

The sheikh who entertained Mr. Drummond Hay in the Camel’s Neck pass, in Western Barbary, professed to suppose his guests had made but a poor feast, for lack of pig, “your proper food, without which you do not thrive.” Invited to talk “about this meat of pig,” the sheikh said, “God forbid ! it is a sin even to think of it.” Dean Ramsay records a similar “superstition” as lately existing among the lower orders of the coast of Fife, once prevalent in Scotland generally.

¹ This is plain, he adds, in the violent diseases of ambition and avarice. He professes to have known ambition, when cured at court by frequent disappointments (which are the only physic for it), to break out again in a contest for foreman of the grand jury at an assizes ; and he tells by hear-

Smith is reasonably incredulous of Catherine Glover's success in civilising and taming the rude Highland lad,¹ Connachar: "He will be just like the wolf cub that I was fool enough to train to the office of a dog, and every one thought him reclaimed till, in an ill hour, I went to walk on the hill of Moncrieff, when he broke loose on the laird's flock, and made a havoc" after his kind—an unkindly kind. Manly reasons rationally of such a one, in Ben Jonson:

"But he therein did use but his old manner,
And savour strongly what he was before.
Nor were it reason in me to expect
That for my sake he should put off a nature
He sucked in with his milk."

say of a man who had seemingly got the better of avarice, comforting himself at last, on his death bed, by making a crafty and advantageous bargain concerning his ensuing funeral, with an undertaker who had married his only child.

The thread that nature spins, to use South's figure of speech, is seldom broken off by anything but death. Not that by this he would limit the grace of God, "for that may do wonders"; but humanly speaking, and according to the method of the world and the little correctives supplied by art and discipline, it seldom fails but an ill principle, he contends, has its course, and nature makes good its blow. As Boileau puts it, in his eleventh satire:

"Le naturel toujours sort, et sait se montrer :
Vainement on l'arrête, on le force à rentrer ;
Il rompt tout, perce tout, et trouve enfin passage."

¹ Tytler in his *History of Scotland* presents Macsorlie (Sir James Macdonald, of Dunluce) as a perfect specimen of those "Scoto-Ilebridean" barons who so often concealed the ferocity of the Highland freebooter under a polished exterior learnt superficially at court. He would sometimes outshine the gayest at Falkland or Holyrood, and fascinate all observers by the splendour of his tastes and the elegance of his manners; but suddenly would come a message from some Highland ally, and "Mac-sorlie flew back to his native islands, where, the moment his foot touched the heather, the gay courtier became a rampant and blood-bolstered savage." Tytler, *History of Scotland*, vol. iv., chap. x., sub anno 1598.

Addison and others moralise on the inhabitant of Nova Zembla who, after living in civilised Denmark with every indulgence, took the first opportunity of making his escape back to his native regions of cold, poverty, and nakedness; and again, on the Hottentot who was brought to England, taught English, and in a great measure polished out of his natural barbarity, but who, at the first chance that offered, "mixed in a kind of transport with his countrymen," and "brutalised" with them in their habit and manners, as of yore.

Marcus Antoninus calls it as unreasonable to expect an ill conditioned fellow not to act after his sort, as to desire that an unripe fig should not taste of the tree, that children should not squall in the cradle, nor horses neigh, nor other creatures follow the bent of their being. In Mark Tapley's homely phrase, touching a race much addicted to crowing, they are like the cock that went and hid himself to save his life, and was found out by the noise he made: "They can't help crowing. They was born to do it; and do it they must, whatever comes of it." The writer of an essay entitled *The Leopard and his Spots* comments forcibly on the persistency with which some people, in the face of all experience, go on expecting a given line of conduct from a person whose whole character renders such conduct as sheer an impossibility as it is for a bramble to produce grapes, or for a thistle to bring forth figs. They do not, says the essayist, recognise that it is character which makes the difference between one kind of man and another, or that the differences thus established are as generic as those between an ass and a horse, between a block of granite and a reach of shifting sand. You can never bring a crab to walk straight, says Aristophanes: οὐποτε ποιήσεις τὸν καρκίνον ὀρθὰ βαδίζειν. The time had been when Cooper's old Leatherstocking thought it possible to make a companion of a beast. "Many are the cubs and many are the speckled fawns that I have reared with these old hands, until I have even fancied them rational and altered beings; but what did it amount to? the bear would bite and the deer would run, notwithstanding my conceit in fancying that I could change a temper that the Lord Himself had seen fit to bestow." ¹ Molière's Gros-René is racily severe upon,—

¹ In no unlike spirit the author of *Elsie Venner* describes the feelings with which one marks a gray rat steal out of a drain, and begin gnawing at the bark of some tree loaded with fruit or blossoms, which he will soon girdle, if he is let alone. The first impulse is to murder him with the nearest ragged stone. But "then one remembers that he is a rodent, acting after the law of his kind, and cools down, and is contented to drive him off and guard the tree against his teeth for the future." Macaulay's scathing onslaught on Barère, if it can find aught in excuse of him, finds

“ Un certain animal difficile à connaître,
 Et de qui la nature est fort encline au mal :
 Et comme un animal est toujours animal,
 Et ne sera jamais qu’animal, quand sa vie
 Durerait cent mille ans ; aussi, sans repartie,
 La femme est toujours femme, et jamais ne sera
 Que femme, tant qu’entier le monde durera.”

As homely a satirist of another stock declaims on the assured fact that, however moralists may chatter, 'tis certain nature will be always nature : “ we can't brew Burgundy from sour small beer, nor make a silken purse of a sow's ear ” ; and elsewhere, that “ To try to wash an ass's face, is really labour to misplace, and loss of time as well as soap.” Ass's face, leopard's spots, or sow's entire surface, it matters not. *Ad mores natura recurrit Damnatos, fixa et mutari nescia*. It has been said, or sung, of the slender beech and the sapling oak, that grow by the shadowy rill, you may cut down both at a single stroke, or cut down which you will :

“ But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
 Whatever change may be,
 You never can teach either oak or beech
 To be aught but a greenwood tree.”

it in the nature of the beast. What the planters of Carolina and Louisiana say, or used to say, of black men with flat noses and woolly hair was, Macaulay affirms, strictly true of Barère : the curse of Canaan was upon him ; he was born a slave ; baseness was an instinct in him. The impulse which drove him from a party in adversity to a party in prosperity was “ as irresistible as that which drives the cuckoo and the swallow towards the sun when the dark and cold months are approaching.” Those who had to do with him are accordingly said to have felt no more hatred to him than they felt to the horses which dragged the cannon of the foe. The horses had only done according to their kind. “ So was it with Barère. He was of a nature so low, that it might be doubted whether he could properly be an object of the hostility of reasonable beings.” As Philinte discourses in *Le Misanthrope* :

“ — Mon esprit enfin n'est pas plus offensé
 De voir un homme fourbe, injust, intéressé,
 Que de voir des vautours affamés de carnage,
 De singes malfaisants, et des loups pleins de rage.”

All that you can expect from these lower natures is that they shall keep to their line of talent. As Pope puts it : “ Bulls aim their horns and asses lift their heels ; 'tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug ; and no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.” We call a nettle but a nettle, and the faults of fool but folly, quoth old Menenius Agrippa.

A cart horse, says Cowper, might perhaps be taught to play tricks in the riding school, and might prance and curvet like his betters, but at some unlucky time would be sure to betray the baseness of his original. Smollett tells a story (and Mr. Hayward after him) of a troop of monkeys, who, under the management of an able trainer, had been taught to go through a succession of military movements with surprising precision, till one evening a spectator threw a handful of nuts among them, and in an instant they were scattered about the stage, chattering, screaming, biting, scratching, in hot contention for the spoil. Natural inclinations, says Montaigne, are much assisted and fortified by education, but are not really changed, much less extirpated, by any such ordinary means, the original qualities (or effects defective, as Polonius might say) are not to be rooted out, though they may be covered and concealed. Lucan is quoted to the purpose :

“ Sic ubi desuetæ silvis in carcere clausæ
Mansuevere feræ, et vultus posuere minaces,
Atque hominem didicere pati, si torrida parvus
Venit in ora cruor, redeunt rabiesque furorque,
Admonitæque tument gustato sanguine fauces ;
Fervet, et a trepido vix abstinet ira magistro.”¹

Archdeacon Hare somewhere remarks that age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives ; the real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. “ Time spares the chiselled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.” In Petronius Arbiter’s phrase, *Vera redit facies*,

¹ “ So beasts of prey, imprisoned in a cage,
Grow tame, abandoning their native rage
And threatening looks, and do themselves inure
The government of mankind to endure.
But if again a little blood they taste,
Their savage fury seizes them in haste ;
They thirst for more, grow fierce, and wildly stare
As if their trembling keepers they would tear.”

Lucan is here Englished, as also Montaigne above, by an old, if not also in the old phrase an eminent, hand.

dissimulata perit; or as La Bruyère says, “La différence d’un homme qui se revêt d’un caractère étranger à lui-même, quand il rentre dans le sien, est celle d’un masque à un visage.” Mr. Tennyson reminds us that

“The churl in spirit, howe’er he veil
His want in forms for fashion’s sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons through the gilded pale.”

For who can always act? To apply Dryden’s couplet:
“Reaching beyond our nature does no good; we must fall
back to our old flesh and blood.” Or, with Shenstone,

“See the rich churl, amid the social sons
Of wine and wit, regaling: hark, he joins
In the free jest, delighted; seems to show
A meliorated heart. He laughs, he sings,
* * * * *
Like Demea, in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of soul . . .
But all is false
Even for a demi-groat this opened soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast,
Revibrates quick,” etc.

In describing Sir William Ashton’s ostentatious display of his wealth, Scott is alert to let us discover “his native meanness, however carefully veiled.” A French biographer of Mézeray takes as text for a paragraph the psychological fact that *avec les années les goûts cachés se découvrent*. Many a suppressed fault comes out strong with the wrinkles of age.—many a restrained or concealed foible *se démasque en vieillissant*. There is often, as Sainte-Beuve puts it in his *Causerie sur le Marquis de la Fare*, some one deep and dominant demerit in a man, some hidden vice whose existence is dissembled, which is ashamed to be recognised as what it is, and which is fain to disguise itself, while youth lasts, under other and pleasing forms; but wait a while, let the years run on, and this hidden vice grows tired of disguises and dissimulations; the mask drops off or wears away, and what is disguised or dissembled is seen clear as day, if also dark as night.

DOMINEERING DIOTREPHESES; OR, PRATING FOR PRE-EMINENCE.

3 EP. JOHN, 9, 10.

Ὁ φιλοπρωτεύων αὐτῶν Διοτρεφής : “Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them,” “receiveth us not,” writes the elder to the well beloved Gaius,—“prating against us with malicious words.” The verb *φιλοπρωτεύειν* occurs in Polybius in the sense of *to domineer*; and Plutarch is cited for the equivalent phrase *πάντα πρωτεύειν βουλόμενος*. The race of domineering praters is not likely to die out. In all times it has flourished, and in all climes. Many prate themselves into pre-eminence with malicious words or otherwise, by dint of pushing without scruple, of prosing without mercy, of self assertion and self glorification, and all for love of having pre-eminence, with the profits, real or reputed, thereunto attached, or thence accruing.

Some men, as Emerson says, love only to talk where they are masters; they like to go to school girls or to boys, or into shops where the sauntering people gladly lend an ear to any one. They go rarely to their equals; “listen badly, or do not listen to the comment or the thought by which the company strive to repay them; rather, as soon as their own speech is done, they take their hats.” Swift’s readers could supply the name of the person indicated in that paragraph of his Essay on Conversation, where he professes to know a man of wit who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside, who expects neither to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents, whose business is to be good company and not good conversation, and who therefore chooses to frequent those only who are content to listen and profess themselves his admirers; wittings and sucking Templars, who every sentence raise, and wonder with a foolish face of praise. The dean bids Vanessa, in one of his letters, “visit your neighbours, the worse the better; there is a pleasure in being revered.” His Very Reverence knew, or ought to have known that, experimentally, as well as most

men. But he was more proud than vain; and so far may be taken as no exception to Adam Smith's distinction between the vain man who courts his superiors, that the reflection of their splendour may glorify him, and the proud man who, as he does not always feel himself at his ease in the company of his equals, still less does he in that of his superiors. "He has recourse to humbler company, for which he has little respect, which he would not willingly choose, and which is by no means agreeable to him—that of his inferiors, his flatterers, and dependents." Dr. Moore's analysis of the self conceit of Zeluco includes this characteristic, that, detesting all whom he suspected of having sufficient penetration to see into his real character, he could support the company of those only upon whose understandings he imagined he imposed by giving them a much better idea of his character than it deserved. "This accounts for his constant preference of ignorant society"; a preference tending to the same result as Gay sets forth in the prelude to one of his fables :

"How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base !
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside,
So poor, so paltry is their pride ;
Nay, e'en with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit."

A clerical essayist asks if we have not all of us known a man who, if not allowed to be the first man in some little company, the only talker, the only singer, the only philosopher, or the only jackpudding, would "give up" and sit entirely silent. "In his own small way he must be *aut Caesar aut nullus*. A rival talker, singer, or mountebank turns him pale with envy and wrath." Peter Pindar makes his pretentious knight exclaim,

"To circles of pure ignorance conduct me ;
I hate the company that can instruct me !"

The pride of being first of the company, Chesterfield cautions his son is but too common; "but it is very silly and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character more than that wrong turn." In a long-subsequent epistle the noble lord, not without reason, iterates the warning: "Choose the company of your superiors, wherever you can have it; that is the right and true pride. The mistaken and silly pride is to *primer* among inferiors." Now *primer* is clearly the French for φιλοπρωτεύειν.

Brown the elder again, one of Mr. Thackeray's masks, warns his nephew that there is no more dangerous or stupefying position for a man in life than to be cock of small society, that it prevents his ideas from growing, and renders him intolerably conceited.¹ He may come to exemplify Hazlitt's description of those who cannot brook the slightest shadow of opposition, who resent the very offer of resistance to their supposed authority, and are as angry as if they had sustained some premeditated injury. "To such persons nothing appears of any moment but the indulgence of a domineering intellectual superiority, to the disregard and discomfiture of their own and everybody else's comfort." Goldsmith's travelled Chinese, invited to an entertainment which should consist of a haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man, accepts, keeps his engagement, and pronounces the venison fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. "The moment I ventured to speak I was at once contradicted with a snap." The mandarin, after repeated snubs and snaps, turns the conversation upon the government of China; "but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before." Lien Chi Altangi looks round to see who is on his side, but every eye is fixed in admiration on the great man.² It is as with La

¹ "A twopenny-halfpenny Cæsar, a coterie philosopher or wit, is pretty sure to be an ass; and, in fine, I set it down as a maxim that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his betters, intellectual and social."—Brown's Letters: On Friendship.

² The autocrat of the dinner table has been more recently described, much in the same spirit, in an essay on Social Tyrants. He is said to succeed because he does not mind trampling on the conventional barriers

Bruyère's Giton : "Tous se reglent sur lui : il interrompt, il redresse ceux qui ont la parole : on ne l'interrompt pas, on l'écoute aussi long temps qu'il veut parler." Or as with Crabbe's imperious Justice Ball, when

. . . "now into the vale of years declined,
He hides too little of the monarch mind,"

of politeness and etiquette. Too often he has all of the womankind that are present, with him, because they believe the tyrant to be a person of intellectual distinction. "If to this presumption in his favour he unites a commanding presence and the dogmatic air of an inspired lawgiver, his victory will certainly be complete." The chances, in the event of a collision in controversy, are all on the tyrant's side. "After a contest of five minutes or so, you drive him to an issue of plain fact." For instance, you remind him that his assertion about the details of the Treaty of Paris, or Napoleon's departure from Fontainebleau, is historically incorrect, and you are perfectly right in impeaching its accuracy. "If the tyrant would only give in, as he ought, there would be some hopes of ultimately crushing him. But he merely looks round with a serene smile to the lady next him, and observes that some people evidently do not mind misquoting historical authors whom they have never read." And then he is off again on another subject ; and to follow him to fresh ground, "however ridiculously he may be mangling it, would be to incur the suspicion of being a quarrelsome and ill conditioned person." It is accordingly affirmed to be not on the weakness so much as on the courtesy and good temper of his equals that the autocrat of the dinner table builds his throne.

A companion picture might be cited of the man who is always illustrating subjects by his personal experience, and in whom we detect struggles to keep the hold he has got in having been the hero of the moment, and if he has voice and resolution enough he succeeds in putting a stop to all conversation that deserves the name in the circle where he reigns ; for many a quiet thinker he snubs into silence. He will even simulate a hundred violent, strong, and startling opinions "for the sole purpose of establishing a predominance for the hour."

Then again, in an essay on human pumpkins, those beings of imposing presence and loud self assertion who get themselves believed in by the simple, the pumpkin of the Prince Regent cut is said to be generally notorious for laying down the law on all points. "His voice is loud, his manner of speech dictatorial, so that no one dreams of doubting, still less of contradicting, him, but everybody takes him as he represents himself to be, a man of prompt decision, of boundless resources, to be leaned against in all emergencies without the slightest fear of failure." Ignominious in such cases is the collapse of the pricked windbag.

The peremptory man in Goldsmith's essay on National Prejudices, not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, is determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company ; wherever, therefore, he describes a seeming look of disaffection, he addresses himself to the possible doubter with an air of inexpressible confidence, desiring to know if he is not of the same way of thinking. He can brook no opposition, and must be recognised monarch of all he surveys and master of all he discusses.

as if monarch *jure divino*; or like the same poet's Jonas Kindred, who "ruled unquestion'd and alone": "Himself he viewed with undisguised respect, and never pardoned freedom or neglect." Or like Mr. Vigers, in *A Strange Story*, whose dignity of station being not sufficiently recognised by the merchants of Low Town, nor his superiority of intellect by the exclusives of the Hill, chiefly confined his visits to the houses of neighbouring squires, to whom his reputation as a J.P., conjoined with his solemn exterior, made him one of those oracles by which men consent to be awed on condition that the awe is not often inflicted. Scott marks his Templar with a predominant air of exacting domination, "easily acquired by the exercise of unresisted authority," and elsewhere describes him "raising his voice with the presumptuous and authoritative tone which he used on all occasions." It is the favourite boast of one of Mrs. Gore's exacting seniors that he don't care about the world; he declares, at every fresh invitation, that he hates large parties; which being interpreted means that he is snigger in his own house, where he can engross the whole fireside and lay down the law, than in a more extended circle, where he must share with other people his consequence and right of domineering. It is pleasant, observes Mr. Disraeli, to be "made much of," even by very dull or very doubtful characters; to be king of your company is a poor ambition, yet homage is homage, and smoke is smoke, whether it come out of the chimney of a palace or of a workhouse.

Bentham said of James Mill, who by his account would never willingly enter into discourse with him: "He expects to subdue everybody by his domineering tone, to convince everybody by his positiveness. His manner of speaking is oppressive and overbearing." Jeremy would probably have referred him to the category or limbo of what a social essayist calls "contemptuous minds," men without deference, who are accustomed to lean upon themselves and do not expect to find much in other people; who are not found appealing to others, or wishing to know their thoughts, or willing to follow out their

speculations, or listening to their suggestions ; who live and think alone, impatient of interference and interruption, and nourish some notion of themselves which practically, though it may not take the form of vulgar arrogance, sets them "above the possibility of benefit from the crude, unformed, untaught intelligences around them." Elia's typical schoolmaster is awkward and out of place in the society of his equals, coming as he does, like Gulliver, from among his little people, and unable as he is to fit the stature of his understanding to yours. "He cannot meet you on the square. He is so used to teaching that he wants to be teaching *you*." *Ce caractère d'oracle* is, by a master in criticism, said to be thoroughly natural in all masterly critics. Grimm could not help affecting it in his language and manners, notwithstanding his polished tone: "Il aimait à donner le ton." Bentley, as described by a congenial and admiring biographer, was overbearing, impatient of opposition, insolent, sometimes tyrannical. "He had, and deservedly," writes De Quincey, "a very lofty opinion of himself; he either had or affected too mean a one of his antagonists." The man of strong intellect and firm will is apt, as Professor Spalding says, to degenerate into dogmatism, and reasons with his fellow men in the same spirit in which the Jews built the second temple, where every man worked with one hand and with the other hand held a weapon. What insolent familiar, asks Lamb in his notes on the old Benchers of the Inner Temple, durst have mated Thomas Coventry?—whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the browbeater of equals and superiors. Duclos wrote his memoirs more than five-and-thirty years after last entering a café ; but the flavour of the cafés he had haunted stuck to him to the last: "Il en garda toujours le ton ; il y avait contracté son pli, l'habitude de crier, d'imposer son opinion d'une voix de gourdin." Sainte-Beuve says of him, *il avait le ton trop despotique*. He was accustomed to have the last word, and practically insisted on having it, and

succeeded : *on le craignait et on faisait place devant lui.* As with a contemporary's

“ Pomposo, insolent and loud,
Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,
Whose very name inspires an awe,
Whose every word is sense and law,
For what his greatness hath decreed,
Like laws of Persia and of Mede, . . .
Must never of repeal admit.”

Montesquieu, in his *Lettres Persanes*, speaks of one of those personages *au ton tranchant et absolu*, still well enough and too well known amongst us, who in a quarter of an hour decided domineeringly on three questions in ethics, four historical problems, and five propositions in physics. “Je n’ai jamais vu un *décisionnaire* si universel.” Rousseau was yet more impatient than Montesquieu of such dominating forces. Even Diderot “revolted” him, when bent on governing him like a child, and influencing him like an oracle—Denis forsooth, the junior of Jean Jacques. But who does not love to rule, be it over a genius or a dolt? It must be acknowledged of Lady Lufton, owns her author, “that with all her good qualities she was inclined to be masterful. She liked to rule, and she made people feel that she liked it.” Superior persons stickle for superiority.

“ Lord Henry also liked to be superior,
As most men do, the little or the great,
The very lowest find out an inferior,
At least they think so, to exert their state
Upon.”

SORROW UPON SORROW.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 27.

SORROW upon sorrow is so often God's dispensation that on its assumed frequency is founded the adage Misfortunes never come single. St. Paul thankfully records an exception in the instance of a sick friend's recovery. Himself in bonds at Rome, his brother and companion in labour, Epaphroditus, who ministered to his wants, and whom he styles his fellow soldier, as he was the messenger between St. Paul and the Philippians, the apostle of the apostle, had been sick nigh unto death; "but God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow."

Baruch's lament, for the son of Neriah like Jeremiah the prophet had his lamentations, is, "Woe is me now! for the Lord hath added grief to my sorrow." For some even of His servants He stayeth *not* His rough wind in the day of the east wind.

There was a day when messenger after messenger came to Job, each with his several tale of disaster, each with his special tidings of affliction. While *he* was yet speaking that brought word of the raid of Sabeans, *he* that alone survived to tell of it, there came also another to report the ravages of fire of God fallen from heaven, and he alone left alive to tell of it; and while this second unwelcome newsbringer was yet gasping out his story, there came also a third to tell of slaughter by the Chaldeans so unsparing that he alone remained to announce it; and while the third courier was yet hurrying forth his fatal words, there came also another with the worst tidings of all, even the extinction at one ruinous blast of the patriarch's house, in either or every sense of the term. Sorrow upon sorrow. "He breaketh me with breach upon breach; He runneth upon me like a giant!" exclaimed the man of Uz in the day when he sat among the ashes, and the sorrows of his heart were enlarged, and he looked in vain, it seemed, for one to bring him out of his distresses.

“Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.”

Benedetto è quel male, che vien solo, is the Italians' benediction on a solitary woe, and another proverb of theirs calls one misfortune the vigil of another, while yet another and maliciously suggestive one says that a misfortune and a friar are seldom alone—*un male ed un Frate di rado soli*. Canon Kingsley expatiates on the verity of what he calls the “popular antithet” that misfortunes never come single ; that in most human lives there are periods of trouble, blow following blow, wave following wave, from opposite and unexpected quarters, with no natural or logical sequence, till all God's billows have gone over the soul. “Heavens,” exclaims Shakspeare's Cymbeline,

“How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
When fearful woes point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for the present. It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.”

Nor is Benvolio's smart remedy always available in its smartness :

“Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning ;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.”

He jests at scars that never felt a wound, and he can prescribe glibly for a confluence of complaints who himself is free from a single one. But such a prescription might authorise such a retort as, applying it from *Le Cid* with a difference,

“Est-ce trop peu pour vous que d'un coup de malheur ?
Faut-il perte sur perte, et douleur sur douleur ?

Not but what there is sound philosophy in Benvolio's doctrine, if rightly enforced. We read of one overtaken by plural, or at the least by dual misfortunes, in the story of *Yeast*,—who is described as utterly beside himself with grief, shame, terror, and astonishment, that “on the whole the sorrow was a real comfort to him ; it gave him something beside his bankruptcy to think

of ; and, distracted between the two different griefs, he could brood over neither." Scott opens a chapter of one of his earlier books with a recognition of the one advantage there is in an accumulation of evils differing in cause and character, namely, that the distraction which they afford by their contradictory operation prevents the patient from being overwhelmed under either. "Man can give but a certain portion of distressful emotions to the causes which demand them ; and if two operate at once, our sympathy, like the funds of a compounding bankrupt, can only be divided between them." Caleb Williams records it as a part of the singularity of his fate, that it hurried him from one species of anxiety and distress to another too rapidly to suffer any one of them to sink deeply into his mind ; and he expresses his belief, in the retrospect, that half the calamities he was destined to endure would infallibly have overwhelmed and destroyed him. "But as it was, I had no leisure to chew the cud under misfortunes as they befel me, but was under the necessity of forgetting them, to guard against peril that the next moment seemed ready to crush me." Southey was apt to say that if it were true that misfortunes never come singly it would be a merciful dispensation of them. "I at least should choose (if there were the power of choosing) to have my sorrows come thick and threefold, and my pleasures one by one ; to drink of misery at a draught, however deep the bowl, but to sip of enjoyment, and taste its full flavour in every glass." Writing to a friend in 1829 about two arrivals of bad news by the same post, he asserts his belief that each would have weighed more heavily upon his spirits had it come separately than both did together. "Better a disturbed grief than a settled one." Mrs. Riddell thinks the vagaries of trouble the strangest things in this strange world ; the way in which the cup of happiness is dashed from one, the way in which the cup of sorrow is filled, dribble by dribble, for another ; grief lying in wait here, there seeming to try the experiment of how much humanity can bear ; swooping into one house with some tremendous sorrow, into another creeping little by little, bringing now one ill, now another, till it has

“accumulated the pyramid of misfortune to a satisfactory height.” A French poet cries :

“ Au lieu de les laisser l'un sur l'autre descendre
Si pesant à mon cœur,
Mon Dieu ! ne pouvez-vous ensemble les reprendre
Tous ces jours de malheurs !”¹

Montaigne speaks of himself as assailed in detail by a thousand ills that come *à la file*, and that he could have faced with a lighter heart *à la foule*, that is to say, all at once. But 'tis well we have no option.

“ We know not the amount of misery
The heart can bear, when, one by one, the ills
Of life steal on us ; but, alas ! there are
Calamities which overwhelm at once,
Crushing the spirit by a sudden blow,
And leaving the poor victim powerless.”

Almost every man's existence, says Hood, affords some dark building spot for the foundation, some period of accumulative inflictions, swelling each after the other like the inky waves, with a storm in the distance.

“ As if calamity had just begun ;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.”

Benvenuto Cellini begins a chapter in the third book of his personal memoirs with the remark that when once adverse fortune, or “the influence of our ill stars, if that expression seem more proper,” begins to persecute a man, it is never at a loss for means to distress him. “When I thought I had got clear of one troublesome and dangerous affair, and flattered myself that my evil genius would leave me at rest for a while, I was involved again in most perplexing troubles.” If Mr. Dickens quotes the adage of misfortunes never coming singly, it is to confirm it by the comment that, beyond a doubt, troubles are exceedingly gregarious in their nature, and that,

¹ Latour, *La vie intime*.

flying in flocks, they are apt to perch capriciously, crowding on the heads of some poor wights until there is not an inch of room left on their unlucky crowns, and taking no more notice of others, who offer as good resting places for the soles of their feet, than if they had no existence. And so with the same individual object of their plural visitations or prolonged neglect. For years he is clear of them, and then all at once the arrears are to be paid up, and the billows of woe work double tides. Isabella of Castile entered upon a thronging series of heavy domestic calamities with the death of her mother in 1496, after which year successive griefs befel her with little intermission, till her health and strength gave way, if not her heart broke. Of Frederick the Great, after having to retreat before Marshal Daun and to raise the siege of Prague, Macaulay observes that "it seemed that the king's distress could hardly be increased. Yet at this moment another blow not less terrible than that of Kolin fell upon him," the Hastembeck defeat and Closter Seven treaty; while, that nothing might be wanting to his distress, he lost his mother just at this time, and he appears to have felt that loss more than was to be expected from the hardness of his character. "In truth, his misfortunes had now cut to the quick." How runs the song of Hiawatha?

"Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions.
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flockwise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,

First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish."

Nor is this Longfellow's only illustration of the adage. Ursula, in the *Golden Legend*, has

" . . . mark'd it well, it must be true,
Death never takes one alone, but two !
Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er.
Never one of a household only !"

A stanza in Childe Harold's *Pilgrimage* records that now has stern Death taken all of the poet's there was left to take, and all in quick succession :

" The parent, friend, and now the more than friend :
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to lend."

Few as were the ties by which his affections held, whether within or without the circle of relationship, Byron was doomed, his biographer relates, in 1811, within a short space to see the most of them swept away by death ; six between May and August of that year. Besides the loss of his mother, he had to mourn over the untimely fatalities that carried off, within a few weeks of each other, two or three of his most loved and valued friends. " In the short space of one month," he says, " I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who made that being tolerable."¹ Sir Walter Scott writes to his eldest son in 1819 " a train of most melancholy news " ; his mother stricken with fatal paralysis, and in the same week his uncle and aunt, Dr. and Miss Rutherford, dead ; " happy in this, that

¹ His letter to Mr. Scrope Davies of August 7 begins : " Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house (Newstead Abbey) ; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch." This was Matthews, the idol of his admiration at Cambridge, who was drowned while bathing in the Cam.

neither knew of the other's dissolution."¹ In that dark year for him and his house, 1826, we find Sir Walter a deeply embarrassed man, all alone at Abbotsford, and brooding over the impending loss of his darling grandchild, Johnnie Lockhart ("the bitterness of this impending calamity is extreme"), and the newly announced death warrant by Dr. Abercrombie of Lady Scott, "the faithful and true companion of my fortunes, good and bad. . . . A new affliction where there was enough before. . . . Really these misfortunes come too close upon each other." The elder Montague, in *Romco and Juliet*, answers his prince's summons to tidings of fresh disaster with an

"Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
What further woe conspires against my age?"

The exposed corpse of his only son is the too obvious response. Juliet herself had already been moved to the lament that

" . . . Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranked with other griefs—
Why followed not when she said, Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay, or both?"—

a bitterness somewhat in the strain, under constraint, of the despairing rustic in Wordsworth, whose treasures

"—dwindled, dwindled, one by one;
Till he could say that many a time
He wished they all were gone;
Reckless of what might come at last
Were but the bitter struggle passed."

¹ To his brother in Canada Sir Walter writes later on the same subject: "It is a most uncommon and afflicting circumstance that a brother and two sisters should be taken ill the same day, that two of them should die without any rational possibility of the survivance of the third, and that no one of the three could be affected by learning the loss of the other."

Scott's sense of humour was sensibly touched by the style of a woman in Fife, who, summing up the misfortunes of a black year in her history, said: "Let me see, sirs; first we lost our wee callant, and then Jeannie, and then the gudeman himsel died, and then the *coo* died too, *puir hizzey*! but, to be sure, *her* hide brought me in fifteen shillings."

Wordsworth's Solitary among the Mountains, type of recluse despondency, had once been all too happy. But suddenly, from some dark seat of fatal power, was urged a claim that shattered all: "Our blooming girl, caught in the gripe of death, with such brief time to struggle in as scarcely would allow her cheek to change its colour, was conveyed from us to inaccessible worlds:

"With even as brief a warning—and how soon,
With what short interval of time between,
I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,
Our happy life's only remaining stay.
The brother followed; and was seen no more!"

Anon the childless man was a widower. For the partner of his life, thus bereaved, fell into a gulf obscure of silent grief and keen heart anguish, of itself ashamed, yet obstinately cherishing itself: "And, so consumed, she melted from my arms, and left me on this earth disconsolate." Sorrow upon sorrow. As with the prophet's burden of woe, for one who thought to be and claimed to be prosperous for ever, and to see no sorrow: "But these two things shall come to thee in a moment in one day, the loss of children, and widowhood." Ἡ δὲ ὄντως χήρα καὶ μεμονωμένη,—only not in the apostle's sense, or at all after the apostle's own mind.

—o—

SONS OF ELI, SONS OF SAMUEL.

I SAMUEL ii. 12; viii. 3.

SEER though he was, one may doubt whether it fell within the previsions of Eli, with those wicked sons of his, to foresee a like family trial for the future of his young successor, Samuel. The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli, and was commissioned to denounce vengeance on the house of Eli, for the iniquity of his sons, because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. With fear and trembling the child Samuel, after night-long hesitation and

delay, made known to Eli the message of doom. Submissively the old man bowed to the Divine decree: "It is of the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." Time rolled on. Eli had long been in his grave, after he had judged Israel forty years, and this but to see the glory departed from Israel, in that the ark of God was taken at the last. Time rolled on; and it came to pass, when Samuel was old, that he made his sons judges over Israel. Joel and Abiah, thus made judges in Beersheba, do not indeed wear the shameless front of Hophni and Phineas. But they took not after their sire, nor cared to trace his steps and follow his example. For we read that "his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment." How far Samuel, like Eli, was responsible for the ungodliness of his family, may be an open question. But at any rate, in his case too, as in Eli's, there was the sorrow, if not the sin.

That is an expressive passage in the opening narrative of the book of Job, which tells how the man of Uz, in his anxiety for the well being and well doing of his children—seven sons and three daughters—used to rise up early in the morning, and offer burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, "It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts." Thus did Job continually.

That the wise man, preeminently so called, should have had, for son and successor to the throne, a foolish Rehoboam, is a moral, if not a marvel, for all time. Marvel it scarcely can be called, being as it is a commonplace experience in all times. 'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true. But oh the pity of it!

The sons of Aaron are Nadab and Abihu, and them a fire is sent out from the Lord to devour. And Aaron holds his peace. The model man of righteousness idealised by the prophet, walking in all God's statutes and keeping His judgments, is by the prophet made presumably, or very possibly, if not all too probably, the father of a robber and a shedder of blood; of an adulterer, oppressor, spoiler, cruel usurer, and abominable idolater.

Southey begins a chapter of the *Doctor* with a series of

exception-takings to king Solomon's rule, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old his feet will not depart from it." Generally speaking it will be found so; but, Southey asks, is there any other rule to which there are so many exceptions? Ask, he bids us, the serious Christian, or "the professor," whether he has found it hold good, whether his sons when they attained to years of discretion (which are the most indiscreet years in the course of human life) have profited as he expected by the "long extemporaneous prayers to which they listened," rather than in which they joined, night and morning; the "sad sabbaths which they were compelled to observe, and the soporific sermons which closed the domestic religiosities of those melancholy days." Ask him, the doctor bids us, if this discipline has prevented them from running headlong into the follies and vices of the age; from being birdlimed by dissipation; or caught in the spider's web of sophistry and unbelief. "It is no doubt a true observation," says Bishop Patrick, "that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow awry is to lace them too hard, by denying them their just freedom." At the universities, the straitlacedness and simplicity of a first term, where the freshman is just emancipated from a hitherto unrelaxed restraint, and the excesses which amply redeem them in his third, have passed into a proverb. It is a suggestive fact, as remarked by Mill in his review of Grote, that a Spartan out of Sparta was not only the most domineering and arrogant, but in spite of, or rather by a natural reaction from, his ascetic training, the most rapacious and corrupt of all Greeks: no one fell so easy a victim to the temptations of luxury and splendour.

The autocrat of the breakfast table adverts more than once to the tendency "occasionally noticed in the sons of ministers and other eminently worthy people," to dissipated courses, a tendency by many ascribed, he goes on to say, to that "intense congenital hatred for goodness which distinguishes human nature from that of the brute," but, he submits, perhaps as readily accounted for by considering it as the "yawning and stretching of a young soul cramped too long in one moral

posture." The late F. W. Robertson was fervid in his opposition to that "consistent" Calvinism which some parents enforce, in teaching their children that the children of God they cannot be until certain feelings have been distinctly developed in them; which instructions the children in question follow out with fearful fidelity. They take for granted what has been told them, that they are *not* God's children. "Taught that they are as yet of the world, they live as the world; they carry out their education, which has dealt with them as children of the devil, to be converted: and children of the devil they become. . . . No wonder that the children of such religionists turn out ill." The only son of the celebrated Grimshaw of Haworth became a confirmed sot, "notwithstanding," says his father's biographer, "he had been favoured with a religious education, and had been prayed for by some of the holiest men in the land." Possibly, prayed *at*, too. Dr. Holmes dilates on the doubts and perplexities which are sure to assail every thinking child bred in any inorganic or not thoroughly vitalised faith, as he holds to be too often the case with the children of professional theologians. The kind of discipline they are subjected to he compares to that of the Flat Head Indian papooses: at ten or fifteen years old they put their hands up to their foreheads, and ask, What are they strapping down my brains in this way for? and so they tear off the sacred bandages of the great Flat Head tribe, and there follows a mighty rush of blood to the long compressed region. "This accounts in the most lucid manner for those sudden freaks with which certain children of this class astonish their worthy parents at the period of life when they are growing fast, and the frontal pressure beginning to be felt as something intolerable, they tear off the holy compresses." Experience, or rather, as an essay writer on the subject of Youthful Promise puts it, the demand for independent action, every day gives rise to conduct which astounds us, and mystifies all our calculations; so impossible is it to be quite sure how a boy or a young man will turn out after he has looked out upon the world. "Lads who have been angels

with pure white wings up to one-and-twenty, not seldom develop, by a process, we suppose, of natural selection, into imps with horrid horns and hoofs before they have left home a twelvemonth." The profligacy of the sons of too austere fathers is an old story, observes a writer on the inter-relations of Imagination and Conduct: minds with any elasticity or fertility or impulse cannot tolerate the stiff, narrow bounds of so "grey, colourless a life": hence the "disastrous rebellions" against it in so many households. "They long for an atmosphere of growth and movement, and as they do not find it in any form of virtue with which they are acquainted, they very commonly seek it in the more genial shape which vice may present"; and thus it is shown that the powers of imagination which might have been made the very salt of character only serve to hurry the character the more rapidly to degradation.

When a man awakes to the conviction, as an acute analyst of Prejudices remarks, that he has been the dupe, through youth and dawning thought, of a string of absurd restrictions, superstitious observances, and useless sacrifices, the reaction of independence is a dangerous transition. We no longer, says an essayist on Domestic Autocracy, wonder how it is that the sons of men of the most rigid piety so often turn out the most incorrigible scamps, and that the daughters of devout mothers grow into the boldest flirts and friskiest matrons. Mr. Motley begins one of his paragraphs descriptive of Philip III. with the remark, that "it was not probable that the son of Philip II. would be a delinquent to church observances."¹ One might suggest the omission of the *not* before "probable," as an amended reading, taking human nature as one finds it, and remembering how another son of that very Philip II., Don Carlos, turned out. For very potent and extensive is what a French philosopher styles the *genre d'influence qui s'est vue souvent en pareil cas, et qui peut*

¹ "That he was devout as a monk of the middle ages, conforming daily and hourly to religious ceremonies, need scarcely be stated."—*History of the United Netherlands*, vol. iv., p. 355.

*s'appeler l'influence par les contraires.*¹ With all his merciless contempt for George IV., Mr. Thackeray was prompt to admit that nature and circumstance had done their utmost to prepare the prince for being spoiled: "the dreadful dulness of papa's court, its stupid amusements, its dreary occupations, the maddening humdrum, the stifling sobriety of its routine, would have made a scapegrace of a much less lively prince. All the big princes bolted from that castle of *ennui* where old King George sat posting up his books and droning over his Handel, and old Queen Charlotte over her snuff and her tambour frame."² Hannah More, what she calls "hazards the assertion," that where the children of "pious parents turn out ill," it

¹ It may take the form of virtuous reaction from a corrupt example. "Combien de fois," exclaims Sainte-Beuve, "la vue d'une mère légère et inconsiderée n'a-t-elle pas jetée une fille judicieuse et sensée dans un ordre de réflexions plutôt exactes et sévères!"—*Causeries du Lundi*, iv. 171.

² In one of his ablest works of fiction, Mr. Thackeray again and again expatiates on this same theme, with diverse applications. There was, he points out for instance, that young Lord Warwick, Addison's stepson: his mother was severe, his stepfather a most eloquent moralist; yet the young gentleman's career was "shocking, positively shocking. He boxed the watch, he fuddled himself at taverns, he was no better than a Mohock." Old Mrs. Newcome is set forth (for a warning) as one who kept her sons, years after they were grown men, as if they were boys at school; "and what was the consequence? . . . At home as mum as quakers at a meeting, they used to go out on the sly, and sowed their wild oats," etc. Mrs. Newcome's Clapham residence "was a serious paradise," "a stifling garden of Eden." So with that gentle lady, the devout mother of Lord Kew, who kept him so carefully away from all mischief, under the eyes of the most sedulous pastors and masters; only to see her son distinguish himself very soon after his first term at Christchurch, by driving tandems, scandalising the dean, screwing up the tutor's door, and altogether agonising his mother at home by his lawless proceedings. "Very likely her mind was narrow; very likely the precautions which she had used in the lad's early days, the tutors and directors she had set about him, the religious studies and practices to which she would have subjected him, had served only to vex and weary the young pupil, and to drive his high spirit into revolt." *A fortiori*, when the religious "profession" of the parent is perceptibly "put on," the revulsion of the children is apt to be extreme. As Judge Haliburton's shrewd observer reasons on the subject, from particulars to generals, "a hypocrite father like Gabe Gab is sure to have rollickin' frolickin' children. They do well enough when in sight; but out of that they beat all natur'. Takin' off restraint is like takin' off the harness of a hoss; how they race about the field, squeal, roll over and over on the grass, and kick up their heels," etc.

will generally be found that some mistake, some neglect, or some fault is chargeable on the parents, and that they have not used the right methods.¹ Did Luther? Dr. Jonas observed one day, that the curse of God upon disobedient children was manifest in the family of Luther, whose son John was always suffering from illness. "Ay," said Dr. Martin, "'tis the punishment due to his disobedience. He almost killed me once, and ever since I have lost all my strength of body. Thanks to him, I now thoroughly understand that passage where St. Paul speaks of children who kill their parents, not by the sword, but by disobedience. Such children seldom live long, and are never happy." Did John Howard, again, use the right method? That has been made a vexed question by his critics, or censors, and biographers; Mr. Dixon, for one, arguing stoutly against the charge of undue severity on the father's part, as utterly groundless. The fact, however explained, remains, that young Howard fell a victim to his own excesses, after systematically frequenting the worst haunts of London, while "the unsuspecting parent was engaged in his philanthropic labours." Howard's custom was to retire to bed early, after his day-long exertions; and with his "Good night," we are told, began the day of his profligate son and the servant lad, Thomasson, who shared in the young man's dissipation. As soon as all was quiet in the house, the two associates in vice would leave their bedrooms, steal downstairs, and sally out to theatre and cider cellar, gaming house and night house, all in succession, and none too vile to attract.

Leaving morals however apart, and considering religion rather in its intellectual aspect, and as a definite creed, to be professed, whether or not practised, nothing, affirms Hartley Coleridge, prejudices the mind so strongly against religion in

¹ Though there is no such thing, she says, as hereditary holiness, no entail of goodness, yet "the Almighty has promised in the Scriptures many blessings to the offspring of the righteous." "He never meant, however, that religion was to be transferred arbitrarily like an heirloom; but the promise was accompanied with conditions and injunctions."

general, or any form of religion in particular, as having "too much of it too early. The mother of Epicurus was the most superstitious of women." One of Macaulay's acutest critics is clear that, strange as the saying may seem, his parentage was his grand disadvantage: instead of the distinguishing qualities of Zachary Macaulay being perpetuated in his son, "the reaction from them was as marked as often happens in the case of the children of eminent men. We see the sons of remarkably pious clergymen grow up to be men of the world," etc. Very early in life Thomas Babington "heard more than boyhood can endure of sentiment and philanthropy; the sensibilities of the Clapham set of religionists proved too much for 'the thinking thoughtless schoolboy.'" Passages in the plural might be cited from Lord Macaulay's books, indicative of his keen recognition of the like liabilities to reaction, however strenuously he might have demurred to the application to himself, and to his own bringing up, of the reactionary law. Two will fully suffice. Sir William Temple he describes as one who, having 'been disgusted by the morose austerity of the Puritans,' and surrounded from childhood by the "hubbub of conflicting sects, might easily learn to feel an impartial contempt for them all." And Thomas Wharton he describes as the son of a renowned distributor of Calvinistic tracts, and patron of Calvinistic divines; the boy's first years being passed amidst Geneva bands, heads of lank hair, "upturned noses, nasal psalmody, and sermons three hours long. Plays and poems, hunting and dancing, were proscribed by the austere discipline of his saintly family. The fruits of this education became visible, when, from the sullen mansion of Puritan parents, the hotblooded, quickwitted young patrician emerged into the gay and voluptuous London of the Restoration. The most dissolute cavaliers stood aghast at the dissoluteness of the emancipated precisian." Wharton is said to have early acquired and to have retained to the last the reputation of being the greatest rake in England.

PAST CURE, PAST CARE.

2 SAMUEL xii. 21-23.

WHILE his stricken child was yet alive, David fasted and wept, for who could tell but that God might be gracious to him, and let the little sufferer live? But so soon as ever David perceived, from the whispering of his servants, that the child was dead, and had been assured of the fact by a straightforward answer to a straightforward question, he arose from the earth, whence the elders of his house in vain had sought to raise him, and whence he would not stir to eat bread with them, throughout that fatal illness; he "arose from the earth, and washed and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord and worshipped; then he came to his own house, and when he required they set bread before him, and he did eat."¹ His servants were perplexed at this abrupt change and contrast, and questioned him as to the why and wherefore of it all. And the king made it plain to them at once. He fasted and wept while there was life in the child, for while there's life there's hope. But, the child dead and gone, wherefore should the father fast? "Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." David was not the man in such a case to make much ado, with weeping and wailing, over one dead, not sleeping. Almost he could have laughed such weeping to scorn, once for all knowing that the child *was* dead.

It is observably characteristic of him, on a later occasion of

¹ In illustration of the argument that the real way of finding out whether a boy understands what he reads is not to bid him, as some authorities have done, paraphrase it into the high polite style, but to bid him tell the story in the plainest words of daily life, we read of a child in a National school being asked, "What did David do when they told him that the child was dead?" "Please, sir, he cleaned himself, and took to his victuals." In the style recommended and enforced by some "authorities" aforesaid, the question and answer, it has been pungently suggested, might (and perhaps would) stand thus:

"Q. What course of action did David pursue when he received intelligence of the demise of his infant?

"A. He performed his ablutions, and immediately proceeded to partake of refreshments."

bereavement, that whereas the soul of king David longed to go forth unto Absalom, who was living, "he was comforted concerning Amnon, seeing *he* was dead."

What strikes many readers as odd in the exclamation of the poor woman newly made a widow, and only now consciously so, in Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*,

"Oh, God be praised, my heart's at ease,
For he is dead; I know it well!"

is but a realistic picture from nature after all. When the father of John Wesley died, Mrs. Wesley, who for several days, whenever she entered his room, had been carried out of it in a fit, "recovered her fortitude now, and said her prayers were heard, for God had granted him an easy death, and had strengthened her to bear it." John Newton of Olney was one who, as Southey describes him, could project his feelings, and relieve himself in the effort; no husband, we are assured, ever loved his wife more passionately, or with a more imaginative affection; the long and wasting disease by which she was consumed affected him proportionably to this deep attachment; but "immediately upon her death he roused himself, after the example of David, threw off his grief, and preached her funeral sermon." No less sagaciously than sententiously the Duke of Venice expresses himself in Shakspeare:

"When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended."

It may be thought a singular, but Adam Smith believes it to be a just, observation, that in the misfortunes which admit of some remedy the greater part of mankind do not either so readily or so universally recover their natural and usual tranquillity, as in those which plainly admit of none.¹ "In

¹ After this fashion, barring the philosophical expression, does honest Luke strive to comfort the poor ruined and paralysed miller in George Eliot's tale. "Help me down, Luke, I'll go and see everything," said Mr. Tulliver, leaning on his stick, and stretching out his other hand towards Luke. "Ay, sir," said Luke, as he gave his arm to his master, "you'll make your mind up to't a bit better when you've seen everything; you'll get used to't. That's what my mother says about her shortness o' breath;

the misfortunes for which the nature of things admits, or seems to admit, of a remedy, but in which the means of applying that remedy are not within the reach of the sufferer, his vain and fruitless attempts to restore himself to his former position, his continual anxiety for their success, his repeated disappointments upon their miscarriage, are what chiefly hinder him from resuming his natural tranquillity, and frequently render miserable, during the whole of his life, a man to whom a greater misfortune, but which plainly admitted of no remedy, would not have given a fortnight's disturbance." While the blow is coming, as Hazlitt says, we prepare to meet it;¹ we think to ward off or break its force, we arm ourselves with patience to endure what cannot be avoided, we agitate ourselves with fifty needless alarms about it; but when the blow is struck, the pang is over, the struggle is no longer necessary, and we cease² to harass or torment ourselves about it more than we can help. "Criminals are observed to grow more anxious as their trial approaches; but after their sentence is passed they become tolerably resigned, and generally sleep sound the night before its execution."³

she says she's made friends wi't now, though she fought agin' it sore when it fust come on."—*The Mill on the Floss*, book iii., chap. viii.

When things are at the worst with Effie Deans at her trial, and she is left to meet her doom all alone, "The bitterness of it is now past," she says,—and we are told how "she seemed to find, in her despairing and deserted state, a courage which she had not yet exhibited."—*Heart of Mid-Lothian*, chap. xxii.

¹ Or as Burns wrote in his lines in Friars-Carse Hermitage :

"For the future be prepared;
Guard whatever thou canst guard;
But, thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun."

² Queen Mary was incessant with tears and supplications for Rizzio's life, till life in him there was none left. When she learned that he was dead, she dried her eyes. "I will now," she said, "study revenge." An advanced student she soon became, or there be liars else.

³ When Johnson, talking with Boswell, who was fresh from witnessing a Tyburn execution scene, declared our feeling for the distressed of others to be greatly exaggerated, and that more than a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good "Providence does not intend: it would be misery to no purpose"; "But suppose now, sir," urged Boswell, "that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offence for which he might be

Rousseau congratulates himself on *cette heureuse disposition* which enabled him so speedily to lose the remembrance of troubles past. He does indeed reproach his *cruelle imagination*, which tormented itself incessantly with anticipating evils to come; but by way of compensation, it effected a diversion to his memory, preventing his recalling those which were gone; against what is over there is no further precaution to take, and it is useless to waste a thought thereupon. 'Tis man's nature, says Schiller's Illo,

"To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed 'What shall I do?'
Is worse to man than worst necessity."

Surely he does best, muses Owen Feltham, who is careful to preserve the blessings he has as long as he can; and when they must take their leave, to let them go without sorrowing, or over valuing them. "Vain are those lamentations that have no better fruit than rendering the soul unpleasant. I would do anything that lies in man to comfort or preserve the life of a friend; but once dead, all that tears can do is only to show the world our weakness. I bespeak myself a fool, to do that which reason tells me is unreasonable."¹ One of Kant's

hanged." JOHNSON: "I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." BOSWELL: "Would you eat your dinner that day, sir?" JOHNSON: "Yes, sir, and eat it as if he were eating with me." (Life, *sub anno* 1769.)

Observable is an entry of Sir Walter Scott's in his Diary, amid the accumulated distresses of 1826. "From what I hear, the poor man Constable is not sensible of the nature of his own situation; for myself, I have succeeded in putting the matter perfectly out of my mind since I cannot help it, and have arrived at a *flœci-pauci-nihili-pili-fication* of misery, and I thank whoever invented that long word." (Diary, March 8, 1826.)

¹ Against certain cut and dried comfort-mongers of this complexion, however, Mrs. Gaskell pens a natural as well as forcible protest when she writes, that of all trite, worn out, hollow mockeries of comfort that were ever uttered by people who will not take the trouble of sympathising with others, the one she dislikes the most is the exhortation not to grieve over an event, "for it cannot be helped." "Do you think," she demands, "if I could help it, I would sit still, with folded hands, content to mourn? Do you not believe that so long as hope remained I would be up and doing? I mourn because what has occurred cannot be helped. The reason you give me for not grieving is the very and sole reason of my

biographers dilates upon what he considers a singular feature in the Königsberg philosopher's way of expressing his sympathy with his friends in sickness. So long as the danger was imminent, he is said to have testified a restless anxiety, making perpetual inquiries, waiting with impatience for the crisis, and sometimes unable to pursue his customary labours from agitation of mind. "But no sooner was the patient's death announced, than he recovered his composure, and assumed an air of stern tranquillity, almost of indifference." The explanation offered is, that he viewed life in general, and therefore that particular affection of life which we call sickness, as a state of oscillation and perpetual change, between which and the fluctuating sympathies of hope and fear there was a natural proportion that justified them to the reason; whereas death, as a permanent state that admitted of no *more* and no *less*, that terminated all anxiety, and for ever extinguished the agitations of suspense, he regarded as not adapted to any state of feeling but one of the same enduring and unchanging character.¹

Though not formally a transcendental philosopher, the Duchess of Friedland, as depicted in *Wallensteins Tod*, is practically at one with the great critic of practical, as also of pure, reason :

"The future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety ; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,²
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly."

grief. Give me higher and nobler reasons for enduring meekly what my Father sees fit to send, and I will try earnestly and faithfully to be patient: but mock me not, or any other mourner, with the speech, 'Do not grieve, for it cannot be helped. It is past remedy.' Not always, therefore, when remedies are past the grief is ended. Not always, beyond relief beyond regret. Not always, or indiscriminately, past cure, past care.

¹ All this philosophic heroism gave way, however, on at least one occasion, for Kant manifested "tumultuous grief" on the death of his accomplished young friend, Ehrenboth.—See Wasianski and (or rather in) De Quincey.

² Webster's Duchess of Malfi is made to gaze upon the (supposed) corpses of her husband and children,

"That you may know for certain they are dead ;
That henceforth you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered."

In Dr. John Brown's memoir of his venerable father, of the same name and style, except that divinity dignified the doctorate of the elder as medicine that of the younger, there is a feeling description of the father's affliction when bereaved of an endeared and endearing child, who was to the lonely widower as a flower he had the sole keeping of. "His distress, his anguish at this stroke, was not only intense, it was in its essence permanent; he went mourning and looking for her all his days; but after she was dead, that resolved will compacted him in an instant." It was on a Sunday morning she died, and he was all day, his son tells us, at church, not many yards from where lay her little corpse alone in the house. He preached in the afternoon, saying before he began his discourse: "It has pleased the Father of Lights to darken one of the lights of my dwelling; had the child lived I would have remained with her, but now I have thought it right to arise and come into the house of the Lord to worship."¹



HOSPITABLE WITH A VENGEANCE.

ESTHER I. 8.

NOTEWORTHY in many ways, and for many reasons, was the feast which Ahasuerus the king made in the third year of his reign, to all his princes and followers, and afterwards to all the citizens of Shushan, both great and small. And by no means the least noteworthy circumstance about the

¹ The comment of his son, wise physician as well as worthy son, upon this incident is, that such violence to one part of Dr. Brown's nature by that in it which was supreme, injured him, the whole inner organisation being in such cases minutely, though it may be invisibly, hurt, its "molecular constitution damaged by the cruel stress and strain." Such things, affirms John Brown, M.D., are not right; they are a cruelty and injury from the soul to the body, its faithful slave, and they bring down their own certain and specific retribution. "A man who did not feel keenly might have preached; a man whose whole nature was torn, shattered, and astonished as his was had in a high sense *no right* so to use himself, and when too late he opened his eyes to this."—*Horæ Subsecivæ*: Letter to John Cairns, D.D.

feast was, that although royal wine was supplied without stint, or "in abundance, according to the state of the king," in vessels of gold, yet was no guest under constraint to drink a drop more than he cared for; none was to be pressed to exceed his liking, none to be urged to swallow more than was good for him, whether on the plea of showing his enthusiasm of loyalty, or his appreciation of the royal cellar, or his determination not to be behind his fellows, or any other pretext, conventional or what not. "The drinking was according to the law, none did compel: for so the king had appointed to all the officers of his house, that they should do according to every man's pleasure." Each guest was free to take as much as he would, and each equally free to forbear when he would. Restriction there was to be none; but neither was there to be any constraint.

What one pious commentator calls the absurd practice of urging people to drink more strong liquor than they are of themselves inclined to has prevailed in all ages, though "it is a most gross violation of common sense, freedom, and civility, as well as of morality and religion. It seems to have been devised and supported by drunkards, that the more sober part of mankind might be drawn in to keep them in countenance, by a reluctant intoxication." Be the origin of the custom what it may, it is signally a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance. Extremes meet; and the hospitality which in these cases will not take a denial becomes arrant inhospitality. The host who constrains and compels submission to his *ex officio* behests is indeed hospitable with a vengeance.

You cannot entertain your friend, says Jeremy Taylor, "but excess is the measure; and that you may be very kind to your guest, you step aside, and lay away the Christian; your love cannot be expressed unless you do him an ill turn, and civilly invite him to a fever." To no such incivility and inhospitality belongs the legitimate reading of Goldsmith's couplet,—

"Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good."

Or of that stanza in the Cottar's Saturday Night which tells how, when supper crowns that simple board, the dame brings forth in complimentary mood her carefully put by cheese, strong flavoured withal; "her weel-hained kebbuck, fell, an' *aft he's prest*, an' aft he ca's it guid." My Lord Chesterfield cautions his son against the utter vulgarity of pressing at meals, and he does so in his best French: "Si vous dinez chez un bourgeois, au lieu de vous offrir honnêtement de vous servir, il vous presse de manger et de boire, malgré vous, entasse des morceaux [not *morceaux*, good compositor; *c'est différent* ;] sur votre assiette, et vous fait crever, pour vous temoigner que vous êtes le bienvenu chez lui."¹ But the bourgeois might cite royal and noble example to dignify the usage. Shakspeare

¹ There is enough of Chesterfield about Lord Lytton's Lord Mauleverer to remind us of the former peer in the experiences of the latter at Squire Brandon's dinner-table. "The good squire heaped his [courtly guest's] plate with a profusion of boiled beef; and while the poor earl was contemplating in dismay the alps upon alps which he was expected to devour, the grey headed butler, anxious to serve him with alacrity, whipped away the overloaded plate, and presently returned it, yet more astoundingly overcharged with an additional world of a composition of stony colour and sudorific aspect, which, after examining in mute attention for some moments, and carefully removing as well as he was able to the extreme edge of his plate, the earl discovered to be suet pudding. 'You eat nothing, my lord!' cried the squire, 'let me give you (this is more underdone)'—holding between blade and fork, in middle air, a horrent fragment of scarlet, shaking its gory locks, 'another slice.' Swift at the word dropped upon Mauleverer's plate the harpy finger and ruthless thumb of the grey headed butler. 'Not a morsel more,' cried the earl, struggling with the murderous domestic; 'my dear sir, excuse me, I assure you I never ate such a dinner before.'"

Bourgeois literature has long had its Chesterfields too; and in a recent *Manual of Modern Etiquette* the oracle enounces this weighty precept: "It is mistaken kindness to persist in helping any one to a particular dish if once declined"; which deliverance prompted an ironical reviewer to remark that the *Manual* seemed to understate the barbarity of this proceeding; it being impossible to reprobate too severely the conduct of an entertainer who should treat his guest as Strasburg geese are treated, or the apoplectic pigs that sprawl about the Agricultural Hall cattle show.

And that epithet apoplectic reminds us of the occasion of Cardinal de Brienne's death, who "perished miserably and ignobly," as recorded in the *Biographie Universelle*, in 1794, from a fit of apoplexy, brought on in part indeed by the blows of the soldiers who were quartered in his house to detain him prisoner, but mainly, it is alleged, from the effects of a heavy supper which they forced him to eat with them, in spite of his piteous remonstrances and persistent deprecation.

makes Lady Macbeth chide her moody husband, him a king too, though a new made one and an ill made one, at the banquet to his lords :

“ My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold,
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome.”

That is to say, the entertainment seems that of a tavern, when the host fails to keep assuring his guests how heartily it is given, and to urge their profiting by it. Mr. Thackeray paints a pretty picture of his well born, well bred Madam Esmond performing the ancient rites (inclusive of the carving) of a hospitality “not so languid as ours”; the old law of the table being that the mistress was to press her guests with a decent eagerness, watching to see whom she could encourage to further enjoyment, “to cheer her guests to fresh efforts, to whisper her neighbour, Mr. Braddock,—‘I have kept for your Excellency the jowl of this salmon, I *will* take no denial; Mr. Franklin, you drink only water, sir, though our cellar has wholesome wine which gives no headaches; Mr. Justice, you love woodcock pie?’” etc., etc. That is rather a memorable dinner Sir W. Gell describes at the palace of the Duchess Torlonia with a very large company, including Sir Walter Scott, then (1832) an invalid sojourner in Rome. Sir Walter, to whom the least excess at table might be irreparably mischievous, was in danger of forgetting medical warnings¹ in the heat of conversation,

¹ There are certain male “sympathisers” with invalids whose cue it is to recommend their setting the doctor at defiance, throwing physic to the dogs, and drinking twice as much port and eating twice as much meat as anybody else at the table : the impression apparently being, in the words of an essayist on invalids, that, “just as you can make punch stronger by adding more rum, so you can make a man stronger by adding more beef and wine.” And the cruel thing is held to be, that all these advisers look upon it as a personal affront if the unhappy invalid does not act upon their advice. There is no escape for him, as there may be in the case of other advisers, such as the homœopathic amateur and the drug dispensing dame. “The homœopathy he may put in his pocket; his hostess’s pint of mixture [camomile or dandelion, or what not] he may pour secretly into his tub; but the beef and the port wine are not to be eluded.” The result being that the awful alternative between discourtesy and dyspepsia stares him in the

“and with servants on all sides pressing him to eat and drink, as is their custom at Rome”; and the duchess was roused to protest against the tactics of those who were for limiting a guest of hers, so intent was she on being hospitable with a vengeance.

Nonagenarian Miss Mure of Caldwell, in her *Remarks on the Changes of Manners in My Own Times, 1700-1790*, explains, if not justifies, as follows the then still prevailing practice of pressing to eat: “Nobody helped themselves at table, nor was it the fashion to eat up what was put on their plate. So that the mistress of the family might give you a full meal or not as she pleased, from whence came in the fashion of pressing the guests to eat, so far as to be disagreeable.” Scott illustrates the custom again and again in his

face; so that it is well for him if he escapes from the ordeal without a temporary promotion into the ranks of acknowledged and privileged sickness.

Sir H. Holland devotes a chapter of his *Medical Notes and Reflections* to the discussion of “points where a patient may judge for himself”; and his view with regard to limitation of food is, that the *tempestiva abstinencia* is often with the patient himself an urgent suggestion of nature, especially in cases where fever is present. He holds it to be part of the provision for cure, an insufficient observance of which greatly impairs the value of all other remedies. “Here, then” he tells his brethren of the faculty, “we are called upon to maintain the cause of the patient, for such it truly is, against the mistaken importunities which surround him, and which it sometimes requires much firmness to put aside.” He affirms it to be rarely that any mischief can follow this instinctive guidance, if care be taken to ascertain its reality.

Cruel kindness the patient often deems this anxious pressure of affectionate nurses and sympathisers, when it comes to the last. Mr. Windham's Diary has one or two entries which concern Dr. Johnson in this respect, when the hale statesman visited the dying moralist he loved so well. “I hinted only what they [the medical attendants] had been before urging, viz., that he would be prevailed upon to take some sustenance, and desisted only upon his exclaiming, ‘It is all very childish; let us hear no more of it!’ The second time I came in, in consequence of a consultation with Mr. Cruikshanks and the apothecary, and addressed him formally. After premising that I considered what I was going to say as a matter of duty, I said that I hoped he would not suspect me of the weakness of importuning him to take nourishment for the purpose of prolonging life for a few hours or days.” That he might preserve his faculties entire to the last moment, was the motive urged on the dying man. And the narrative presently goes on: “I flattered myself that I had succeeded in my endeavours, when he recurred to his general refusal, and begged that there might be an end of it.”—Diary of the Right Hon. W. Windham, Dec. 12, 1784.

novels of Scottish life. He makes Dame Glendinning forget her vexations in the hospitable duty of pressing her assembled visitors to eat and drink, watching every trencher as it tended to become empty, and loading it with fresh supplies ere the guest could utter a negative; after the manner in more recent times duly deprecated by Dean Ramsay, "the irksome hospitality of being pressed to eat, urged to take a fresh supply of victuals when you had already eaten more than nature required, in deference to the misplaced kindness of the host or hostess, nay perhaps of having an additional wing of a chicken smuggled on your plate when you were for a moment looking another way." Again, Sir Walter congregates in the great stone hall at Tillietudlem a party of such hungry guests that his Lady Margaret Bellenden beholds with delight the wholesale consumption of her cates, and has little occasion to exercise the "compulsory urgency of pressing to eat, to which, as to the *peine forte et dure*, the ladies of that period were in the habit of subjecting their guests." His Bailie Nicol Jarvie entertains at a homely dinner two southern guests, presiding "with great glee and hospitality," but compelling Owen and Frank Osbaldistone to do rather more justice to his Scottish dainties, sheep's head included, than is quite agreeable to their English palates.¹ The heroine of Mrs. Brunton's *Discipline* records with becoming emphasis the details of her first breakfast in the Highlands, when the old laird heaps before her all the variety of food within his reach. In vain she remonstrates. The ceremonial of hospitality requires that she be urged even to loathing. "When I turned to supplicate my host for quarter, and hoped that he was inclined to relent, an old lady, who sat by me on the other side, assailed me in the unguarded moment with a new charge of ham and marmalade."

Remembrancers of Scottish life and manners as they con-

¹ "It was ridiculous enough to see Owen, whose ideas of politeness were more rigorous and formal, . . . eating, with rueful complaisance, mouthful after mouthful of singed wool, and pronouncing it excellent in a tone in which disgust almost overpowered civility."

tinued up to the commencement of the present century record that in many houses the going away of the ladies after dinner was the signal for the setting in of "compulsory conviviality." No shirking was allowed; "no daylight," "no heeltaps,"¹ was what Dean Ramsay calls the wretched jargon in which were expressed the propriety and the duty of seeing that the glass when filled must be emptied and drained. The venerable dean cannot help looking back with amazement at the infatuation which could for a moment tolerate such a sore evil. To a man of sober inclinations it must, as he says, have been an intolerable nuisance to join a dinner party at many houses, where he knew he should have to witness the most disgusting excesses in others, and to fight hard to preserve himself from compliance. There is a letter of apology from Burns to a laird's wife, in which however he declines to apologise to the laird. "Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me." In another letter, to another correspondent, the Ayrshire bard complains: "The savage hospitality of this country spent me the most part of the night over the nauseous potions of the bowl. This day sick headache, low spirits," etc. Mackenzie's Sir William Sindall "excelled in one part of hospitality, which was the faculty of making everybody drunk that had not uncommon fortitude to resist his attacks." The golden rules of hospitality, as observed by the Cockloft family, consisted in cramming a guest with beef and pudding, and, if possible, laying him under the table with port and claret. Another of the

¹ Ingoldsby Legend lore relates in a Lay of St. Dunstan how King Edwy, "inconceivably bored by his Witenagemote," left them all joking, and drinking and smoking, and at last getting so tipsy that they send a prelate to bring back the king, will he nill he :

"With a hint that perchance on his crown he might feel taps
Unless he came back straight and took off his heeltaps."

The youthful hero of *Great Expectations*, and their victim too, as yet an unlicked cub, and unused to "society," is thus addressed and admonished after dinner by his mercurial Mentor: "Take another glass of wine, and excuse my mentioning that society as a body does not expect one to be so strictly conscientious in emptying one's glass as to turn it bottom upwards with the rim on one's nose."

Knickerbocker worthies piques himself on plying his guests with bumpers until not one of them is capable of seeing.¹ Mr. Charles Reade makes his banker's wife pet her husband's guests like princes at the Christmas festivals, always expecting them to be "solemnly not improperly intoxicated by the end of the supper; nowise fuddled, but muddled. For the graceful superstitution of the day suspected severe sobriety at solemnities as churlish and ungracious." A Vacation Tourist in the land of Schamyl, in his account of the famous Kakhetian wine, which it is there the custom to drink in tumblers, speaks of the ladies of the company "assisting" in passing and pressing the bottle, which they sparingly share, thinking lightly however of the guest who prefers their example to their precept.

Well may Cassio (as the event proves), with his very poor and unhappy brains for drinking, protest to his jovial tempter: "I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of

¹ Dire experience of such hospitality with a vengeance might go far to reconcile one to the *per contra* caution of Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, who, when he filled his visitors' wine glasses, called on them not to spare the wine, as they might be certain there was plenty more where that came from; but adding with some haste after this sally, that it was only his joke, and they wouldn't suppose him to be in earnest, he was sure.

Eat not thou the bread of him that hath an evil eye,—is it not written among the Proverbs of Solomon? Neither desire thou his dainty meats; for as he thinketh in his heart, so is he. Eat and drink, saith he to thee, but his heart is not with thee. The morsel which thou hast eaten shalt thou vomit up, and lose thy sweet words.

Harpagon is stringent in his instructions to his servants against the coming feast. "Je vous établis," he says to two of them picked out for the purpose, "dans la charge de rincer les verres et de donner à boire, mais seulement lorsque l'on aura soif, et non selon la coutume de certains impertinents de laquais, qui viennent provoquer les gens, et les faire aviser de boire lorsqu'on n'y songe pas. Attendez qu'on vous demande plus d'une fois, et vous ressouvenez de porter toujours beaucoup d'eau."—Molière, *L'Avare*, acte iii., sc. I.

There is a sadder, not a sorrier, aspect of the hospitality that is *malgré lui-même*, in such famine-stricken pictures as this, by Father John, of the Siege of Ancona, in Landon's play:

"Unwillingly

I enter houses where the family
Sits round the table at the spare repast.
Sometimes they push toward me the untasted
And uninviting food, look wistfully,
Press me; yet dread acceptance."

entertainment." Professor Pryme's Autobiographical Recollections go back to a period when drinking to excess was common in the universities, as indeed over all England, and when it was considered a point of hospitality to send away your friends staggering. Mr. Pryme in his second year at Cambridge became one of a number of young men who made a stand against this, and agreed "to press no one to drink at their own wine parties, and to resist pressure elsewhere"; among the members of which temperance league were Monk and Pepys, afterwards Bishops of Gloucester and Worcester, whose example spread, and better habits rapidly came into repute, and held their own. Happy change from the despotism of a set to, or as Thomson words it, a setting in, for "serious drinking"; when

"Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, was to the puking wretch
Indulged apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Laved every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot."

George Herbert, a century before, had vexed the question with more of piquancy and point; it is the quaint casuistry of common sense:

"Shall I, to please another's winesprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath given me a measure
Short of his can and body; must I find
A pain in that wherein he finds a pleasure?
Stay at the third glass; if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not gallants, quit the room;
(All in a shipwreck shift their several way;)
Let not a common ruin thee entomb;
Be not a beast in courtesies, but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place,
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface."

Worthy in Plutarch of being bracketed with the Ahasuerus of Scripture is Cleomenes, king of Sparta, whose state suppers were graced by a fair supply of his best wine, with silver cups of serviceable size; and such of the guests, says Plutarch, "as

were inclined to drink made use of these vessels, for the cup was not pressed upon any man against his will." Royal clemency has taken far less gracious forms than this; this quality of it is twice blessed: it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Dr. Chalmers enters this memorandum in his diary of the year 1811: "Let me not press drinking so much. I have long had the vanity of being thought a good fellow. On the other hand, I may disgust by an appearance of parsimony." A quarter of a century later we find his brother James writing to a sister in vehement deprecation of the tyrannies and exactions of hospitality in excess, with its invitations "rattling and reeling and ringing in one's ears everlastingly, as if a man could have no enjoyment beyond that of guzzling and drinking; and the worst of all is that they won't believe what you say; for surely if I tell a man that I like a bowl of kirn milk better than a bowl of punch, he ought to believe me. But no; he likes the punch best himself, and I must like it too, and ne'er a drap of kirn milk will he give me. It is indeed a great failing in the Scotch that they cannot, or will not, admit it possible that a person can have likes or dislikes or feelings different from their own." James Chalmers had long been a resident in England; and if he was shy of revisiting his native country, it was in part from his dread of "being laid hold of and dragged away against his will to the beastly guzzlement." Hospitality he pronounces highly commendable when properly exercised; but "the Scotch overdo it, and carry it beyond its proper bounds by their system of impressment; for surely they ought to allow the object of it to have a say in the matter, without cramming it down his throat whether he will or not." He felt to owe them as little thanks as Cellini did to the wife of Sbietta, who would fain have poisoned him outright¹ with her dainty meats. Colman told Cowper of his

¹ "She was sorry, she said, we did not like our supper, as appeared by our eating so little. After having several times praised the entertainment, assuring her that I had never tasted anything better, or with a better appetite, I at last told her I had got enough. I could not immediately

being pressed at dinner by Garrick, with irksome iteration, to eat more of a certain dish that he was known to be particularly fond of; Colman as often refused, and at last declared he could not. "But could not you," says Garrick, "if you were in a dark closet by yourself?" One would like Johnson to have been in Colman's place for the nonce, and to have heard his reply. Hannah More, by the way, piques herself, in a letter to one of her sisters in 1776, on her not pressing the Doctor; but then it was tea she was giving him. "I was quite at my ease, and never once asked him to eat (drink he never does anything but tea); while you, I dare say, would have been fidgeted to death, and would have sent half over the town for chickens, and oysters, and asparagus, and Madeira. You see how frugal it is to be well bred, and not to think of such a vulgar renovation as eating and drinking." Johnson might as keenly have resented "Punch's" high pressure system as Elia's proud Poor Relation did¹ when his kindly hostess urged Mr. Billet once too often. Theodore Hook in one of his stories delivers his testimony, as a veteran diner out, against conventional entreaties to eat this and drink that, "with an earnestness extremely prevalent in those circles where feeding seems to be the sole source of pleasure, and forcing food down a man's throat the very *acmé* of politeness." In another he makes a female novice in dining out

guess why the lady pressed me so earnestly to eat."—Life of Benvenuto Cellini, book iv., chap. xi.

¹ "A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. . . . Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled. . . . He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour, when my aunt [who] would sometimes press civility out of season, uttered the following memorable application: 'Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.' The old gentleman said nothing at the time, but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it, 'Woman, you are superannuated!'"—Essays of Elia: Poor Relations.

Dr. Johnson, if *he* had said it, would have said it with the emphasis and without the interval.

complain of having been so pressed to eat "as if I should say No when I meant Yes," and of being asked every five minutes why she did not finish her wine. In another a fair complainant is "worried to death by Mrs. Abberly to eat, and eat, and eat." George Geith at his Christmas dinner with the Bemmidges strives to enjoy himself, and to eat and drink enough to satisfy his host. "But had he succeeded in this endeavour he would certainly never have eaten and drank any more, for Mr. Bemmidge not merely wanted him to taste everything that was on the table, but also to take two or three helpings of each dish."¹ The like ideal of politeness rules in the Marquesas islands, to judge from Mr. Herman Melville's account of Kory-Kory thrusting food, in the form of little balls, into his, the stranger's, mouth. "All my remonstrances against this measure only provoked so great a clamour on his part that I was obliged to acquiesce." The last attention to a feasted Esquimaux who can swallow no more is, we are told, to lay him on his back, and to coil a long strip of blubber into his mouth till it is quite filled, and then to cut off the superfluous fat close to his lips.

¹ "What am I to do with it?" thought George Geith, as he had about a pound of plum pudding set before him, with an intimation from Mrs. Bemmidge that it was a triumph of her own culinary skill. And the accountant longed for the days of his youth, when he had a knack of secreting pieces of fat and other unsavoury viands unknown by mortal man. "If I could but leave it!" he sighed. But no; there it was, to be finished, and by him. Mrs. Bemmidge would hear of no smaller portion; and indeed, in comparison to his, that allotted to Mrs. Gilling was a very Benjamin's."—George Geith of Fen Court, chap. vi.

As Christmas, so a birthday, comes but once a year, and well for Mrs. Bagnet in *Black House* that it is so, for "two such indulgences in poultry might be fatal," the poultry in question being abnormally tough and hard, as provided by the simple hearted old soldier for his helpmate in honour of the day. But Mr. Bagnet, unconscious of these little defects, sets his heart on Mrs. Bagnet eating a most severe quantity of the delicacies before her; and as she would not cause him a moment's disappointment for any consideration, she imperils her digestion fearfully.

THE FALL OF THE TOWER IN SILOAM.

ST. LUKE xiii. 4.

THOSE eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them are expressly and explicitly declared to have not been sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem; any more than the Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered such things.¹ It was expedient to set forth this

¹ At the time of the cotton famine, consequent upon the civil war in America, a clerical dignitary in the north of England addressed a letter to the "operatives," the drift of which was that the two or three millions who were more or less suffering from that calamity were suffering from a special Divine visitation upon our sins. Objectors were not lacking who observed that there is nothing which looks so religious, or which at so small a cost of thought and care and personal striving, establishes a character for being religious, as this doctrine of "visitation," a man who is always talking about the Divine judgments being at once assumed to be religious. "Of course he must be a man of God and a friend of God if he is so very intimate with Providence as to be entrusted with the secret intentions of Heaven." The cotton famine "is a clear visitation of God for our sins." Might not the men of Lancashire, it was submitted, be disposed to ask teachers of this sort why they were to be punished in particular? They were not worse sinners than the men of Middlesex and Surrey. "The cotton famine is a visitation, and through it and by means of the American war God starves men in Lancashire. The cotton famine is a visitation, and through it and by means of the American war God enriches men at Blackwall and on the Clyde." The natural question occurs, Can the same fountain send forth sweet water and bitter? Does the same just God ordain specially the same events to bring exceptional weal and exceptional woe to the same class of sinners? It were a mere mockery of religious language to say that all that was meant was that everything is of God's appointment. The clerical censor's censors, themselves perhaps clerical, were avowedly far from saying that there are no visitations, or that God does not interfere exceptionally in the way of rewards and punishments; what they deprecated was the assertion that we know when and where and why God interferes; and what they denied was the claim of the present or any other tract writer to be a *secretis* to Almighty God.

Montaigne begins an essay on the duty of soberly judging of Divine ordinances, with some remarks on "a set of people" who take upon them to interpret and control the designs of God Himself, "making a business of finding out the cause of every accident, and of prying into the secrets of the Divine will, there to discover the incomprehensible motives of His works. And although the variety and the continual discordance of events throw them from corner to corner, and toss them from east to west, yet do they still persist in their vain inquisition, and with the same pencil paint black and white."

doctrine because mankind were then, as they are now, apt to read "a judgment" in such cases upon those who suffer such things.

Pope incidentally puts the query to "blameless Bethel":

"When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?"

Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause prone for His favourites to reverse His laws? So thought the Egyptian robber, who, as Jeremy Taylor tells the story, was awakened by Serapis while "sleeping under a rotten wall," and sent away from the ruin; "but being quit from the danger, and seeing the wall to slide, he thought that the demon loved his crime, because he had so strangely preserved him from a sudden and a violent death"; whereas Serapis avowedly had but saved him from the wall to reserve him for the wheel. Benvenuto Cellini, in his readiness to saddle a judgment on those he dislikes, describes the sudden sinking of a room in which his father's foe, Pierino, was standing at the time: a catastrophe to be ascribed, in Cellini's judgment, either (which is rational or rationalising) to the defective construction of the vault over which the room was built, or to "the Divine vengeance, which, though late, never fails to overtake offenders." Selden was rather before his age, if not in opposition to it, when he said: "We cannot tell what is a judgment of God; 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. . . . Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide."¹ Fresh, probably, in John Selden's remembrance was the commotion caused in London by the

¹ Selden in his Table-talk suggests an example in King James I. discoursing on the death of Henry IV. of France; one said he was killed as a judgment on his libertinism; another for his renouncing the Reformed faith. "No, says King James, who could not abide fighting, he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom."

"Do you not perceive, Mr. Milton," Charles II. is *said* to have said to the sightless old poet, "that your blindness is a judgment of God for taking part against the late king, my father?" "Nay," is *said* to have said Milton, calmly; "if I have lost my sight through God's judgment, what can you say of your father, who lost his head?"

"Fatal Vespers in Blackfriars," that is, by the fall of a building in that district, where a congregation of Roman Catholics had met to celebrate mass; upwards of a hundred persons were killed, and the accident was regarded as a judgment upon the hated sect.¹

It has been justly enough said of the Comte de Champagny and his book on *Rome et la Judée* that he would be a better historian could he divest himself of Thwackum's² propensity to saddle with judgments both Jew and Gentile. In some sense indeed (be it freely allowed) all history on a large scale is the record of retributive dealings of God with His creatures, making their sins their scourges, and dooming those nations that have already foredoomed themselves by pride, apathy, or luxury. "But though we may lawfully watch the signs of the times, to interpret them demands wary walking and much charity." The Comte is not content with descrying in events the swift or the tardy justice of Heaven; he traces it equally in their accessories and minor phenomena, and seats himself, like Minos and Rhadamanthus in Plato's Republic, before the folding doors of Orcus, sending nations, principalities, and powers to the left or right, according to his own notions of the fitness of things. But it would be hard, urges his reviewer, "to persuade us that in the first century of the Christian era even Jerusalem was more wicked than Rome. To be

¹ The more distinctly so because it was noted by the curious (see Masson's *Life of Milton*, vol. i., p. 84) that the day of the accident, Oct. 26 (1623), was the 5th of November in the papal reckoning.

² Thwackum "told his pupil that he ought to look on his broken limb as a judgment from Heaven on his sins. . . . For his part, he said, he had often wondered some judgment had not overtaken him before." So again a latter day Fielding somewhere speaks of those who "had for some time expected the earth to open and swallow up" an obnoxious portion of their fellow creatures; but which desirable event, he says, had not yet occurred, "in consequence of some reprehensible laxity in the arrangements of the universe." When Mrs. Tulliver, overtaken by disaster, in George Eliot's story, sends for her sisters, there is much lifting up of hands, and both uncles and aunts see that the ruin of Bessy and her family is as complete as they had ever foreboded it, and there is a general family sense that a judgment has fallen on Mr. Tulliver, which it would be an impiety to counteract by too much kindness.

consistent the Comte should doom both, or show reason why the former was annihilated, and the latter permitted to oppress the earth for full two centuries longer."

So entirely, observes the historian of Latin Christianity, did the Anglo-Saxon clergy espouse the fierce animosities of the Anglo-Saxons, and even embitter them by their theologic hatred, that the gentle Bede relates with triumph, as a manifest proof of the Divine wrath against the refractory Britons, a great victory over that wicked race, preceded by a massacre of twelve hundred British clergy (chiefly monks of Bangor) who stood aloof on an eminence praying for the success of their countrymen.

The signal "judgments" of universal church history lie thick on the surface. The wicked priest Florentius tries to poison the holy Benedict,¹ and is buried in the ruins of his chamber, which has fallen in, while the rest of the house remains standing. A boy monk, who loves his parents too dearly, and steals forth to visit them, is not merely struck with sudden death, but the holy earth refuses to retain his body, and casts it forth with indignation. Baronius ascribes the death of Charles Martel to his tardiness in marching to the Pope's succour.² The death of the Northumbrian king, Aldfrid, following on his refusal of all concession to Wilfrid and the papal party, is attributed to the Divine vengeance. The Emperor Leo the Isaurian beholds in the terrific phenomenon of a volcanic eruption in the Ægean a sure manifestation of the Divine wrath, and attributes it to his patient acquiescence in the image worship of his subjects; while the monks, his implacable foes, behold in it God's fearful rebuke against the sacrilegious imperial edicts. The death of Leo IV. is ascribed to an act of sacrilege. A great admirer of precious stones, he

¹ Compare the attempt of the ambitious archdeacon to poison the aged bishop of Canosa. "The bishop drank the cup, having made the sign of the cross, and the archdeacon fell dead, as if the poison had found its way to his stomach."—Milman, *Latin Christianity*, i. 419.

² "How came the Pope to die also at this critical time?" asks Dean Milman.—*Ibid.*, ii. 227.

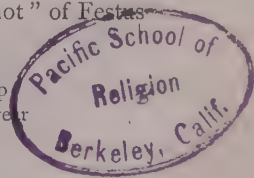
had taken away and worn a crown, the offering of the Emperor Heraclius to some church: "the fatal fire burned into his head, which broke out into carbuncles, of which he died." King Astolph being accidentally killed when hunting (A.D. 756), the adherents of the Pope behold the hand of God in his death. The sudden death of William of Utrecht, after excommunicating the Pope, appals all Germany: "The blasphemer of Hildebrand had perished in an agony of despair; and God had not only pronounced His awful vengeance against the blasphemer himself, the cathedral which had witnessed the ceremony of Gregory's excommunication had been struck by the lightning of heaven." The death of Pope Victor III. (A.D. 1087) gives occasion for the historian's remark, that in those times of blind and obstinate mutual hostility no rapid death, common enough, especially in that climate, could take place without suggesting a providential judgment, or something out of the course of nature. In the case of the next Victor, Octavian of St. Cecilia, at the scene of his election, amid tumult and opposition, a Roman senator snatches the cope from his hands; but Octavian's party are prepared for such an accident; his chaplain has another cope ready, in which he is invested with such indecent haste that, "as it was declared by a manifest Divine judgment," the front part appears behind, the hinder part before. A fever at Rome in A.D. 1167 resents the invasion of Frederick's German army, and chooses its chief victims from among the partisans of the antipope. Throughout Europe the clergy of the other side raise a cry of awful exultation; it is God manifestly avenging Himself on the enemies of His church; the new Sennacherib (so Barbarossa is styled by Becket) has been smitten in his pride. Throughout the later and darker part of the reign of our Henry II. the clergy take care to inculcate, and the people are prone to adopt, the belief that all his disasters and calamities, the rebellion of his wife and of his sons, are judgments of God for the persecution, if not the murder, of the martyr Thomas; and the strong mind of Henry himself, depressed by misfortune and by the estrangement of his children, acknowledges with super-

stitious awe the justice of their conclusions. On Innocents' Day, two years after the condemnation at Oxford, during the celebration of the mass in the church of Lutterworth, Wycliffe has a final stroke of paralysis, and he dies on the last day of the year. In the suddenness of his death, in the day of his death, in the fearful distortions which usually accompany that kind of death, nothing is lost upon his adversaries, who of course hold him to be a victim of Divine wrath.¹ That terrible inundation of the Netherlands in 1570, of which Mr. Motley gives so graphic an account, happening to occur on All Saints' day, of course the Spaniards maintain loudly that it is the vengeance of Heaven descending upon the abode of heretics. Just as conscientiously as "it was the common opinion," says Ælian, "that the earthquake in Sparta was a judgment from the gods upon the Spartan inhumanity to the helots." Gentile and Jew are alike apt to urge the query of the Christian poet:—

"Is adverse Providence, when pondered well,
So dimly writ or difficult to spell,
Thou canst not read with readiness and ease
Providence adverse in events like these?"

When pondered well—ay, there's the rub. For as Godredud puts it, in *Edwin the Fair*, the worthy abbot doth excellently well to bid us weigh these miracles and signs: "They signified, doubtless, some untoward events, my lords; but what those untoward events should be, behoves us not too rashly to deliver." Paracelsus interrupts the "God wills not" of Festus with,

" . . . Now, 'tis this I most admire,
The constant talk men of your stamp keep up
Of God's will, as they style it; one would swear
Man had but merely to uplift his eye
To see the will in question characterized
On the heaven's vault. 'Tis hardly wise to moot
Such topics: doubts are many, and faith is weak."



¹ By one account he died on the day of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and was struck while impiously inveighing against that martyr of the church. See *Hist. of Lat. Christ.*, vi. 134. Cf. *ibid.*, i. 422, 464; ii. 61, 156, 181, 246; iii. 156, 208, 428, 494, 524, 533.

Dr. Lingard says that from the doctrine of a superintending Providence the piety of our ancestors drew a rash but very convenient inference, that success is an indication of the Divine will, and that of course to resist a victorious competitor is to resist the judgment of Heaven.¹ Isaac Disraeli makes acidulous mirth of a book by a "crackbrained puritan," whose experience never went beyond his own neighbourhood, but who having a very bad temper, and many whom he considered his enemies, wrote down all the misfortunes which befel them as acts of "particular providences," and valued his blessedness on the efficacy of his curses. Addison moralises through a whole *Spectator* on the text, that we cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness than to interpret the afflictions of our neighbours as punishments and judgments; and he goes on to describe an old maiden gentlewoman, whom he proposes to conceal under the name of Nemesis, as the greatest discoverer of judgments he had ever met with. She could tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire,² or blew down his barns; how yonder once fair girl lost her beauty by small pox because she was too fond of her looking-glass; why such an one died childless; why such an one was cut off in the flower of his youth; why another broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground; and why another was killed with a backsword rather than with any other kind of weapon.³ She

¹ Mr. Buckle cites, as the last vestige of this once universal opinion, the expression of "appealing to the God of battles," and *that*, he contended, is gradually falling into disuse. Had he lived to witness certain later wars, he would have owned the decline to be very gradual.

² The great fire of London made capital for the judgment-mongers. One exercise of their right of private judgment lives in a vigorous couplet of Dryden's on the "blind, unmannered zealots"

"Who think that fire a judgment on the stage
Which spared not temples in its furious rage."

³ There is some analogy, so to speak, in these distributive judgments. And that is not always a matter of concern with some judgment saddlers. One of Canon Kingsley's early heroes twits a discourser on judgments with the objection that those judgments of God, "as you call them," are often not judgments at all in any fair use of the word, but capricious acts of punishment on the part of Heaven, which have no more reference to the

had a crime for every misfortune that could befall any of her acquaintance ; and when she heard of a robbery or a murder, would enlarge more on the guilt of the suffering person than on that of the thief or the assassin. In short, "she is so good a Christian that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours a judgment." Addison taxes Herodotus and Plutarch with very often applying their judgments as impertinently as this old woman, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itself appear venerable ; indeed most historians, as well Christian as pagan, he holds to be chargeable with the same "idle superstition," and with the habit of speaking of ill success, unforeseen disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and "made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed." Several of our own historians in particular, he says, one would think must have had many

fault which provokes them than if you cut off a man's finger because he made a bad use of his tongue.

Says Deacon Soper in one of Dr. Holmes's books, "Judge Tileston died, you remember, within a month after he had his great ball, twelve year ago, and some thought it was in the nature of a judgment. If a man happen to be struck dead the night after he'd been given a ball, I shouldn't call it a judgment, I should call it a coincidence."

There is an observable note in Mr. Robert Bell's *Life of Canning*, advertising to the only too expressive *mot* about Ireland and the Irish difficulty, that constant quantity,—that the best thing that could happen to her would be just to sink her under water for four-and-twenty hours. "It is a strange thing," writes Mr. Bell, "and something awful to think of, that poor Sir Joseph Yorke, who made use of this wild observation, was drowned in the Southampton Water." Charity calls that a coincidence, but the tone of the note rather tends to surmise a possible judgment, or at least might seem to sanction such an inference on the part of any good, or wild, Irishman.

In reference to the disease which prematurely ended the days of Dr. John Reid, "secular" critics own that there was no doubt a striking coincidence in his suffering the greatest pain in those nerves upon whose functions his experiments had thrown the greatest light ; but while calling it "pardonable" for Dr. Reid himself to refer to this as a "judgment" for the suffering he had inflicted by his experiments on the lower animals, they pronounced it to be the reverse of creditable to his biographer, Dr. G. Wilson, either as a Christian or as a philosopher (and the author of *Religio Chémici* was both) to echo the morbid and perhaps momentary feeling of the sufferer, admitting, as he does, at the same time, that not only was cruelty abhorrent to his friend's disposition, but that pain was always as much minimised as was consistent with the object in view.

revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom let any of their kings depart in peace who had endeavoured to diminish the power or wealth of which the ecclesiastics were in those days possessed. "In short, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading a history of the kings of Israel or Judah, where the historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular scheme of Providence, the kings were distinguished by judgments or blessings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worship of the true God." One of the Rev. Cotton Mather's *Remarkable Judgments of God on Several Sorts of Offenders* is the case of a lay preacher, who, invited in the absence of a "godly minister" to supply his place by reading a printed sermon to the congregation, fell instead to preaching one of his own, which unduly magnified the right of "private brethren publickly to prophesie. While he was thus in the midst of his exercise, God smote him with horrible *madness*; he was taken ravingly distracted; the people were forced with violent hands to carry him home. . . . I will not mention his name." The next cases referred to by Cotton Mather are the judgments on the "abominable sacrilege" of not paying the ministers' salaries.¹ Remarking

¹ See Section V. of the *Professor at the Breakfast-table*.

Anthony Wood gives a special entry in his Diary, March 31, 1661, to a plurality of mishaps that had occurred in the cath. ch. of Ch. Ch. (Oxon.) during a recent celebration of the eucharist, and adds: "All these accidents happening together did cause much discourse in the universitie and citie; and the phanatics, being ready to catch at anything that seemed evill, made a foule story of it, as if it had been a judgment that had befallen the loyal clergy."

Writing about the earthquakes that were the town talk in the spring of 1750, Horace Walpole refers to certain vicious classes as taking them up on the foot of *judgments*, and can't refrain from adding: "The clergy, who have had no windfalls for a long season, have driven horse and foot into the opinion." (Walpole to Mann, April 2, 1750.) Earl Stanhope notes as one effect of the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, the prohibition of the London masquerades, it being feared that the continuance of those diversions might draw down the same calamity on England which Portugal had just sustained; while, on the other hand, a pamphlet was published at Madrid to prove that this calamity was allowed to befall the Portuguese solely on account of their connection with the heretic English.

incidentally that of death beds there are seldom well authenticated accounts, Hartley Coleridge adds : " Nothing in Foxe's martyrology is so apocryphal as his tales of judgments upon the persecutors." There is a sermon of South's, marked by his usual strong and hale good sense, having for its subject *The Misapplication of God's Judgments*, in which he breaks out into the note of exclamation : " What unreasonable unchristian censures ! Such a one, for being of such a way, that is, perhaps, for following his conscience and the church, is fallen sick, another dead, another struck suddenly ; in most of which the very matter of the report has been contrary. And if people talk of judgments, I think it is a great judgment to be delivered over to report lies, and yet a greater to believe them." But suppose things were really so, he goes on to say, and that the very curse of Egypt were come upon us, even so far as to have one struck dead in every family, yet " what art thou, O man, that durst to pry into the secrecies of thy Maker's proceedings, or condemn another's servant who stands or falls to his own master ? How dares any man put his own sense upon God's actions ? which, though it may happen to be true in itself, yet is certainly uncharitable in him ; and that man will one day find it but a poor gain who hits upon truth with the loss of charity."

In John Howie of Lochgoin's "*Scots Worthies*," there is a postscript or appendix, headed, "*The Judgment and Justice of*

The great fire at Constantinople in 1823 was, by the more zealous of the Mussulmans, maintained to be a judgment for their sins, the only way to propitiate the Almighty being to massacre the Christians.

The terrible inundation at St. Petersburg in 1824 was regarded by the people as a judgment of Heaven for not having assisted their Christian brethren during their recent and frightful persecution by the Turks ; while the Czar appears to have taken it to be a punishment for personal sins of his in domestic life.

Twenty thousand persons are said to have perished in the earthquake which devastated Caraccas and other cities of ex-Spanish America in 1812 ; and vast numbers who had been active in the cause of the insurrection thought they beheld in this event the evident hand of Providence and the just punishment of their sins in breaking off from their allegiance to Spain, an impression which the priestly party as naturally as studiously encouraged.

God Exemplified," in Wicked Lives and Miserable Deaths, to wit, of Remarkable Apostates and Bloody Persecutors. In the account here given of the martyrs' sufferings, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked,¹ such inflictions are mentioned only as trials permitted by Providence, for the better and brighter display of their faith and constancy of principle. But when similar afflictions befel the opposite party, they are imputed to the direct vengeance of Heaven upon their impiety. "If, indeed, the life of any person obnoxious to the historian's censures happened to have passed in unusual prosperity, the mere fact of its being finally concluded by death is assumed as an undeniable token of the judgment of Heaven, and, to render the conclusion inevitable, his last scene is generally garnished with some singular circumstances."² Mr. Robert Chambers gives a paragraph in his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, to that Duke William (of Queensberry) who was, "in the eyes of the common people, a 'persecutor,' that is, one siding against the Presbyterian cause"; and who is said, "in one of their favourite books," to have died of the *morbis pediculosus*, by way of a judgment upon him for his wickedness, whereas, in reality, he died of some ordinary fever. Duke James, his son, ever memorable as the main instrument in carrying through the Union, was the father of an idiot, "of the most unhappy sort, rabid and gluttonous," who killed a boy with whom he was left alone in the house, and was found eating his flesh, half roasted by the kitchen fire. "This horrid act of his [Duke James's] child, was, according to the common people, the judgment of God upon him for his wicked concern in the Union—the greatest blessing, as it has happened, that ever was conferred upon Scotland by any statesman." Macaulay is severe on those of the nonjuring divines who pursued Queen Mary to the grave with invectives; who declared her death to be evidently a judgment for her crime; who dwelt much on wonderful coinci-

¹ See his Notes to Letter XI. of *Redgauntlet*.

² Thus the Duke of Lauderdale is said, not through old age but immense corpulence, to have become so sunk in spirits, "that his heart was not the bigness of a walnut."

dences of time,—James II. having been driven from his palace and country in Christmas week, and in Christmas week Mary had died. “There could be no doubt that if the secrets of Providence were disclosed to us, we should find that the turns of the daughter’s complaint, in December 1694, bore an exact analogy to the turns of the father’s fortune in December 1688.” It was at midnight that the father ran away from Rochester, and at midnight it was that the daughter expired. The Whig historian adds that the Whigs soon had an opportunity of retaliating; they triumphantly related that a scrivener in the Borough, a staunch friend of hereditary right, while exulting in the judgment which had overtaken the Queen, had himself fallen down dead in a fit.

When Mr. Bradley, the mathematician, who had assisted Lords Macclesfield and Chesterfield in bringing about the reform of the calendar, lay a-dying of a lingering illness, the common people ascribed his sufferings to a judgment from Heaven for having taken part in that “impious undertaking.” When Lord Clive died by his own hand, in 1774, “some men of real piety and genius so far forgot the maxims both of religion and philosophy as confidently to ascribe the mournful event to the just judgment of God.” It is rather rhetorically than with ethical purpose that Mr. de Quincey says of Shelley: “In storms unwillingly created by himself he lived; in a storm cited by the finger of God he died”; for the critic himself takes exception to another critic’s “attempt to fathom the unfathomable” in this particular instance, while he admits the temptation to be undoubtedly great, even in minds not superstitious, to read a significance and a silent personality in “such a fate applied to such a defier of the Christian heavens.” Accordingly, while declining to read a “judgment” in the catastrophe which befel Alastor in his skiff, De Quincey recognises a “solemn appeal to the thoughtful, in a death of so much terrific grandeur following upon defiances of such unparalleled audacity.”¹ No

¹ “Æschylus acknowledged the same sense of mysterious awe, and all antiquity acknowledged it, in the story of Amphiaræus.”—See *The Seven against Thebes*.

one, however, would have been more prompt than the philosophic writer here cited, to deny the right of persons, ignorant or learned, to point out with the finger, and say, Lo here, a Divine judgment; or, Lo there, the avenging finger of God. No kind of sympathy could he have felt with those who “deal damnation round the land,” whether it be, say, the ultra-royalists and Romish party in France descrying in the death of the Duke of Orleans (1842) “the just punishment of Heaven for the sins of his father in usurping the throne,” while they further called attention to the “singular coincidence” that the heir apparent thus met his death on the *Chemin de la Révolte*; or an Irish M.P. assuring the House of Commons that the “finger of God” was visible in the death of Count Cavour; or the priestly party in South Italy, asserting with vehemence that the very dry weather of 1862 was a judgment upon the land for ousting the Bourbons; or again, what a Kirk minister himself calls “an ignorant and presumptuous minister in the north” declaring authoritatively that the long drought of a later autumn, when the pastures were burnt up, and the cattle were suffering, was a Divine judgment or act of vengeance, sent because of organ music being sanctioned in kirk worship here and there.



BLANK ANNALS OF WELL-BEING.

JUDGES v. 31; viii. 28.

STIRRING times were those of Sisera and Jael, of Deborah and Barak. The inhabitants of the villages ceased in Israel, the highways were unoccupied, and travellers trod byeways, until Deborah arose, a mother in Israel. Then was war in the gates, and Deborah had dominion over the mighty, and Barak led captivity captive,—even the son of Abinoam; and the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; and as for his host, the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon; while, for himself, at the feet of the wife of Heber the Kenite he bowed, he fell, he lay down; where he bowed, there he fell down dead. Chapter after

chapter, at this crisis, teems with incident. And then comes a pause, and the repose from war involves a blank in the history. "And the land had rest forty years." Blessed are the barren years, in this respect. Blank annals betoken well-being,—are a token of peace.

The country was in quietness forty years in the days of Gideon, and there was little to chronicle. But Gideon once dead, in a good old age, the children of Israel turned again, and remembered not the Lord their God, who had delivered them out of the hands of all their enemies on every side; and then at once there was again work for the warrior, and work for the chronicler. Eventless tranquillity is followed by eventful strife; and with thickening events the page of history ceases to be blank.

Dean Milman's account, in his *History of the Jews*, of Samuel surrendering his judicial authority, and proceeding to the formal "inauguration" of the king elect,—with which act ended the period of the judges, a period of about 460 years as commonly reckoned,—is followed by some remarks tending to controvert the notion of these years being mainly darkened by foreign oppression. Not one fourth of the period in question, he is careful to show, was passed under servitude to the stranger; and he adds, "Above 300 years of peaceful and uneventful happiness remain, to which History, only faithful in recording the crimes and sufferings of man, bears the favourable testimony of her silence."¹

¹ Several books later, the historian puts this heading to his page, "Blank in the History." For after the death of Nehemiah (about B.C. 415), a curtain falls on the history of the Jews: and this curtain remains, permitting only rare and doubtful glimpses behind its thick and impenetrable folds, till the accession of Antiochus Epiphanes (B.C. 175), a period of 210 years. "During the great age of Grecian splendour in arms, enterprise, and letters, the Jews, in this quiet and perhaps enviable obscurity, lay hid within their native valleys. The tide of war rolled at a distance," etc. From the time when the Persian governor, Bagoses, laid a heavy mulct on the whole people, (fifty drachms for every lamb offered in sacrifice,) it would seem that "Judæa has the happy distinction of being hardly if ever mentioned in the succeeding years, when war raged on all sides around her peaceful valleys."—Milman, *Hist. of Jews*, books vi. and ix.

It is Dean Swift's remark that, generally speaking, the times which afford most plentiful matter for story are those wherein a man would least choose to live ; such as, the various events and revolutions of war, the intrigues of a ruined faction, the violence of a prevailing one, and the arbitrary and unlawful acts of oppressing governors. Gibbon significantly characterises the reign of that second Numa, Antoninus Pius, as "marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history ; which is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." In a subsequent volume of his great work, when he comes to relate the conquest of Palestine, the historian who takes so gloomy a view of history makes this pregnant reference to the pleasant vale of Damascus, which had been adorned in every age with a royal city : "her obscure felicity has hitherto escaped the historian of the Roman empire." Again, he says of the death of Justinian, that it in some degree restored the peace of the church, the reigns of his four next successors being "distinguished by a rare, though fortunate, vacancy in the ecclesiastical history of the East." And in a later chapter Gibbon extends to a whole people the observation applied to a man, that the energy of the sword is communicated to the pen ; it being found by experience that history will rise or fall with the spirit of the age. When, in the words of Shakspeare's Canidius,

" With news the time 's in labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some,"—

then it is that Captain Sword puts upon his mettle Captain Pen. Steel pens run swiftly, thus tempered and pointed. Dryden has his courtly scoff at blank annals of national weal—(the first couplet by the way, affording a specimen of that female rhyme which Dryden himself condemned) :

" Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles :
Such whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms."

But in his *Absalom and Achitophel* he writes to other purpose :

“ The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign ;
And looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight :
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They cursed the memory of civil wars.”

Joseph de Maistre begins one of his politico-philosophical treatises with the benediction, in fact, not merely intent :—
“ Heureux les peuples dont on ne parle pas ! Le bonheur politique, comme le bonheur domestique, n'est pas dans le bruit.” And in one of his letters he exclaims : “ Malheur aux générations qui assistent aux époques du monde ! Heureux mille fois les hommes qui ne sont appelés à contempler que dans l'histoire les grandes révolutions, les guerres générales,—les chocs des empires et les funérailles des nations ! Heureux les hommes qui passent sur la terre dans un de ces moments de repos qui servent d'intervalle aux convulsions d'une nature condamnée et souffrante !”

M. Sismondi, at one stage of his great work, checks himself with a “Let us not hurry on”; for, when the narrator hurries forward, he may give a false idea of history. “The reader never feels this flight of time, unless he sees how the time has been filled up ; its duration is ever proportioned to the number of facts presented to him, and, in some sort, to the number of pages he has to peruse. You may warn him that whole years are silently passed over, but he is unconscious of them.” Very short work indeed would it make of some of the most momentous times in our history, were Prior's charitable suggestion to be taken literally,

“ Finding some of Stuart's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by.”

Readers of sensibility, Mr. de Quincey has said, acknowledge the effect from any large influence of deep halcyon repose, when relieving the agitations of history. The events which leave the deepest impression on the minds of the common people are said by Sir Walter Scott to be such as resemble, not the gradual progress of a fertilising river, but the headlong and precipitous

fury of some portentous flood. "The eras by which the vulgar compute time have always reference to some period of fear and tribulation, and they date by a tempest, an earthquake, or burst of civil commotion." Some one else has registered the complaint that history, like one or two of the other muses, is always too much taken up with noise and tumult. It is part of *The Complaint of Young*, that—

"Fame's trumpet seldom sounds but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings ; how it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the listening world !
Man is the tale of narrative old Time . . .
[Who] fills his chronicle with human woes."

A passage that may recal Cowper's dreamy retrospect of man as he was created, when—

". . . History, not wanted yet,
Leaned on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme."

Many histories, as a Guesser at Truth observed, give you little else than a narrative of military affairs, marches and countermarches, skirmishes and battles ; which, except during some great crisis of a truly national war, afford about as complete a picture of a nation's life as an account of the doses of physic a man may have taken, and the surgical operations he may have undergone, would of the life of an individual. M. Demogeot expatiates on the fact that the cloister chronicles he is analysing take small account of the storms without ; the battle of Poitiers, for instance, in 732, by which Charles Martel arrested the advance of Islamism, is passed over without a line, while the pettiest monastic details get equal space with such extra-mural catastrophes and surprises as the scribe reckoned worthy of mention at all. This is the kind of small beer chronicle-keeping to warrant Thomson's outburst—

"Life tedious grows, an idly bustling round,
Filled up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette ! The impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page."

But, unless inconsiderate as well as impatient, he scorns not blank annals that tell their own tale. He appreciates the meaning of Goldsmith's philosophic mandarin, in his review of European annals: "The seasons of serenity are passed over in silence, their history seems to speak only of the storms." The (ex-officio) venerable historian of the House of Austria, advertising to the almost silence in which history passes over the Emperor Maximilian's doings in his own hereditary dominions, (as contrasted with his share in the transactions of the Empire and of Europe,) pens this comment: "But this very silence proves the vigour and wisdom of his administration; for it evinces that his states were relieved from those troubles which mark the reigns of all his predecessors, and all his provinces exempted from the calamities of war" (those exposed to Venetian attack excepted).

It was, of course, ere yet the great civil war in America had broken out, that Nathaniel Hawthorne justified his choice of Italy, instead of his own country, as the site of a romance, by pleading that no author, without a trial, could conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, "as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance writers may find congenial and easily handled themes in the annals of our stalwart republic." It was *not* very long first. But Mr. Hawthorne's apologetic plea is to the same effect as that of Wordsworth's Recluse, who similarly excuses the dull level of narrative of what had been happy in his life, just—

"As times of quiet and unbroken peace,
Though, for a nation, times of blessedness,
Give back faint echoes from the historian's page."

And from another poem of Wordsworth's may be cited another illustration of the main theme; it is where Leonard tells the vicar, in his little churchyard among the mountains,—

"You live, sir, in these dales, a quiet life:
Your years make up one peaceful family;

And who would grieve and fret, if welcome come
And welcome gone, they are so like each other,
They cannot be remembered ?”

The rays of happiness, says Longfellow, like those of light, are colourless when unbroken. To an impatient listener's objection, “Your tale is of the longest,” an old man's reply, in a well read fiction, is : “It is a true tale of grief and trial, and such tales usually are so ; if it were one of unmixed joy and happiness, it would be very brief.” *On souffre bruyamment, on jouit en silence*—is the *pensée* of a great French writer, advertising to one's habit of ignoring the happy hours, and even whole days together, *dont on fait son profit et dont on ne parle pas*. Gibbon begins one of his letters from Lausanne with the remark, designed to excuse remissness in writing, that the unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but real happiness is content with its own silent enjoyment ; “and if that happiness is of a quiet uniform kind we suffer days and weeks to elapse without communicating our sensations to a distant friend.” Having occasion to record of a happy couple in one of his stories, that for many years they did not furnish any exciting or even interesting matter to the story teller, “And all the better for them,” exclaims Mr. Charles Reade : “without these happy periods of dulness our lives would be hell, and our hearts eternally bubbling and boiling in a huge pot made hot with thorns.” He begins a chapter in another work by observing that no life was ever yet a play ; meaning by that an unbroken sequence of dramatic incidents. “Calms will come ; unfortunately for the readers, happily for the read.” Nothing, says Mrs. Brunton, is more important in its issue, nothing more dull in the relation, than a life of quiet and regular employment, lapsing amid an atmosphere of benign repose. The perfect women, it has been said, are those who leave no histories behind them, but who go through life upon such a tranquil course of quiet well-doing as leaves no footprints on the sands of time ; only mute records hidden here and there, deep in the grateful hearts of those who have been blessed by them,

BRAYED IN A MORTAR.

PROVERBS xxvii. 22.

THERE are kinds of fools and degrees of folly; and one kind of fool there is, whose degree of foolishness—in the Scripture sense of fool and foolishness—is inseparable from him; an inalienable attribute, an ineffaceable characteristic, a constant quality. *Qualis ab incepto*, as he was in the beginning, is now, and will be to the end of the chapter. Subject him to the discipline of experience, and he comes out what he went in. Schooled with briers, the schooling is lost upon him. “Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.”

You may as well, says Camillo of his master in the *Winter's Tale*,

“Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly.”

That “beef-witted lord,” Ajax, in the *Troilus and Cressida*, is for braying Thersites in a mortar, if haply his ill looks, and his ill manners, for they about match, may depart from him; but the cynical railer tells him the case is hopeless: “I shall sooner rail thee into wit.” “I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book.” “Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.” That Ajax should ever master the other's meaning,—the probability may be estimated in the gravedigger's words in *Hamlet*: “Cudgel thy brains no more about it: for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.” To beat that braying quadruped, and to bray his representative biped, *c'est égal*; the outcome in either case is nil. The Ettrick Shepherd of the *Noctes* is stringent upon sumpsh—“obstinater,” he calls them, “than either pigs or cuddies, and waur to drive along the high road of life. . . . The maist contumacious cuddie [ass] you can transplant at last by pourin' upon his hurdies the oil o' hazel; but neither by priggin' nor prayin', by reason nor by rung, when the fit's on

“ This fleeting scene is but a stage
 Where various images appear ;
 In different parts of youth and age,
 Alike the prince and peasant share.”

Don Quixote tells Sancho Panza how like human life is to a play. One takes the part of a ruffian, another of a liar, a third of a merchant, a fourth of a soldier. This man is for the occasion the lover ; that man is the judicious friend. At last the play is ended. Each takes off the clothes which belong to his part, and the players remain equal. So it is in the comedy of this world, says Don Quixote. There are emperors and popes, and all the characters that can be introduced into a play ; but it is played out, death takes away the outward trappings which made them seem to differ, and they remain equal in the tomb.

Where, is the author of the Complaint's complaining query,
 or querulous plaint,

“ Where, the prime actors of the last year's scene ;
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ? ”

It is a trite topic, indeed, with Dr. Young,—that of “ Life's gay stage, one inch above the grave,” whereon those strut and fret their hour, that shall soon be seen no more for ever. All, merely players.

“ Each, in his turn, some tragic story tells,
 With now and then a wretched farce between.”

Dr. Maginn takes note of the frequency with which Lucian compares life to a theatrical procession, in which magnificent parts are assigned to some, who pass before the eyes of the spectators clothed in costly garments, and bedecked with glittering jewels ; but, the moment the show is over, are reduced to their original nothingness, no longer kings and heroes, but poor players whose hour has been strutted out.

No wonder that the master Showman of Vanity Fair should pen an *envoi* after this fashion :

“ The play is done ; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell

limits, as Mr. Herbert Spencer reminds us; perpetually repeated and ever accumulating experiences will fail to teach, until there exist the mental conditions required for the assimilation of them. "The *folly* of nations," writes Mr. Nassau Senior, himself italicising the word, "principally arises from their comparative inability to profit by experience. To learn from the experience of others is the privilege of a rare degree of intelligence." But this, he shows, is what a nation must do, if it is to learn from any long experience; for its own is only that of a few years.

The English proverb says, Experience is the mistress of fools. Hesiod had put that into classical Greek, ages before, *παθὼν δε τε νήπιος ἔγνω*: even the fool knows from experience, or suffering. But this set of adages (they go in sets), like every other, duly has its exception-takers and objection-makers. A sceptical commentator on the old proverb, that a burnt child dreads the fire, objects that if so the child must be uncommonly astute, and with a power of reasoning by analogy in excess of impulsive desire rarely found either in children or adults. As a matter of fact, he maintains, experience alone goes a very little way towards directing folks wisely. No impulsive or wildly hopeful person, for instance, he contends, ever learns by experience, so long as his physical condition remains the same; no very credulous person becomes suspicious or critical by mere experience: how much soever people of this kind have been taken in, they are just as ready to become the prey of the spoiler in times to come. "The speculating man, without

Feb. 7, 1772.) *Expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret*, like the unwelcome guest in one of Mr. Tennyson's idylls, whom the mistress of the house bids be thrust out of doors;

" . . . for save that he be
Fool to the midmost marrow of his bones,
He will return no more."

And thrust him out they do, nevertheless return he does; for,

" . . . after this, a week beyond, again
She called them saying, 'There he watches yet,
There like a dog before his master's door!
Kicked, he returns.'"

business faculty or knowledge, who has burnt his fingers bare to the bone with handling scrip and stock, thrusts them into the fire again as soon as he has the chance. The gambler¹ blows his fingers just cool enough to shuffle the cards for this once only, sure that this time hope will tell no flattering tale, that ravelled ends will knit themselves up into a close and seemly garment, and heaven itself work a miracle in his favour against the law of mathematical certainty." In fact we all are alleged to be gamblers in this way, playing our hazards for the stakes of faith and hope; all of us burning our fingers again and again at some fire or another; experience teaching us nothing, save perhaps a weary feeling of having known it all before, when things fall out amiss, and we are blistered in the old fire. Rousseau complains, in the decline of life, that years of experience had failed to effect a radical cure of his *visions romanesques*, and that, in spite of all the ills he had suffered, he continued as ignorant of the world and of mankind as if he had never had to pay for lessons in the ways of the world, and for experience in the manners of men. Benvenuto Cellini owns it to be a common saying that every reverse of fortune teaches us how to behave on another occasion; "but that is not true," he asserts, "as the circumstances which attend each event are different, and such as could not be foreseen." So Coleridge: "Much has been said on the effect of past experience; but while ambition and vanity exist, the light of experience, like the lights placed in the stern of the vessel, illumines only the track that is already passed over." When Mr. Savage's Vicar hears of the last new freak of Reuben Medlicott's, "Again!" he cries; "after burning his fingers once, I was in hopes he would not be so rash for the future." "I don't know," replies a sager friend, after a moment's reflection: "I often hear it said that such a one, having once

¹ "Never," says Pisistratus Caxton, "did I know a man who was an habitual gambler, otherwise than notably inaccurate in his calculations of probabilities in the ordinary affairs of life." And the query is put, Is it that such a man has become so chronic a drunkard of hope, that he sees double every chance in his favour?

burnt his fingers, will not be apt to burn them again. That is not my view of things. As far as my observation goes, the great mistakes of life are rarely committed only once." Accordingly, when this observer sees a man make one imprudent marriage, he thinks it the more probable he will make another; and if a man embarrasses himself by building a house, this observer, so far from expecting him to give up building as soon as he is out of his difficulties, is, on the contrary, inclined to predict that he will soon be in the mortar again.

A French biographer of the Duchess of Maine pictures her at threescore years and more as a spoilt child, whom experience had taught nothing, for experience implies something of reflection and self communing. Not hers, however, the sort of unteachableness by experience ascribed to one in *Philip von Artevelde*, of whom it is written that many disappointments could not cure "this born obliquity" of hers, inborn, inbred; who

". . . grew not wise,
Nor grows : experience with a world of sighs
Purchased, and tears and heart-breaks have been hers,
And taught her nothing : where she erred she errs."

Error or illusion of this sort, in some souls feminine, though stricken in years, warrants the observation of George Eliot on the wonderful tenacity of it, in their cases, just as a patriarchal goldfish apparently retains to the last its youthful illusion that it can swim in a straight line beyond the encircling glass.¹

Long years ago it was said of M. Mazzini that he ought by that time to have learned that unarmed justice cannot afford to be always offering battle to the bayonets of great empires; "only that men never succeed in learning the lesson of their own lives." The doings that involved the downfall of Charles X. and his dynasty are the historian's text, when he discourses on the lesson thrown away of more than a quarter

¹ "Mrs. Tulliver was an amiable fish of this kind, and, after running her head against the same resisting medium for thirteen years, would go at it again to-day with undulled alacrity."—*The Mill on the Floss*, chap. vii.

of a century of bloodshed, and revolution, and anarchy: "Humanity sighs as it contemplates the incapacity of dunces in a school where the dullest may find the best instruction if he will." Anarchy in the grim guise of the French Revolution is Mr. Carlyle's theme when he indites the lament, "But there are still men, of whom it was of old written, Bray them in a mortar; or, in milder language, They have *wedded* their delusions: fire nor steel, nor any sharpness of experience, shall sever the bond, till *death* do us part! On such may the heavens have mercy; for the earth, with her rigorous necessity, will have none."¹

Cowper in one of his letters has to deal with a vexed question of which the only solution he has to offer is, that, "Perhaps it is, that men who will not believe what they cannot understand may learn the folly of their conduct, while their very senses are made to witness against them. . . . But the end is never answered. The lesson is inculcated frequently enough, but nobody learns it." Churchill describes in his now forgotten *Gotham* what he calls

"That grave inflexibility of soul
Which Reason can't convince, nor Fear control;
Which neither arguments nor prayers can reach,
And nothing less than utter ruin teach."

Milton's Samson upbraids himself as having brought "all these evils" on his head, "Sole author I, sole cause." *Tu*

¹ Treating of such proverbs as "He has made his bed, and now he must lie on it;" "As he has brewed, so he must drink;" "As he has sown, so must he reap," etc., the Archbishop of Dublin recognises in them homely announcements of that law of Divine retaliation in the world, according to which men shall eat of the fruit of their own doings, and be filled with their own ways. They affirm, he says, what "every page of Scripture, every turn of human life, is affirming too, namely, that the everlasting order of God's universe cannot be violated with impunity, that there is a continual returning upon men of what they have done, and that in their history we may read their judgment." Burns can pack one or two such homely proverbs within the compass of a verse of his *Country Lassie*:

"But some will spend, and some will spare, an' wilful folk maun hae their will,
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

l'as voulu. Not in vain, after all, is the net spread in the sight of any bird. Agonistes had seen the net, and knowingly he walked into it.

“This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,
But warned by oft experience.”

Warning he had, as Esmond writes of himself; “but I doubt others had warning before his time, and since: and he benefited by it as most men do.”¹ Our ablest expositor of the ethics of proverbs quotes as “fine” a Cornish one about obstinate wrongheads, who will take no counsel except from calamities, who dash themselves in pieces against obstacles, which with a little prudence and foresight they might easily have avoided. It is this: “He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock,” which sets us at once upon some rocky and wreck-strewn coast, for we feel at once that it could never have been the proverb of an inland people. Its resonant roll of r’s makes it none the less telling: it could never have been the proverb of a peculiar people all whose r’s are w’s. Not but that imperfect organs may articulate precious truths, even as good speech may come from evil speakers; for an ill speaker, if from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, was Regan, unnatural daughter of Lear, yet sound and salutary was her speaking when she said, though *she* should not have said it,

“ . . . O sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.”

We have all heard the proposition, Experience is the best of schoolmasters; and the rider to it, But the school fees are heavy.

¹ “A wilfu’ man will hae his way—them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar,” says the Highland hostess in *Rob Roy*; and Sir Walter again puts the self same words into the mouth of old Caleb Balderstone, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

*INSCRUTABLY DECEITFUL, DESPERATELY
WICKED.*

JEREMIAH xvii. 9.

“THE heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?” Can the man himself? “I the Lord search the heart.” But who besides can sound its dim and perilous ways?

One remembers the text in Jeremiah when reading another one in St. John, which tells how, at Jerusalem for the passover, and apparently attracting many to believe in His name, “Jesus did not commit Himself unto them, because He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man; for He knew what was in man.” Knew, and Himself testified, at another time, that from out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, thefts, false witness: for the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

Who can know it? Young says that

“Heaven’s Sovereign saves all beings but Himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.”

All things are naked and open to Him with whom we have to do. Byron, who in one poem declares that

“ . . . men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other,”—

in another, warns off a would-be questioner with the emphatic monition,

“ . . . Nay, do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on; nor venture to unmask
Man’s heart, and view the hell that’s there.”

What an incalculable field of dread and sombre contemplation, it has been remarked, is opened to every meditative observer who eyes the crowd he meets in the thoroughfares of a great city! What a world of dark and troubled secrets in the breast of every one who hurries by you! Goethe has said somewhere that each of us, the best as the worst, hides within

him something—some feeling, some remembrance—that, if known, would make you hate him. No doubt the saying is exaggerated, is Lord Lytton's comment; but still, what a gloomy and profound sublimity in the idea, what a new insight it gives into the hearts of the common herd! What if Heaven for once, as Keble suggests,

“ . . . its searching light
 Lent to some partial eye, disclosing all
 The rude bad thoughts, that in our bosom's night
 Wander at large, nor heed Love's gentle thrall?
 Who would not shun the dreary uncouth place?
 As if, fond leaning where her infant slept,
 A mother's arm a serpent should embrace:
 So might we friendless live, and die unwept.
 Then keep the softening veil¹ in mercy drawn,
 Thou who canst love us, though Thou read us true;
 As on the bosom of the aerial lawn
 Melts in dim haze each coarse ungente hue.”

Mrs. Browning, in one of her sonnets, affirms that if all the gentlest hearted friends she knew concentrated in one heart their gentleness, that still grew gentler, till its pulse was less for life than pity,—she should still be slow to bring her own heart nakedly below the palm of such a friend:

“ . . . I should fear
 Some plait between the brows, some rougher chime
 In the free voice. . . O angels, let your flood
 Of bitter scorn dash on me! Do ye hear
 What *I* say, who bear calmly all the time
 This everlasting face-to-face with God?”

The tone of this reminds us of a passage in one of Mrs. St.

¹ Compare with this image of a veil what Don Alphonse writes to his sister, in Madame de Rémusat's *Lettres Espagnoles*, on the uses and advantages, as well as drawbacks, of court ceremonialism. “Auprès des princes, l'intérêt personnel est tellement éveillé, les mauvaises passions humaines sont si fréquemment en jeu, que, s'il nous fallait agir d'après nos sensations réelles et nos vraies motions, nous donnerions à qui nous observe un triste spectacle. L'étiquette jette un voile uniforme sur tout cela: c'est une sorte de mesure positive qui donne à des tons discordants les apparences de l'harmonie.”

George's letters, on the death of a dear friend : "Perhaps she . . . knows everything I am now saying, and smiles at the vanity and shortsightedness of a mortal, whose faults may now be all laid open to her, stript of that veil with which we naturally seek to conceal them from those we respect and love. I think *that* a painful reflection on losing a friend. She will, however, see that I loved her much."

Mr. Hawthorne, in the introduction to one of his earlier books, deprecates the charge of unconditional egotism which some readers might be disposed to bring against him ; and he declares himself free from reproach of conscience for betraying "anything too sacredly individual to be revealed by a human spirit to its brother or sister spirit." Has the reader, he asks, gone wandering hand in hand with him, the author, through the inner passages of his being, and have they groped together in all its chambers ? Not so. "So far as I am a man of really individual attributes, I veil my face ; nor am I one of those supremely hospitable people who serve up their own hearts, delicately fried, with brain sauce, as a titbit for their beloved public." Elsewhere he observes that as, on the one hand, a man seldom repeats to his nearest friend, any more than he realises in act, the purest wishes which, at some blessed time or other, have arisen from the depths of his nature ; so, on the other hand, there is enough on every leaf of that mystic volume, the human heart, to make the good man shudder for his own wild and idle wishes, as well as for the sinner whose whole life is the incarnation of a wicked desire. Another popular writer remarks that Iago, in a play or a novel, is obliged to give utterance to his schemes with tolerable clearness ; whereas the real Iago is reticent, even in commune with himself, and huddles his blackest thoughts into some dark corner of his mind, where they lie conveniently hidden from the eye of conscience. *Le vice, toujours sombre*, says Boileau, *aime l'obscurité*. But he also says,

" . . . Il n'est esprit si droit
 Qui ne soit imposteur et faux par quelque endroit :
 Sans cesse on prend le masque."

It may well be called a very curious sensation to sit by a man who has found you out, and who as you know has found you out, or, *vice versâ*, to sit with a man whom *you* have found out. "How men have to work, to talk, to smile, to go to bed, and try and sleep, with this dread of being found out on their consciences!" "Ah me," sighs Mr. Thackeray, "what would life be, if we were all found out, and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?" A fellow satirist speculates on the effect that would be produced in London alone, if from to-morrow morning, for one month only, every man, woman, and child were to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and he bids us "only reflect" upon the thousands of—at present—most respectable, exemplary people, congregated in the highways and market places, making a "clean breast" to one another, each man shocking his neighbour with the confession of his social iniquity, of his daily hypocrisy, of his rascal vice that he now feeds and coddles like a pet snake in private. "If all men were thus to turn themselves inside out, the majority of blacks would, I fear, be most alarming. We might have Hottentot chancellors, and even Ethiopian bishops."¹ "We never," moralizes Mrs. Gamp, "know wot's hidden in each other's hearts; and if we had glass winders there, we'd need to keep the shettlers up, some on us, I assure you." That is a sad stanza of George Herbert's,—

"Surely if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass: all would disperse,
And live apart."

It is a mercy our own thoughts are concealed from one another, muses Sir Walter Scott, in his private journal, in reference to a then recent case of suddenly disclosed crime in one of his own

¹ Just so, again, the author of the *Roundabout Papers*: "After the clergyman has cried his peccavi, suppose we hoist a bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! (I see my Lord Bishop of Double-Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench.) After we have cast off the bishop, what are we to say to the minister who appointed him?" etc.

class if not companionship ; and he goes on, with unwonted solemnity, to write these further reflections : “ Oh ! if at our social table we could see what passes in each bosom around, we would seek dens and caverns to shun human society ! To see the projector trembling for his falling speculations—the voluptuary rueing the event of his debauchery—the miser wearing out his soul for the loss of a guinea,—all, all bent upon vain hopes and vainer regrets,—we should not need to go to the hall of the caliph Vathek to see men’s hearts broiling under their black veils. Lord keep us from all temptation, for we cannot be our own shepherd ! ”¹ Apemantus, as usual, paints in coarse colours and exaggerated tones when he touches, if so rough a hand can be said to touch, on this subject ; the scene is Timon’s banquet :

“ I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks they should invite them without knives ;

¹ Colonel Whyte Melville calls it curious to observe a large well dressed party seated at dinner, all apparently frank and open as the day, full of fun and good humour, saying whatever comes uppermost, and to all outward seeming laying bare every crevice and cranny of their hearts, and then to reflect that each one of the throng has a separate life, entirely distinct from that which he or she parades before the public, cherished perhaps with a miser’s care, or endured with a martyr’s fortitude.

His Sir Guy, for instance, is sketched sitting at the bottom of his table, looking a merry, thoughtless, jovial country gentleman—open hearted, joyous, and hospitable. But while Sir Guy smacks his lips over those bumpers of dark red Burgundy, does he never think of Damocles and the hanging sword ? “ Could he summon courage to look into the future, or fortitude even to *think* of the past ? Sir Guy’s was a strong, healthy, sensuous nature, in which the physical far outweighed the intellectual ; and yet I verily believe his conscience sometimes nearly drove him mad.” Then there is my lady, at the top of her table, the very picture of a courteous, affable, well bred hostess—perhaps, if anything, a trifle too placid and unmovable in her demeanour. “ Who would have guessed at the wild and stormy passions that could rage beneath so calm a surface ? ” for there had been a page or two in my lady’s life that, with all his acuteness, would have astonished Lavater himself. Some of the guests are hit off in the same way : Frank Lovell, for one, gay and debonair ; outwardly the lightest hearted man in the company ; inwardly, tormented with misgivings and stung by self reproach. All, in short, “ were sedulously hiding their real thoughts from their companions ; all were playing the game with counters, of which indeed they were lavish enough ; but had you asked for a bit of sterling coin fresh from the mint, and stamped with the impress of truth,” why, we are plainly told, they would have buttoned their pockets closer than ever.

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't ; the fellow that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been proved."

Macbeth, the murderer, is urged by his wife to sleek o'er his rugged look, and be bright and jovial among his guests that night ; and he promises to comply, recognising keenly how needful for them both it is to "make our faces vizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are." In one of Landor's plays, the scene being a masquerade, a reveller utters the wish to discover the face below a certain mask : "I would give something for a glimpse at what that mask conceals." Fra Rupert is prompt with the moral : "Oh ! could we catch a glimpse of what all masks conceal, 't would break our hearts. Far better hidden from us." When a man is spoken ill of, he should, says Dean Swift, thank God that no worse is said ; for could his enemy but look into the dark and hidden recesses of his heart, "what man in the whole world would be able to bear the test ?" Hamlet professes himself "indifferent honest," but yet could he accuse himself of such things that it were better his mother had not borne him. That "outward sainted deputy," Angelo, is, on Isabella's showing, "yet a devil : his filth within being cast, he would appear a pond as deep as hell." Of the same smooth dissembler, another who has found him out exclaims :

" Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !"

To cite Macbeth again : "Away, and mock the time with fairest show : False face must hide what the false heart doth know." Or, again, to apply the words of the Roman conspirator, asking what cavern can be found dark enough to hide the monstrous visage of crime :

" Hide it in smiles, and affability :
For if thou hast thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention."

Schleiermacher professes to have always concluded there was something wrong in the character of Hippel, because that master of German humour, such as it is, was known to have said, that where entire sincerity prevailed even the best friends could not help despising each other. "I have often," observes Schleiermacher, "speculated upon what the evil in him might be." Such speculations would soon find no end, in wandering mazes lost. If the spelling be obsolete, not so is the truism, in Butler's lines, alluding to Momus and his strictures on the structure of man :

" Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors." ¹

Absolutely transparent characters are justly said to be as pure an invention as that other fiction, of infallible readers of character : there is something in every man of which we have no consciousness, hid from himself, and hid from us, and which nothing but the event will lay bare. "Nobody, whatever his penetration, can be sure what his best friend, or the man he knows best, will do under untried or startling circumstances"; and knowledge of character, to be real—to show true, thorough insight—ought to be able to prophesy.² No man, says a student of human nature, can know himself who is not conscious of little subtleties of temper, strange perversities of mood, that he perceives but cannot analyse, and queer creatures of the mind that at critical moments rise out of the dark places of sentiment and turn him to the right hand or

¹ When Mahomet was a-dying, he addressed the congregation at the mosque for the last time, and bade any one, who had aught on his conscience, to speak out, that he might ask God's pardon for him. Upon this a man, who had passed for a devout Moslem, stood forth, and confessed himself a hypocrite, a liar, and a weak disciple. "Out upon thee!" cried Omar; "why dost thou make known what God had suffered to remain concealed?"

² But who can do this? asks an anonymous essayist on the Study of Character. "Which of us knows himself so well as to guess what he would be, and do, and think, when put out of his present course of life?—much less what others would do : for whatever may be said of self deception, it is certain that every man knows secrets about himself which no one else has surmised, and which are indispensable to the foresight" in question.

the left, away from the control of his ordinary reason. "The rest of us who are watching him, and who think that we have long since found out all the springs of his conduct, are amazed to find him taking the wrong turning with an invincible assurance." And is he not often amazed himself? Almost like Katerfelto, with his hair on end at his own wonders—his own inconsistencies, follies, capacities for evil thinking, evil speaking, evil doing. Few human creatures in their teens, observes the author of *Steven Lawrence, Yeoman*, know so much of themselves as not to be shocked when circumstances chance abruptly to reveal to them their own capabilities: "it is later in life, that no revelation of our own hearts can ever, by possibility, surprise us."

Marcus Antoninus makes a "meditation" of this,—that if any god, or eminent instructor in philosophy, should stand at a man's elbow, and order him to "turn his inside outwards," and publish every thought and fancy, as fast as they came into his head, he would think it a hard chapter, and not submit to so much as a day's discipline. The Minister's Black Veil is the title of one of Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales, always suggestive in their symbolism; and if Father Hooper hide his face for sorrow, there is cause enough, he pleads, to those who question him thereupon; "and if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same?" He dies as he has lived, the veiled minister; and his words at the last are: "When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and lo! on every visage a black veil."

"In this masque of the passions called life, there's no human
Emotion, though masked, or in man or in woman,
But, when faced and unmasked, it will leave us at last
Struck by some supernatural aspect aghast.

* * * * *

A whole world lies cryptic in each human breast;
And that drama of passions as old as the hills,
Which the moral of all men in each man fulfils,

Is only revealed now and then to our eyes
In the newspaper files and the courts of assize."

If the dissection of any man's soul could be completely effected, what eye, asks Sir James Stephen, but must turn away from the spectacle! Wisely, to his thinking, has the church proclaimed the sanctity of the confessional. "Who would wish or dare to study this morbid anatomy?" Who, he further asks, would not loathe the knowledge with which the memory of the priesthood, who study it professionally, is soiled and burdened? Who has courage enough to tell how far our mutual affection and esteem may depend on our imperfect knowledge of each other? "The same creative wisdom, which shelters from every human eye the processes of our animal frame, has shrouded from observation the workings of our spiritual structure." There are indeed morbid anatomists who revel in their conscious skill in the art; like Alexander Farnese, delighting to "lay bare to his master . . . the real heart of Mayenne"¹—or, say, like Dwining, the physician, in Scott's historical tale, who, in reply to the wicked knight's complaint that his heart beats as if it would burst his bosom, utters aloud a "Heaven forbid!" and then mutters *sotto voce*, "It would be a strange sight if it should. I should like to dissect it, save that its stony case would spoil my best instruments."² One of

¹ "No one could surpass Alexander in this skilful vivisection of political characters," etc.—Motley, *Hist. United Netherlands*, vol. iii., chap. xxviii.

² Compare, and contrast, the lines in Dryden's Roman tragedy—

"I find your breast fenced round from human reach,
Transparent as a rock of solid crystal;
Seen through, but never pierced."

Massinger's Marrall exults in that he "can now anatomise" Sir Giles Overreach. Vanbrugh's *Heartfree* claims to see a perplexing character "turned inside out. Her heart well examined, I find there pride, vanity, covetousness, malice," etc. Of Paul Marchmont's scrutiny of his sister, we read, in a modern fiction: "He took his dissecting knife and went to work at an intellectual autopsy. He anatomised the wretched woman's soul. He made her tell her secret, and bare her tortured breast before him." "Lay her on the table by all means, and bring out your dissecting tools," says another personage in another work from the same pen. "I saw down into his inmost heart: it was black as night,"—that comes from an anonymous

Colani's discourses broaches the query, what "subject" more interesting for the dissector than a vicious man? But it is a subject he quickly dismisses; one reason being that alleged in another place, that he sees small prospect of profit in a pulpit study of the carnal mind, in all its impurity and distortion, and *en étalant tout ce que le cœur d'un tel homme peut renfermer de corruption*; another reason consisting in the depraving effect of such scrutinies on the scrutineer himself: "Il vous arrivera ce qui arrive à tous les disséqueurs et à tous les analyseurs, depuis les chimistes et les anatomistes jusqu'aux moralistes: l'objet de leurs études ne leur inspire plus ni répulsion ni dégoût." Not unconditionally or invariably the proper study of mankind is man. If you must look, *guarda e passa* is a better precept at times. But a passing glance may take in a world of iniquity.

Often appalling in their suggestiveness are the rambling, raving sentences of crazed King Lear; and such is this one, touching Regan, his favourite daughter, and the one whose unnatural cruelty caused him the keenest pang of all: "Let them anatomise Regan, see what breeds about her heart: is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?" Young was not thinking of Regans or Gonerils, but of average human nature, when he penned his stern line on "that hideous sight, a naked human heart." Landor however somewhere incidentally observes, in a comparison of Young with Crabbe, that Young moralised at a distance on some external appearances of

letter writer in Mr. Wilkie Collins' masterpiece. In a story which is *not* Mr. Dickens' masterpiece, we have a glimpse of a keen and cold female observer standing with her hand upon her own bosom, looking at a passionate girl, "as one afflicted with a diseased part might curiously watch the dissection and exposition of an analogous case." No such scrutineer is Mrs. Gaskell's country doctor, shrewd yet simple: "Mr. Gibson, however, surgeon though he was, had never learnt to anatomise a woman's heart." Caroline Ryder, in Mr. Reade's tale of jealousy, is a proficient in her way, and in that way; as where she "went to scrutinise and anatomise her mistress's heart with plenty of cunning, but no mercy." Far less apt to the study is her master, whom *we* watch, "watching her, grim, silent, and sombre, to detect her inmost heart." Explicitly the author professes, in the same chapter, not to "imitate those writers who undertake to dissect and analyse the heart at such moments, and put the exact result on paper." Yet perhaps none living could do it better; very few indeed could do it anything like so well.

the human heart ; whereas Crabbe entered it "on all fours," and told the people what an ugly thing it is inside. Mr. Browning's Paracelsus vehemently deprecates those obstinate questionings, by dint of which his friend Festus would, as he suspects, know him more searchingly :

" . . . Must I lay bare
My heart, hideous and beating, or tear up
My vitals for your gaze, ere you will deem
Enough made known ?"

The autobiographer of one of Mr. Wilkie Collins' earlier books opens his narrative with the averment, that as there have been men who, on their death beds, have left directions that their bodies should be anatomised, as an offering to science, so, in these pages, written on the death bed of enjoyment and hope, he gives his heart, already anatomised, as an offering to human nature. Morbid anatomy it is, very ; but an autobiographic anatomist is never likely to cut very deep. Sometimes the most unsparing of professed, or professional, anatomists has nothing deep to cut at, in the heart that is supposed to lie palpitating before him, so shallow are its depths, so petty its circumference, so crude and almost inorganic its structure. "Que je vous plains," said Madame de Tencin to Fontenelle ; "ce n'est pas un cœur que vous avez là dans la poitrine : c'est de la cervelle, comme dans la tête." But it is something to have brains somewhere in the system, even if the possession be in excess, and misplaced. Addison devotes a whole *Spectator* to the anatomy of a coquette's heart ; and the operator, before engaging in this visionary dissection, gives the lookers on to understand that there is nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses to be found in it, such as do not appear in the heart of any other animal. The fibres are shown to be turned and twisted in a most intricate and perplexing way ; in-somuch that the entire organ is wound up together like a Gordian knot, and must have very irregular and unequal motions, while employed in its vital functions. "One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels

which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue." So deceitful—who can know it? As the poet writes of Madame la Marquise,

" Could we find out her heart through that velvet and lace !
Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress ?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face,
But what the heart's like, we must guess."

It takes, in such cases, a Balzac, or better, to *dépouiller son être intérieur de la mince écorce qui suffit au monde*. An *Interior* is the title of one of Mr. Procter's poems, beginning,

" Unloose your heart, and let me see
What's hid within that ruby round ;
Let every fold be now unbound."

The anatomy is morbid, and so the anatomist finds it ; but his practical conclusion is,

" Why should I hate, because I read
The spots kept secret from my sight,
And force some unborn sins to light ?"

But sometimes a too devoted, little devout, student of morbid anatomy is insatiably eager to anatomise a Regan, that by what breeds about her heart he may learn the heart secrets of a Goneril and the rest ; eager to see, in sacred phrase profanely applied, a sword pass through one heart, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

—o—

AN INSPIRED ARTIST.

EXODUS xxxv. 31.

THE children of Israel were instructed by Moses in the fact, that the Lord had called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, and had " filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship ; and to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in the cutting of stones, to set them,

and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work." With Bezaleel was associated, in the same gift of artistic inspiration, Aholiab, of the tribe of Dan ; both of them being expressly and exceptionally filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of all who devise cunning work. *Every* good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights. Shakspeare's, for the drama ; Milton's, for the epic ; Newton's, for science ; Raffaele's, to paint the Transfiguration ; Handel's, to compose the Messiah ; Beethoven's, to plan out and build up his colossal symphonies. There are divers inspirations, and these are of them. The polemical aspects of *theopneustia*, in its technical, theological, and exclusive sense, may, and must, here be left out of sight and out of mind. But, reserving the *differentia*, whether in degree or in kind, or both, of biblical inspiration in the accepted sense, there are diversities of gifts, from the same Spirit, or inspiring source ; and these manifestations of the Spirit are, in the apostle's words, given to every man to profit withal. To one is given, by that Divine Spirit, the gift of inventive insight ; to another, of poetic creation, by the same Spirit ; to another, of scientific discovery, by the same Spirit ; to another, of political economics ; to another, of pictorial art ; to another, of oratorical enthusiasm ; to another, of medical discernment ; to another, of musical composition ; to another, of mechanical sagacity ; to another, of critical research. But all these worketh that one and the self same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will.

Fra Giovanni da Fiesoli, known as Beato Angelico, never commenced any work—whether an elaborate fresco or an illumination for a missal—without praying ; and he always, we are assured, carried out the first impression, "believing it to be an inspiration" ; he never retouched or altered anything left as finished. Mr. Ruskin affirms that when once we begin at all to understand the handling of any great executor, such as that

of the three great Venetian painters, of Correggio, or Turner,¹ the awe of it is something greater than can be felt from the most stupendous natural scenery. "For the creation of such a system as a high human intelligence, endowed with its ineffably perfect instruments of eye and hand, is a far more appalling manifestation of infinite power, than the making either of seas or mountains." In his *Modern Painters* the Professor, with deliberate emphasis, applies the word "inspired" to Turner: "Be it irreverent or not," he says, "this word I must always use; and the rest of what work I have before me is simply to prove the truth of it with respect to" the great artist just named.²

Of true Byzantine architecture the Emperor Justinian was the parent, as an historical critic shows, in his description of the new St. Sophia, "in the East the pride, in the West the wonder of the world"; the sublime unity and harmony of the design, above all, the lightness and vastness of the cupola, were "too marvellous for mere human science," even the skill of the famous architects Anthimus of Tralles and Isidore of Miletus being unequal to the conception. Accordingly, an angel, it is affirmed, revealed to the emperor many of the

¹ This is said in reference to Mr. Kingsley's assertion, as a Cambridge (Sidney Sussex) tutor, conversant with optics, that Turner's work "beats optical work out of sight," and that he regards with absolute "awe" the combined delicacy and precision of Turner's hand. Mr. Ruskin emphatically approves the word "awe" as the right one in this case. See pp. 263-65 of the Oxford Professor's *Two Paths*.

² Neither the least liberal nor the least competent of Mr. Ruskin's critics objected distinctly, at the time, to his applying the word "inspiration" to the gifts by which a great painter is made famous; the objection being based on the fact that as a certain stamp has already been given to the term by its application to prophecy, any lower application of it (as to art) is a misappropriation. Were we, it is urged, to extend the meaning a little further, were we to take its etymological sense, we should "characterise by the same term the breathing of the Spirit of God into the seer of Patmos, and the inflating of a football, or the puffing out of the moral windbag whom Mr. Ruskin has described." "On the whole, we are quite content with the meaning which the word had in Shakspeare's time. When any one has the same claims that old Gaunt had to speak of his prescience as a Divine *afflatus*, we will listen to him saying—'Methinks I am a prophet new inspired.' But we will not admit the pretensions of Turner." The same objection would hold against the mere title of this paper.

forms of the building ; the great principle of the construction of the cupola, sought in vain by the science of the architects, flashed across the mind of Justinian himself in a dream.¹ So again, the practice of antiphons in church music was introduced, according to the legend, through St. Ignatius having heard the angels singing psalms in alternate strains before the throne of God. Latter day criticism, and that of the light literature school, recognises in the sacred music of the great composers a mingled power that now softens us to meekness and contrition, now rouses and confirms us in faith and hope ; that lifts us above the peddling cares and wretched necessities of life, and nerves us to the conviction that harps of glory and angelic choirs are no vain imaginings, but that we have (albeit the very faintest) their reflex here, "permitted to be shed on earth by the men upon whom Heaven has bestowed the Divine gift of genius." One must be convinced, this writer contends, when Handel's "gorgeous music peals upon the amazed ear," that the gran' maestro "had held discourse with the Higher and Better Influences," and that when, in his solitude, the fingers of the blind old composer swept over the keys, and the swelling sounds of the organ were wafted upwards, "something of that holy influence encircled him," which painting once symbolised under the guise of the angels who guard St. Cecilia.

Montaigne speaks of the touches in painting that sometimes slip from the hand of the painter, so surpassing both his fancy and his art as to beget his own admiration and astonishment ; while the poet is ravished and transported out of himself by sallies which, by the poet's own avowal, exceed his capacity, so that he "acknowledges them to proceed from something else than himself, and that he has them no more in his power than the orators say they have those extraordinary motions and agitations which sometimes push them beyond their designs." The old belief was, as well as the old saying, that poets are born,

¹ The cupola did not seem, according to the historian Procopius, to rest on its supports, but to be let down by a golden chain from heaven. See *Hist. Lat. Christ.*, vi. 570 seq.

not made. In the earliest ages certain it is, as Southey remarks, that they who possessed a gift of speech that enabled them to clothe ready thoughts in measured or elevated diction were held to be inspired. False oracles were uttered in verse, and true prophecies delivered in poetry; there was therefore some reason for the opinion. Among the early Greeks, says Gibbon, the inspiration of Homer did not differ from that of Calchas; his works and those of his successors were the scriptures of the nation. "With us, on the other hand, the inspiration of poets is merely a transient and voluntary illusion to which we submit ourselves." Mr. Grote, from the ancient standpoint, describes the poet—like the prophet, whom he so much resembles—as singing under heavenly guidance, inspired by the goddess to whom he has prayed for her assisting impulse. She puts the word into his mouth, and the incidents into his mind. He is a privileged man, chosen as her organ, and speaking from her revelations. It is true, the historian of Greece proceeds to show, that these expressions, of the muse inspiring and the poet singing a tale of past times, have passed from the ancient epic to compositions produced under very different circumstances, and have now degenerated into unmeaning forms of speech; but they gained currency originally in their genuine and literal acceptation. "If the hearers are disposed to accept what is related to them as a revelation from the muse, the *æstrus* of composition is quite sufficient to impart a similar persuasion to the poet whose mind is penetrated with it." Quoting some of the most characteristic stanzas among Lord Houghton's *Palm Leaves*, a critical author claims to detect, "at the bottom of this," a sort of conviction that Heaven shoots inspirations through great minds in a state of emotion or agitation—a habit, in fact, of regarding genius and inspiration as in some degree allied. The more we examine the mechanism of thought, observes the author of a recent treatise on Mechanism in Thought and Morals, the more we shall see that the automatic unconscious action of the mind enters largely into all its processes. Our definite ideas he calls stepping stones; how we get from one to another we do not know; something carries us; we do

not take the step. "A creating and informing spirit which is with us, and not of us, is recognised everywhere in real and storied life"; which is said to come to the least of us, as a voice that will be heard, telling us what we must believe, framing our sentences, lending a sudden gleam of sense or eloquence to the dullest of us, so that, like Katerfelto with his hair on end, we wonder at ourselves, or rather not at ourselves but at this divine visitor, who chooses our brain as his dwelling-place, and invests our naked thought with the purple of the kings of speech or song. "The poet always recognises a dictation *ab extra*; and we hardly think it a figure of speech when we talk of his inspiration."¹

In the preface to his famous Cancionero, or collection of the poets, Juan de Baena, himself a poet of some mark, of the fifteenth century, is so enraptured with the charms of verse, that he maintains, in honour of the true "maker," *poietes*, that he who can produce so much delight must be high born, and "must be inspired of God," his the vision and the faculty divine. It is a commonplace that the poet is born, not made; and it is in connection with this truism that Mr. Dallas urges our inability to command the imagination; we must bide its time: the poet lies in wait for the dawn, and cannot poetise at will. Shelley calls poets the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which ring to battle, and feel not what they inspire, being themselves inspired. Wordsworth's was, avowedly,

" . . . the animating faith
That poets, even as prophets, each with each

¹ "And so the orator—I do not mean the poor slave of a manuscript, who takes his thought chilled and stiffened from its mould, but the impassioned speaker who pours it forth as it flows coruscating from the furnace: the orator only becomes our master at the moment when he himself is surprised, captured, taken possession of, by a sudden rush of fresh inspiration. How well we know the flash of the eye, the thrill of the voice, which are the signature and symbol of nascent thought, thought just emerging into consciousness, in which condition, as is the case with the chemist's elements, it has a combining force at other times wholly unknown!"—*Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
 Have each his own peculiar faculty,
 Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to perceive
 Objects unseen before ;"

and himself he describes as one who, though "the humblest of this band," yet dares to hope

"That unto him hath also been vouchsafed
 An insight that in some sort he possesses,
 A privilege whereby a work of his,
 Proceeding from a source of untaught things,
 Creative and enduring, may become
 A power like one of Nature's."

The inspiration of the muse was not, in old times, as Mr. Mill observes, a figure of speech, but the sincere and artless belief of the people ; the bard and the prophet were next of kin ; Demodocus, at the court of King Alcinous, could sing the Trojan war by revelation from Apollo or from a muse ; and Hesiod, in the Theogony, could declare respecting himself that he knew, by the favour of the muses, the past, the present, and the future.¹ We read in the records of Anglo-Saxon poetry how Cædmon, the greatest of Anglo-Saxon poets, who flourished during the youth of Bede, and whose "profoundly religious mind," as Dean Milman characterises it, could not endure the profane songs then current of adventure and battle, fell asleep one evening after withdrawing from the hall as usual in silence and in shame at his inability to sing, when a form appeared to him in a vision, and said, "Sing, O Cædmon !" Cædmon replied that he knew not how to sing, he knew no subject for a song. "Sing," said the visitant, "the creation." The thoughts and the words flashed upon the mind of Cædmon, and the next morning his memory retained the verses, which Bede thought so sublime in the native language as to be but feebly rendered in the Latin. The wonder reached the ears of the

¹ "In a rude age, the suggestions of imagination and strong feeling are always deemed the promptings of a god."—J. S. Mill, *Early Grecian History and Legend*.

famous Hilda, the abbess of Whitby; it was at once ascribed to the grace of God. Cædmon was treated as one inspired.¹

Burke, as a young man, is said to have been so deeply impressed by the *Night Thoughts* of Young, that he not only made a copy of that work his *vade mecum*, but penned this couplet, not quite worthy of his prose, on the fly leaf:

“Jove claimed the verse old Homer sung,²
But God Himself inspired Young.”

¹ “So marvellous did the songs of Cædmon, pouring forth as they did the treasures of biblical poetry, the sublime mysteries of the creation, the fall, the wonders of the Hebrew history, the gentler miracles of the New Testament, the terrors of the judgment, the torments of hell, the bliss of heaven, sound to the popular ear, that they could be attributed to nothing less than Divine inspiration.”—*Latin Christianity*, vol. ii., book iv., chap. iv.

The latter day transcendentalist teaches that good poetry could not have been otherwise written than it is. “The first time you hear it, it sounds rather as if copied out of some invisible tablet in the eternal mind, than as if arbitrarily composed by the poet.” The feeling of all great poets, Mr. Emerson affirms, has accorded with this. They found the verse, not made it. The muse brought it to them.—See the chapter on “Art,” in his latest collection of essays.

² Schleusner enumerates poets among the persons to whom the term *θεόπνευστος* may be applied. A highly influential and equally unorthodox divine among ourselves contends, that when the writers of Greece or Rome intimate the pretensions of a poet, a pythoness, or an augur, to divine authority, and when the Israelites affirm the inspiration of their prophets, the two claims are identical; that both parties mean the same thing, viz. that the sentiments and feelings of their great national authorities have a superhuman origin; and that the only difference (except that which attends the polytheistic nature of the one religion and the monotheistic of the other) is, that we reject the first claim and admit the second. But this must not beguile us into an excursus on the technical distinction established between “classical” and “theological” inspiration. If not as well established as that distinction, not less generally accepted is the indefinite use of the term in the sense indicated by Cicero, where he says that no man was ever really great without some portion of divine inspiration; *nemo vir magnus, sine aliquo afflatu divino, unquam fuit*. Cicero himself is revered by the Christian philosopher Lactantius, as having expounded (Hooker like) the functions of “holy, heavenly law” with “a voice almost divine.” And Lactantius professes to regard such persons, “speaking thus the truth without design,” as “divining by some kind of inspiration.” Or, in the sense again claimed by Columbus, when “animated by a heavenly fire” he came to plead his cause before Ferdinand and Isabella, and by them was treated as worthy of all acceptance: “Who will doubt that this light was from the holy Scriptures, illumining you [the sovereigns] as well as myself with rays of marvellous brightness.” He held that his “understanding had been opened by the Deity, as by a palpable hand,” so as to discover the navi-

Burke's own oratory, supreme as it was in its kind, was scarcely of the kind that in Chatham seemed so like inspiration; for so vivid and impetuous, we are told, were the elder Pitt's bursts of oratory, that they appeared to be even beyond his own control; instead of his ruling them, they often ruled him, and flashed forth unbidden. "As in the oracles of old," says Earl Stanhope, "it appeared not that he spake, but the spirit of the Deity within." But to the poets again. Here is one of them, modern in time and tone, avowing his

"Belief that God inspires the poet's soul,—
That He gives eyes to see and ears to hear
What in His realm holds finest ministry
For highest aptitudes and needs of man,
And skill to mould it into forms of art
Which shall present it to the world he serves.
Sometimes the poet writes with fire; with blood

gation to the Indies. "He considered himself under Divine inspiration," says one of his biographers, "imparting the will of Heaven, and fulfilling the high and holy purposes for which he had been predestined." What Swedenborg laid claim to, we are told, was not "inspiration," but to an opening of his spiritual sight, and a rational instruction in spiritual things. which was granted, he said, "not for any merit of his," but to enable him to convey to the world a real knowledge of the nature of heaven and hell, and thus of man's future existence. Of constant occurrence in miscellaneous literature, both sacred and secular, orthodox and heterodox, old and new, are such incidental passages as this in one of Dr. Channing's letters: "I will send my books with pleasure. I know they contain some great truths, written, not from tradition, but from deep conviction, from the depths of my soul,—may I not say, from inspiration? I mean nothing miraculous, does not God speak in us all? But in the 'earthen vessel' there is still a 'heavenly treasure.' Of this I am sure. I will therefore send my books, with all their imperfections," etc. Elsewhere he speaks of his consciousness of a mysterious energy (in composition) which comes and goes, by what laws he cannot tell. But "I should be ungrateful not to feel that it has sometimes visited me," and it "is welcomed as an inspiration from above. I hope it will not desert me; but I do not presume upon it."

Professor Maurice pronounces the greatest blot in Abelard's celebrated treatise, *Sic et Non*, to be, his declaring that the fathers of old had the Spirit of God, and that he and his contemporaries were bound to pay them reverence because *they* had not: "a disclaimer which no Christian man has a right to make." If the fathers wrote whatever was good and universal in their works, whatever was not the result of the crudities of their minds or of their age, under the guidance of a higher Spirit than their own, Abelard, contends the author of the *Religions of the World*, could only divine their meaning, could only enter into sympathy with them, in so far as he was illuminated by that same Spirit.

Sometimes ; sometimes with blackest ink. . . .
 It matters not. God finds His mighty way
 Into his verse."

But note like this stirs not the wind of every day, exclaims Sydney Dobell's impassioned monk : and 'tis the ear to know it, woo it, wait for it, and stand amid a Babel deaf to other speech, that makes a poet. The good man hears the voice in which God speaks to men :

" The poet
 In some rapt moment of intense attendance,
 The skies being genial and the earthly air
 Propitious, catches on the inward ear
 The awful and unutterable meanings
 Of a Divine soliloquy."

It is in his capacity of literary critic that Professor Moir, treating of the poetry of the Hebrews, which he describes as standing apart from all the rest in solitary grandeur, like a pillar of fire in the poetical wilderness, defines its characteristics to be unequalled majesty of thought and expression, a fervour and flow, which, more than in any other poetry in existence, "suggest the idea of an inspiration or Divine afflatus," dictating through the poet as a mere organ the sublimest ideas in words of corresponding weight and grandeur.

Much has been speculated about what Archer Butler calls that "singular accompaniment" (the demon), which to many minds has invested with the dignity of supernatural inspiration the deeds and words of Socrates ; especially when they remember that it was "just about the period when the *Hebrew* prophets were ceasing, that this celestial light arose in another land." Xenophon's assertion that Socrates pretended to nothing but what was included in the creed of every pious man is dismissed by Mr. Grote as a "not exact" statement of the matter in debate ; for it slurs over at least, if it does not deny, that speciality of inspiration from the gods, which those who talked with Socrates believed, and which Socrates himself believed also. By very many, the greatest of the disciples of Socrates, Plato, is accounted among the distinctively inspired.

As one of his commentators reminds us, Augustine, Origen, Jerome, Eusebius, Clement, do not hesitate to affirm that Christ Himself revealed His own high prerogatives to the most spiritual of Grecian philosophers. Others imply that there are principles involved in his depth of view which Plato himself never completely sounded; that "by a kind of inspiration he may have caught truths which were too vast for his own intelligence, or for any intelligence belonging to his position and period in the history of metaphysical inquiry." Zwinglius has been reproached for his enthusiasm in behalf of the great men of antiquity; but, pleads one apologist, Merle d'Aubigné, if he honoured them so highly, it was because he thought he beheld in them "the influence of the Holy Spirit." God's agency, far from being confined in ancient times within the limits of Palestine, had extended, in his opinion, over the whole world: *Spiritus ille cœlestis non solum Palestinam vel creaverat vel fovebat, sed mundum universum.* "Plato too," he said, "drank at the Divine source."¹

Luther might have taken particular exception to particular expressions of his fellow Reformers; but Luther too had "broad church" views of inspiration, in certain phases of its apparent influence. On being once asked what was the difference between Samson and Julius Cæsar, or any other celebrated general, endowed at once with vigour of body and vigour of mind, Luther indeed defined the distinction to lie in the gift to the former of the Holy Ghost. But, he added, in his Table-talk,—“The strength and the grandeur of soul of the heathen was also an inspiration and work of God,” though not of the kind which sanctifies. He would probably have concurred *ex animo* in such a use as De Quincey makes of the term, in a passage descriptive of what that eloquent writer

¹ Canon Kingsley, in his Alexandrian romance, makes one of his Neo-Platonists advert to the philosopher's idea of the righteous man as a crucified one. "We both," says Raphael to Hypatia, "and old Bishop Clement too, and Augustine himself, would agree that Plato, in speaking those strange words, spoke not of himself, but by the Spirit of God."—*Hypatia*, chap. xxvii.

considered the most memorable and effective charge recorded in military annals, by that "sublime regiment," the 23rd Dragoons, at Talavera, when they closed in and went down upon the enemy "with such divinity of fervour (I use the word *divinity* by design: the inspiration of God must have prompted this movement to those whom even then He was calling to His presence)." More complacently perhaps would Dr. Martin have approved the use of the term in quite another application, namely, by Dickens, to a gentle, timid, ministering spirit among the poor, herself one of them, but "inspired to be something which was not what the rest were, and to be that something, different and laborious, for the sake of the rest. Inspired? Yes. Shall we speak of the inspiration of a poet or a priest, and not of the heart impelled by love and self devotion to the lowliest work in the lowliest way of life?"

Consult the acutest poets and speakers—the suggestion occurs in a sermon by Dr. South—"and they will confess that their quickest and most admired conceptions were such as darted into their minds like sudden flashes of lightning, they knew not how nor whence"; and not by any certain consequence or dependence of one thought upon another, as in matters of reasoning. The reader of James Watt's narrative of his great discovery is struck by the fact that the principle itself seemed to "flash" upon him at a particular time and place,¹ with a spontaneity which has been called remarkable as a natural phenomenon, and which in other ages, says one of his biographers, would have been ascribed to supernatural agency. The system of anatomy which has made so memorable the name of Oken is, in Sir Humphry Davy's phrase, the consequence of a "flash of anticipation" which glanced through the naturalist's mind when he picked up, in a chance walk, the skull of a deer, bleached by the weather, and exclaimed, "It is a vertebral column!"

¹ One Sunday afternoon, while taking a walk on Glasgow Green, "when about half way between the Herd's House and Arn's Well," "at that part of the road the idea occurred to me," etc. These were Watt's reminiscences in 1817.

BOUND FOR THE LAND OF DARKNESS.

JOB x. 21, 22.

THOUGH his soul was weary of his life, Job would fain be spared, to take comfort a little, and recover his strength, before he went hence, to be no more seen. Went hence ; and went whither ? “ Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death ; a land of darkness, as darkness itself ; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.” If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness ! How stumble then the feet on the dark mountains !

“ Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot :
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling—’t is too horrible.”

Is it not, asks F. W. Robertson, true, that to the mass of men, to the larger part of a given congregation, there is no one point in all eternity on which the eye can fix distinctly and rest gladly,—nothing beyond the grave, except a dark space into which they must plunge alone ? Currer Bell forcibly describes the state of mind of a child, into whose head there enters one tranquil summer evening, yet by force of association and for the first time, a serious contemplation of death as a possibly proximate thing : “ How sad to be lying now on a sick bed, and to be in danger of dying ! This world is pleasant ; it would be dreary to be called from it, and to have to go who knows where ? ” And then her mind makes its first earnest effort to comprehend what had been infused into it concerning heaven and hell ; and recoils, baffled ; and for the first time glancing behind, on each side, and before it, sees all around an unfathomed gulf : it feels the point where it stands—the present ; all the rest is formless cloud and vacant depth ; and it shudders at the thought of tottering and plunging amid that chaos. The condition of our life has been said to be, that we stand on

a narrow strip of the shore, waiting till the tide, which has washed away hundreds of millions of our fellows, shall wash away us also into a country of which there are no charts, and from which there is no return. "What little we know about that unseen world comes to this—that it contains extremes of good and evil, awful and mysterious beyond all human expression or conception, and that those tremendous possibilities are connected with our conduct here." No wonder a Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*, is aghast at the prospect that so immediately confronts him. No wonder a Donatello, in *Transformation*, shrinks "from the battlemented wall with a face of horror," and exclaims,¹ to his companion, "Ah, no! I cling to life in a way which you cannot conceive; it has been so rich, so warm, so sunny!—and, beyond its verge, nothing but the chilly dark!" No wonder a Gabriel Varney, though carefully provided with the means of self-slaughter, shrinks with abject affright from the death by course of justice which suddenly overtakes him: that morbid excitability of fancy which had led him to strange delight in horror, now serves but to haunt him with the images of death in those ghastliest shapes, familiar to them who look only into the bottom of the charnel, and see but the rat and the worm, and the loathsome agencies of corruption. It is not the despair

¹ His companion, Kenyon, has asked him whether he has never felt, on a precipice, or height, an impulse to fling himself down headlong. Byron describes, indeed may be said to analyse, the sensation, in a passage pertinent to our subject:

"And there's a courage which grows out of fear,
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
The worst to *know* it:—when the mountains rear
Their peaks beneath your human feet, and there
You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a minute
Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

'T is true, you don't—but pale, and struck with terror,
Retire: but look into your past impression,
And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
Of your own thoughts, in all their self-confession,
The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
To the *unknown*; a secret prepossession,
To plunge with all your fears—but where? You know not,
And that's the reason why you do—or do not."

of conscience that seizes him, it is the abject clinging to life ; not the remorse of the soul, but the gross physical terror. His dread would scarcely extend from the first to the second of the two lines from Simeon Metaphrastes, as Englished by Mrs. Browning in her *Greek Christian Poets*—

“ Help me ! Death is bitter, all hearts comprehend ;
But I fear beyond it—end beyond the end.”

When the aged sorceress, in the *Last Days of Pompeii*, pleads hard with the Egyptian for a renewed lease of life, “ Tell me, I pray thee,” says Arbaces, “ wherefore thou wishest to live ? What sweets dost thou discover in existence ? ” “ It is not life that is sweet, but death that is awful,” replies the hag. As with the wavering wistful listener to the *Two Voices*, who, tempted to suicide, but knowing not the universe, fears but to slide from bad to worse, and lest, in seeking to undo one riddle, and to find the true, he knit a hundred others new :

“ Or that this anguish fleeting hence,
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,
Be fixed and frozen to permanence :

For I go, weak from suffering here ;
Naked I go, and void of cheer :
What is it that I may not fear ? ”

Or as with Mr. Lytton’s *Wanderer* musing on

“ What hopes in other worlds may hide ;
What griefs yet unexplored in this :
How fares the spirit within the wide
Waste tract of that abyss
Which scares the heart (since all we know
Of life is conscious sorrow)
Lest novel life be novel woe
In death’s undawned to-morrow.”

It is, as with Hamlet, “ the dread of something after death,” the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns, that puzzles the will ; and makes us rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.

For who—to apply the words of Milton’s desperate rather

than despairing querist—who would lose, though full of pain, this intellectual being, those thoughts that wander through eternity, to perish rather, swallowed up and lost in the wide womb of uncreated night, devoid of sense and motion? Milton's Adam, again, has a welcome for death at any hour whatever, so gladly would he meet mortality, his sentence, and be earth insensible—so glad would lay him down, as in his mother's lap; (indeed, what mother but earth had the first man known?) yet one doubt pursues him still, lest all he cannot die; lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man which God inspired, cannot together perish with the corporeal clod:

“ Then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? . . . That fear
Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head.”

Take a man, as nature hath made him, says Feltham of the *Resolves*, and it must be confessed there is some reason why he should fear death; because he knows not what it will do with him. “What he finds here, he sees and knows; what he shall find after death, he knows not. And there is no man but would rather continue in a moderate enjoyment, which he knows, than endure pain, to be delivered to uncertainties.” Like Elia, he would set up his tabernacle here. “A new state of being staggers me,” that frankest of essay writers is free to own, when referring to some who profess indifference to life, who hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge, and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. “Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, and execrate thee . . . as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as an universal viper: to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!” No affinity of temperament, here, to that of the New Phædo, with whom—or rather with whose moribund hero—conjecture “incorporates itself

into passion," so that he is impatient to pass that Ebon Gate, and be lord of the Eternal Secret. Madame de Sévigné owns to her daughter, that, despite all the crushing griefs of life, all its wearying woes and smarting vexations (*chagrins cuisants*), she is still less in love with death; is indeed so wretched at the thought of having to finish life by dying, that she could be reconciled to living her life over again, were that the alternative. "Oh, were it but swift and easy for the body," Scott makes his Mary Stuart, a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, say,— "were it but a safe and happy change for the soul, the woman lives not that would take the step¹ so soon as I! But, alas! when we think of death, a thousand sins, which we have trod as worms beneath our feet, rise up against us as flaming serpents."² And therefore she restrains herself, as Eudocia restrains the Syrian chieftain in the old play, with a

" . . . stay thee yet, O madness of despair!
And wouldst thou die? Think, ere thou leap'st the gulph
When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown way,
Canst thou return? What if the change prove worse!"

As David Hume, the philosopher, talked of his coming "leap in the dark," so Ings, the Cato Street conspirator, as he ascended the scaffold, said, "In ten minutes I shall know the great secret."³ *Le grand peut-être*, some style it. More than

¹ The one step there is betwixt a king's prison and his grave, as Machiavel has it.

² Margaret Hall, in *Archie Lovell*, meditating suicide from London's bridge of sighs, is said to have hungered to die; yet the sound of the river, the sight of the vessels, made her afraid. She is described as taking off her gloves, and holding her bare hands before her face with a sort of feeling of comfort from their warm touch. She turns her head from the river, feeling that life, any life, is sweet. "If at that moment she could be back in her lodgings, she thought, how good it would be to see the servant girl's face, and to go to her bed and sleep. The close, dull rooms, the noisome food, the ceaseless din from the streets without, were unutterably better than what she had before her now. They were life."

To Janet Dempster, again, in George Eliot's story of *Clerical Life*, life might mean anguish, might mean despair; "but, oh, she must clutch it, though with bleeding fingers; her feet must cling to the firm earth that the sunlight would revisit, not slip into the untried abyss, where she might long even for familiar pains."

³ Compare, or contrast, the state of mind of the condemned cell prisoner,—

once and again in Byron's Diary, we come across such entries as this, referring to death as likely to strike him soon. "Let it—I only wish the *pain* over. The 'leap in the dark' is the least to be dreaded." "Is there anything beyond?—*who* knows? He that can't tell. Who tells that there *is*? He who don't know. And when shall he know? perhaps, when he don't expect, and generally when he don't wish it." Despite his jaunty air of studied recklessness, Byron's writings, alike in verse and in prose, contain proof positive of his interest in what he calls

" . . . prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this
Its wretched essence."

Elsewhere he writes :

" . . . I gazed (as I have often gazed the same)
To try if I could wrench aught out of death
Which should confirm, or shake, or make a faith;
But it was all a mystery. Here we are,
And here we go:—but *where*?"

Burns, in sceptical mood—with him a chronic complaint, not but what it was at times acute too—declares the close of life to be dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun "had tried his beams athwart the gloom profound." The Scotch poet might have quoted (as he was fond of quoting) from his favourite English poet, Young, the lines on that

" . . . plunge opaque
Beyond conjecture, feeble nature's dread,
Strong reason's shudder at the dark unknown."

not criminal,—in Shakspeare, to whom the jailer says, "Look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go." "Yes, indeed, I do, fellow," replies Leonatus. "Your death has eyes in's head then," rejoins the jailer; "I have not seen him so pictured." "I tell thee, fellow," continues the doomed man, "there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them." Bent on having his quibble, as well as on having the last word, the jailer exclaims: "What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness!"—*Cymbeline*, act V., sc. 4.

The dying Nelly of *Cometh up as a Flower* speaks of her hand as on the thick black curtain, whose warp is darkness, and whose woof is grief: "when next the hedges, burgeoning now, are putting forth their sprouting green, I shall have raised the curtain, and have found out what there is behind it; but oh, my friends, I cannot come back to tell you; if I shriek with agony, if I laugh with rapture, at what I find there, you will not hear me."¹ What things are we, exclaims Violenzia in the tragedy, handling Ethel's sword,—

"That, like an infant groping in the dark,
 Feel not the edge of the bed! Bright instrument!
 I can unloose with thee the threads which bind me
 Unto this mortal state, and go—oh, whither?
 What is the dark that clips us round about,
 And the veiled power whose irresistible mood
 Plays with our helplessness?"²

¹ "Tell us, ye dead; will none of you in pity
 . . . disclose the secret. . . .
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?
 . . . Well, 'tis no matter:
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close."

This passage from Blair's *Grave* too was a pet quotation of Burns's, who made it the text of a rhetorical paragraph in one of his florid letters to Mrs. Dunlop, beginning, "Can it be possible, that when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence?" etc. Had he been as conversant with Chaucer, he might have been equally apt to quote a fragment from the *Knights Tale*:

"His spiryt chaunged was, and wente ther,
 As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher,
 Therefore I stynte, I am no dyvynistre."

² Compare the musings of Phocyas, in an older tragedy, Hughes's now all but forgotten and quite unread *Siege of Damascus*:

"But how to think of what the living know not,
 And the dead cannot, or else may not, tell?
 What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror!
 The way to thee we know: diseases, famine,
 Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates
 That day and night stand ready to receive us,—
 But what's beyond them? Who will draw that veil?
 Yet death's not there—No, 'tis a point of time,
 The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal beings.
 It mocks our thoughts! On this side all is life;
 And when we have reached it, in that very instant
 'Tis past the thinking of."

It is the owner of that sword, to Violenzia suggestive of self-slaughter, that, in a later scene, gazing on Robert and Arthur asleep, exclaims :

“ They are asleep ;—asleep ! and by to-morrow
They will have looked into the mystery,
And seen the other side of awful death.”

Mrs. Oliphant forcibly depicts, in Francis Ochterlony, the state of mind, not uncommon, of one who sees the shadow drawing nearer and nearer to his door, and though chilled at the first recognition, is not afraid of it, or much concerned in speculating on the issue. He is not very clear about the unseen world ; and if he be to end altogether, he may not greatly mind it ; but his state of feeling is, that God certainly knows all about it, and that He will arrange it all right. But, all the same for that, he is, like Jaazaniah¹ in *The Gayworthys*, going to bed in the dark. Great is the mystery of darkness—of that darkness beyond all. Great the possibilities of the *grand peut-être*, the mighty Perhaps,—for so the author of *Lucile* translates the French word of doubt, significantly sad :

“ The Future’s great veil our breath fitfully flaps,
And behind it broods ever the mighty Perhaps.”

—o—

THE PARTING ASUNDER OF PAUL AND BARNABAS.

ACTS xv. 39.

JEREMY TAYLOR, speaking of what he calls those “ earnest emissions and transports of passion,” which “ do sometimes declare the weakness of good men,” refers, by way of historical instance, to St. Epiphanius and St. Chrysostom

¹ “ The stupor passed off from him before he died. He lifted the eyelids they had thought he would never lift again. The eyes found Wealthy’s face. . . . There was the strange deep imploringness in them that eyes have, sometimes, taking their last look of earth. . . . ‘ You ain’t afraid, dear,’ Wealthy whispered. ‘ No,’ came the faint reply. ‘ It’s only going to bed in the dark. God knows when it’s time. He’ll wake me up in the morning.’ ”

growing once into choler, passing too far, and losing more than their argument—for they lost their reason, and they lost their patience; “and Epiphanius wished that St. Chrysostom might not die a bishop; and he, in a peevish exchange, wished that Epiphanius might never return to his bishopric: when they had forgotten their foolish anger, God remembered it, and said ‘Amen’ to both their cursed speakings.” But we are anon reminded of yet a greater example of human frailty; yet a more signal proof that in this particular even good men are sometimes unprosperous; yet a more stringent monition that, in this particular, we ought at least to endeavour to be more than conquerors over passion, because, on the bishop preacher’s showing, “God allows it not, and, by punishing such follies, does manifest that He intends that we should get victory over our sudden passions, as well as our natural lusts.” The greater example in question is from the Acts of the Apostles: alas, that it should be one of the acts of the apostles! “St. Paul and Barnabas were very holy persons; but once, in a heat, they were both to blame; they were peevish and parted company. This was not very much; but God was so displeased, even for this little fly in their box of ointment, that their story says they never saw one another’s face again.” That they never did may be charitably and hopefully questioned; for the assertion is perhaps as open to doubt as the supposition that they had been acquainted in early youth; by which supposition the very friendly way in which the son of consolation took Saul the convert by the hand, at the first, when all others eyed him askance, has been accounted for. No such hypothesis is required to account for the fact. Barnabas was eminently a “good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith.” He has been pronounced, with justice, one of the most lovable of all the characters set before us in Scripture; distinguished by a self denying liberality which prompted him to give all that he had to the cause of Christianity, by a meek, devout, and earnest spirit which led him to labour assiduously in the evangelist’s work, by the “hopeful and charitable views which he seems habitually to have taken

of all persons and events," and by the enduring zeal with which he sped his missionary course. While declining to compare Barnabas with his more illustrious companion in point either of ability or usefulness, Dr. Roberts submits that his "placid, considerate, and cautious disposition" may have exercised no small influence for good over "the more impetuous and impulsive spirit of the great apostle." The two friends are accordingly declared to have been admirably fitted for supplying each other's deficiencies. And their friendship lasted through many vicissitudes and trials, until at length it was interrupted by the dispute at Antioch touching the companionship of John, whose surname was Mark, dear to Barnabas as his sister's son, objectionable to Paul as an absentee.

The golden-tongued John whom the silver-tongued Jeremy cites as quarrelling with Epiphanius, as did Paul with Barnabas, himself shrewdly and impartially metes out perhaps the due measure of praise and blame when he says that, in respect of the contention at Antioch, Paul aimed at that which was strictly just, Barnabas at that which was kind and friendly. A biographer of St. Paul, already quoted, adverts to the general leaning towards the side of the apostle, and confesses that to him Barnabas appears to have had the best of the argument. Be that as it may, the fact of the disruption in dudgeon remains; a stubborn fact, and an ugly, yet an instructive. Mark in after years was endeared to Paul the aged as profitable to him in the ministry, and warmly recognised as such. But whether Paul and Barnabas ever really became friends again we can hope about, but have no certain knowledge.

"Alas !—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love !
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied ;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

A something, light as air—a look, a word unkind or wrongly taken—some difference of that dangerous sort, by which, though slight, the links that bind the fondest hearts may soon be riven. A word, or the want of a word, it has been said, is a little thing; but into the momentary wound or chasm, so made or left, throng circumstances; these thrust wider and wider asunder, till the whole round bulk of the world may lie between two lives.

Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale, murmuring o'er the name again, Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

“Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy dwells in realms above;
 And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 They parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between;—
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.”

It makes sport for the Philistines when there is a split between the saintly, real or reputed. “Words ran high even among these holy persons,” writes the historian of Latin Christianity, respecting the divisions among the clergy upon crusade details. Externally at least matters are mended; at any rate, manners are. After telling how, at the Council of Constance, the Archbishops of Milan and Pisa sprang from their seats in the midst of debate, closed like wild beasts, and nearly throttled each other, Mr. Dallas adds, “No such passion dare show itself in a modern Convocation.” Hot blood throbs

in some veins nevertheless, even in a modern Convocation; and the dissentients and disputants differ without by any means agreeing to differ, and without the least relish for Uncle Toby's notion of a theological difference between brother divines. "A great matter if they had differed!" said my uncle Toby, "the best friends in the world may differ sometimes." And, by the way, one of the parties to Captain Shandy's hypothetical difference is St. Paul himself; though the other is *not* Barnabas.

Strange to Milton's Raphael it seemed

" . . . that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father."

*Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*¹ Gibbon sneers at the passions to be deemed unworthy of a celestial breast, yet freely attributed to the saints. St. Andrew and St. Patrick are pictured by the latter saint's dean in heated controversy, raging and storming to a degree that warrants the *deus intersit*:

"Now words grew high: we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows,
But lest unruly passions should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from heaven descends," etc.

And readers of Burns will recal with ease the pungent tale of

¹ The *tantæne* taunt is a kind of cynical commonplace in miscellaneous literature. Boileau uses it in the first canto of *Le Lutrin*:

"Muse, redis-moi donc quelle ardeur de vengeance
De ces hommes sacrés rompit l'intelligence,
Et troubla si long-temps deux célèbres rivaux.
Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l'âme des dévots?"

Mr. Carlyle says of the Voltaire and Maupertuis feud: "And the result is, there is considerable rage in one celestial mind against another male one in red wig and yellow bottom," etc.,—just as in a previous volume he had said of Queen Sophie Dorothee venting her august wrath on the Princess Wilhelmina, "Can there be such wrath in celestial minds, venting itself so unreasonably?" To apply a late poet's epigram—

⌈ " 'T is not Lucilla that you see amid the cloud and storm:
'T is Anger. . . . What a shame that he assumes Lucilla's form!"

how the twa best herds in a' the wast, that e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, for five-and-twenty simmers past, O! dool to tell, had had a bitter black out-cast atween themsel'.

“O, M——y, man, and wordy R——ll,
How could you raise so vile a bustle?
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine!”

Mr. Toplady was as remote from the new-light school as from the Kilmarnock pastors whose feud made them merry, but he made all the mirth he could out of the bickerings, tiffs, and downright quarrels of the “perfect” people under Wesley’s wing, reminding Wesley, in after days, of his scheme of collecting as many perfect ones as he could to live under one roof; a number of these flowers being transplanted accordingly from “some of your nursery beds to the hothouse. And a hothouse it soon proved. For, would you believe it! the sinless people quarrelled in a short time at so violent a rate, that you found yourself forced to disband the whole regiment.” Elsewhere the same trenchant assailant of Arminianism in all its ramifications relates the story of a lady of his acquaintance, who, in the early stage of her religious profession, imbibed the notion of sinless perfection, which she at last “concluded herself to have attained” (unlike the apostle’s Not as though I had already attained, etc.); professing to have a heart filled with nothing but pure and perfect love, and from which all sin had been eradicated. But being one day provokingly contradicted by her husband,¹ the perfect lady was so very near boxing

¹ To some feminine temperaments the *not* being contradicted, but suffered to run on, without curb or check, by a phlegmatic listener, is more exasperating still. Witness Mrs. Proudie at one crisis of her career, when the bishop says nothing, and hears all. “Mrs. Proudie was boiling over with wrath. Alas! alas! could she but have kept her temper as her enemy did, she would have conquered as she had ever conquered. But divine anger got the better of her, as it has done of other heroines, and she fell.”—Barchester Towers, chap. xxvi.

Noblesse oblige, as well as sanctity; and not only *noblesse*, but the having merely associated with it. So at least, with some naïveté, opines a common friend of those two wits and notables, Henry Luttrell and Samuel Rogers, who, by his account, were both of them bad tempered, and ever

his ears, that the narrow miss gave her a shock, and reflection made her dubious of the absolute perfectness of her soul and spirit. She hastened for an explanation to the leader of the perfect people; and he, consistently with the theory so dear to him and them, assured her that the ugly sensation she had been feeling, when prompted to cuff her good man, was "nothing but a little animal nature." "Animal nature! No, it was animal devil!" exclaimed the disenchanted dame, who then and there renounced perfection as a thing attained, and was none the less likely to press on towards it as a thing to be pursued. It may be said of her that she did well to be angry with her leader, though not with her husband, honest indignation being surely, if a fault, yet, in Swift's language,

" . . . a fault we often find
Mixed in a noble, generous mind."

But to return to the question of sundered friendships. Iandor compares friendship to a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once, for it can never be trusted after. "The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never." This is said in the imaginary conversation between Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney, and a parallel passage occurs in that between Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo, where the latter says that we may make a large hole in a brick wall and easily fill it up, while the slightest flaw in a ruby or a chrysolite is irreparable. "Thus it is in minds. The ordinary soon take offence, and (as they call it) make it up again; the sensitive and delicate are long-suffering, but their wounds heal imperfectly, if at all." As effectually lost, on this showing, is the reality of friendship as, to apply the imagery of

and anon fell out. "On one occasion I was the innocent cause of a dreadful quarrel, during which they used such language to each other as none could have expected from the lips of two men who had associated not only with the highest nobility, but with kings and queens."—*Life of Malone*, p. 280.

Shakspeare's *Passionate Pilgrim*, as faded gloss no rubbing will refresh, as dead flowers withering on the ground, "as broken glass no cement can redress."¹ St. Francis of Sales, on the other hand, in combating the purport of the adage, *Never rely on a reconciled foe*, declared his preference for a contrary maxim, and maintained that a quarrel between friends, when made up, added a new tie to friendship; "as experience shows that the callosity formed round a broken bone makes it stronger than before." Those who are reconciled he accordingly describes as renewing their friendship with increased warmth; and the offender is on his guard against a relapse, and anxious to atone for past unkindness; just as the offended glory in forgiving and forgetting the wrongs that have been done to them. Cowper makes use of the osteological simile when he asserts, in one of his minor poems, that

" . . . friendship, like a severed bone,
Improves and joins a stronger tone
When aptly reunited."

Southey holds it safe to affirm that generous minds, when they have once known each other, can never be wholly alienated as long as both retain the characteristics which brought them into union. "There are even some broken attachments in friendship as well as in love which nothing can destroy, and it sometimes happens that we are not conscious of their strength till after the disruption."

A paragraph of Hazlitt's essay, named, like an entire volume of Emerson's, on the *Conduct of Life*, opens with the monition never to quarrel with tried friends, or those one wishes to con-

¹ This is the point of the broken cup, symbolising family jars, in one of the early chapters of Mr. Thackeray's *Virginians*. "George, after looking at the cup [a china cup, by which the widow set great store, as her father had always been accustomed to drink from it], raised it, opened his hand, and let it fall on the marble slab below him. Harry had tried in vain to catch it. 'It is too late, Hal!' George said; 'you will never mend it again, never.'" George Warrington has a fever soon after the quarrel with his mother, "during which illness his brain once or twice wandered, when he shrieked out, 'Broken! broken! It never, never can be mended!'" —chaps. v., vi.

tinue such. "Wounds of this sort are sure to open again. When once the prejudice is removed that sheathes defects, familiarity only causes jealousy and distrust." And then comes the sombre counsel: "Do not keep on with a mockery of friendship after the substance is gone; but part, while you can part friends. Bury the carcase of friendship; it is not worth embalming." Sombre indeed is the moral of Miriam's sundered friendships, in Hawthorne's Roman romance; as where she and Donatello part, so soon after the semblance of such mighty love, part, in all outward show, as coldly as people part whose whole mutual intercourse has been encircled within a single hour; or as where she and Hilda recognise a henceforth inevitable estrangement.¹ And estrangements are truly said by Mr. Hayward² to be commonly durable in proportion to the closeness of the tie that has been severed or loosened. Vain is the wistful query of Guilbert in Mr. Browning's play, 'Yet—if lost confidence might be renewed?' "Never in noble natures," is Gaucelme's prompt and peremptory reply. With the baser ones, he allows,

"Twist off the crab's claw, wait a smarting-while,
And something grows and grows and gets to be

¹ "Miriam at once felt a great chasm opening itself between them two. They might gaze at one another from the opposite side, but without the possibility of ever meeting more." I see too plain, she might say with Talfourd's Halbert, our paths diverge;—but let us not forget that we have trod life's early way together, hand clasped in hand. In one of his sonnets again, the author of *Ivanhoe* makes touching mention of the way in which love will sometimes

". . . perversely cleave to some old mate
Estranged by fortune."

² In his life of Mrs. Piozzi—between whom and her eldest daughter (Miss Thrale) it was a moral impossibility, he asserts, that a perfect feeling of confidence and affection should ever be restored. Each may yearn for a reconciliation, but in ignorance that the feeling is reciprocated; and each therefore perseveres in casting upon the other the blame of the prolonged coldness. We find in Mrs. Piozzi's diary such entries as this: "Oh, little does she know how tenderly at this moment I could run into her arms, so often opened to receive me with a cordiality I believed inalienable." (*Life and Writings of Mrs. Piozzi*, i., 161, 166.) Few can doubt that the balance of warmth was in the mother's favour, however they may incline to distribute the blame of the severance.

A mimic of the lost joint, just so like
 As keeps in mind it never, never will
 Replace its predecessor ! Crabs do that :
 But lop the lion's foot—and "

there an end.

Mr. Charles Reade speaks of the beginning of a quarrel, where the parties are bound by affection, though opposed in interest and sentiment, as comparatively innocent ; both are perhaps in the right at first starting, and then it is that a calm judicious friend, capable of seeing both sides, is a gift from heaven. For, it is added, the longer the dissension endures, the wider and deeper it grows by the fallibility and irascibility of human nature : these are not confined to either side, and finally the invariable end is reached, both in the wrong. A thoughtful essayist on the subject of Quarrels holds it to be worth remembering, however, that a man who has never had one has probably never had a friend ; the only person who manages to get on without estrangements, lasting or temporary, being one who can be quite content without attachments. The fatal law, that the side on which we are most susceptible of pleasure is also that on which we may have inflicted on us the deepest pain, is shown to apply as well to friendship as to all other occasions of emotion. Commenting on the fact that quarrels and estrangements fill up unfortunately a not inconsiderable space in life, the author of *Modern Characteristics* holds the curious and mortifying thing about such quarrels to be, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they seem to rise out of mistakes, and to be, what they are sometimes euphemistically called, simple misunderstandings, which only require explanations to dissolve them into space. Why, he asks, do grown up people encourage even temporary estrangements ?¹ they at least ought to have something better to do

¹ "Of all the many ingenious devices to which men and women have resorted for the purpose of inflicting torment upon themselves, this is the most unailing—to encourage an estrangement with somebody for whom at bottom they have a sincere affection or liking."—*Modern Characteristics*, p. 25.

with their time; and with them the reconciliation is much more difficult to bring about than in the case of young folks, and much less complete when it is brought about. "It was ✓ ever my persuasion," Cicero affirms, "that all friendships should be maintained with a religious exactness, but especially those which are renewed after a quarrel; for whenever, after a reconciliation, any new offence is given, it never passes for negligent, but wilful, and is not imputed to indiscretion, but to perfidy." But even with a first estrangement, when reconciliation is brought about, "the silver link may be reunited," in the words of the essayist on Quarrels, but the chain is irreparably weakened, except in the rare cases where natural sympathy between the two, is so strong and irresistible as to overwhelm with a rush every lurking consciousness of a grievance. The most trifling thing is constantly proved to be enough to breed a grievance; the smallest of seeds, in Scripture diction the mustard seed, taking root downwards, becomes a root of bitterness, striking deep down, and spreading far around.

Goethe indeed says of the friendships of early life that, like relationships of blood, they have this important advantage, that mistakes and misunderstandings never produce irreparable injury, and that the old regard will always, after a time, re-establish itself. But there is too much of truth in the allegation that a friendship which has perished from a vaguely cherished grievance, fostered in its course on all manner of real or imaginary disgusts, and at length ending in thorough alienation, scarcely ever comes to life again. "A friend lost by excessive heat may easily be restored; but if you have lost him by an excessive coolness, of slow and seemingly inexplicable growth, the chances are strong against a renewal of the old liking." This reflection is urged as serious enough of itself alone to make men more careful than they are about opening the tiniest hole to a feeling of aggrievedness; for that is the letting out of waters which may probably never be gathered in again.

When a real and strong affection has come to an end, it is

not well, says Hawthorne's Coverdale, to mock the sacred past with any show of those commonplace civilities that belong to ordinary intercourse. He is speaking of the breach between himself and Hollingsworth, at Brook Farm. "Being dead henceforth to him, and he to me, there could be no propriety in our chilling one another with the touch of two corpselike hands, or playing at looks of courtesy with eyes that were impenetrable beneath the glass and the film." Accordingly, when the two meet on a friend's doorstep, Coverdale resists a momentary impulse to hold out his hand, or at least to give a parting nod; and they pass each other as if mutually invisible. "Think not," says Schiller's Wallenstein, of that Piccolomini with whom for thirty years he had shared joy and hardship,—sleeping together in one camp bed, drinking from one glass, parting one morsel,—“Think not that I will honour

That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now passed by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness.”

Hate and vengeance, in the Duke of Friedland's case, succeed; “for never,” in Milton's words, “can true reconciliation grow, where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.” Painfully true, in spite of the solace it is meant to suggest, is what a latter day moralist says of certain forms of abused friendship, that the lad with whom you used to play, who was your closest friend at college, is in reality not the same person as the mean knave who abuses your friendship in order to play you a scurvy trick; there is the old friend, and there is the new-born knave. “The new-comer is no friend, and never was.” You may, it is allowed, justly and poignantly lament that the old friend is dead. Dr. South's question is its own answer,—“*To be* an enemy, and once to *have been* a friend, does it not embitter the rupture, and aggravate the calamity?” But the pathos of the *have been*—and are not all *have beens* in some sort pathetic?—is denied to be any reason why old associations should be allowed to cluster round the new and degenerate nature, to the exclusion of a just recognition of the fact that it is new and

degenerate. The same writer who owns how shallow it would be to deny that all estrangements, all ruptures with a sweet and pleasant past, have a deeply pathetic side, which unhappily is likely to escape no one, calls attention to the other side as less familiar, and as containing a certain grain of comfort.



THE BLASPHEMY OF DESPAIR.

JOB i. 9.

VARIOUS readings are offered of the terrible language imputed by our version to Job's wife, when she bids the ruined, childless, plague stricken man "curse God and die." Apologetic readings some of them are, tending to tone down or explain away that suggested blasphemy of despair. One scholar turns it into "Bid farewell to God, and die." Another even proposes as the true rendering, "Give thanks to God, and die." Common sense exegesis objects to these euphemistic innovations, that Job's reply proves him to have understood her as inciting him to "reject, renounce, or curse" his Maker. The accepted import of her words is, that she looked upon the Most High as unworthy of the patriarch's confidence, and upon submission to Him as unreasonable; that she wished her husband to give maledictory expression to this, and be relieved from his misery. In desperate case, let him vent his despair in a curse. Satan had confidently asserted that, once touched in bone and flesh by the hand of God, Job would curse Him to His face. And Job's wife prompted the peremptory fulfilment of Satan's pledged word. What could despair do better, or worse, than blaspheme? What was left to him, from whom all was taken, but to hurl upwards one strong curse, and then die?

Of the man whose sole joy and inheritance is the earth he treads upon, it is said by Dr. South that what supports his feet must support his heart also: "he cannot, like Job, rest upon that Providence that places him upon a dunghill." Such a

person, the old divine proceeds to say, if he does not faint and sink in adversity, will on the contrary "murmur and tumultuate, and blaspheme the God that afflicts him." A bold and stubborn spirit, it is added, naturally throws out its malignity this way. "It will make a man die cursing and raving, and even breathe his last in a blasphemy"; for no one knows how high the corruption of some natures will work and foam, when provoked and exasperated by affliction.

Ercles' vein is also the vein of Job's wife, with some of our old dramatists, as well as very many of our modern romancers. The hero in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* complains, of or for his species, that we wring ourselves into this world to pule and weep, exclaim, to curse and rail,

"To fret and ban the Fates, to strike the earth,
As I do now. Antonio, curse thy birth,
And die."¹

One of Smollett's "heroes" unheroically gives in to calamity, and betakes him forthwith to that last resource, and worst of all, the blasphemy of despair: "I cursed the hour of my birth, the parents that gave me being, the sea that did not swallow me up, the poignard of the enemy, which could not find the way to my heart, . . . and in the ecstasy of despair resolved to lie still where I was and perish." Half a dozen chapters farther on, he is in the like evil case and evil mood: "I revolved all the crimes I had been guilty of, and found them

¹ One of Miss Braddon's heroes declares that scarcely ever went there a ruffian out of prison doors who had not been more regretted by some one or other than ever *he* should be. "Knowing this, can you wonder that I have learned to recognise the sublimity of Job's patience? It is so easy to curse God, and die!" That is tall talk by one whose present cue is talking. But it goes beyond talk with Pope's reprobate knight, actually *in articulo mortis*,

"And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies."

And so with the guilty wretch in Cooper's *Prairie*, whose shrieks are heard afar by the squatter and his mates. "At length there came a cry which . . . appeared to fill each cranny of the air, as the visible horizon is often charged to fulness by one dazzling flash of the electric fluid. The name of God was distinctly audible, but it was awfully and blasphemously blended with sounds that may not be repeated," and that made even that rough squatter cover his ears with his hands.

so few and venial, that I could not comprehend the justice of that Providence which, after having exposed me to so much wretchedness and danger, left me a prey to famine at last," etc. Gerard Eliassoen, in the *Cloister and the Hearth*, maddened by treachery and apparent abandonment, can forget himself, his past, his present, his future, so far as to bring his incoherent cries to this climax, "Then there is no God." A chapter later, and still of the same mind—or out of his mind rather, he has his frenzy fit of maledictions. His malison he bestows on the church, on the world, on life, on death, "and whosoever made them what they are." In an earlier book of Mr. Reade's it is the Job of the story who is for cursing, and the Job's wife who restrains, remonstrates with him, and is his better, not his bad, angel. They and their children are starving, and the wife says, "We must pray to heaven to look down upon us and our children." "You forget," says the man sullenly, "our street is very narrow, and the opposite houses are very high." "James!" "How can Heaven be expected to see what honest folk endure in so dark a hole as this?" cries the man fiercely, though a much enduring man hitherto. "James!" again exclaims the wife, with reproachful fear and sorrow, "what words are these?" The man gets up from his pen work, and flings his pen upon the floor. "Have we given honesty a fair trial?" he cries: "yes or no?" "No," says the woman, without a moment's hesitation; "not till we die as we have lived. Heaven is higher than the sky; children," she says, lest perchance her husband's words may harm their young souls, "the sky is above the earth, and heaven is higher than the sky; and Heaven is just."¹ The

¹ "I suppose it is so," says the man, a little cowed by her. "Everybody says so. I think so, at bottom, myself; but I can't see it. I want to see it, but I can't," he cries fiercely. "Have my children offended Heaven? They will starve, they will die! If I was Heaven, I'd be just, and send an angel to take these children's part. They cried to me for bread: I had no bread; so I gave them hard words. The moment I had done that, I knew it was all over. God knows it took a long while to break my heart; but it is broken at last; quite, quite broken! broken! broken!" And the poor thing lays his head upon the table, and sobs,

outburst of Seleucus in Corneille, *Que le ciel est injuste*, is hushed by his brother's rebuke, *Plaignons-nous sans blasphème*. A look, however, may be eloquent with the blasphemy of despair, even when the lips are locked,—as with the Laocoon of the poet, when he

“ . . . to heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half accusing, cast ;
His fell despair with indignation mixed.”

In Luther's Table-talk there occurs a passage to this effect : “Dr. Justus Jonas asked me if the thoughts and words of the prophet Jeremiah were Christianlike, when he cursed the day of his birth. I said : We must now and then wake up the Lord God with such words. Jeremiah had cause to murmur in this way.” He could have borne with the poetical licence of Paracelsus, pleading, remonstrating :

“Dost Thou well, Lord? Hadst Thou but granted him
Success,¹ Thy honour would have crowned success,
A halo round a star. Or, say he erred,—
Save him, dear God ; it will be like Thee ; bathe him
In light and life ! Thou art not made like us ;
We should be wroth in such a case ; but Thou
Forgivest : so, forgive these passionate thoughts,
Which come unsought, and will not pass away.”

beyond all power of restraint. But already may be heard through his sobbings the footfall of an angel of mercy—a sister of it, at least—on the stairs, and at the door.

¹ “There is something in success,” writes Laman Blanchard to Douglas Jerrold, “that is necessary to the softening and sweetening of the best disposed natures.” The lessons of adversity, remarks the Caxtonian philosopher, are not always salutary ; sometimes they soften and amend, but as often they indurate and pervert. “If we consider ourselves more harshly treated by fate than those around us, and do not acknowledge in our own deeds the justice of the severity, we become too apt to ease ourselves in defiance,” etc. Such a self assured victim we sometimes see

“With wistful eyes forlorn stand mutely by,
Reproaching life with some unuttered loss.”

Or else to apply Wordsworth's lines, in hotter mood, striving to plead

“Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense
Deathlike, of treacherous desertion, felt
In the last place of refuge—his own soul.”

Rousseau indites an upbraiding protest against having been born with exquisite faculties, and denied scope for their fitting exercise. "*Il me semblait que la destinée me devait quelque chose qu'elle ne m'avait pas donné.*" Destiny was in his debt, on the score of this alleged "injustice," and the creditor rather exults than otherwise in asserting his dues and presenting his balance sheet.

Beethoven's plaint is in another key; the strain we hear from him is in another mood. "O Providence! vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity. How long have I been estranged from the glad echo of true joy! When, O my God! when shall I again feel it in the temple of nature and of man? Never? Ah, that would be too hard."

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck in her autobiography owns, while shuddering at the retrospect, that at one time she, in the depths of her heart, although with the lips she did not confess it, rebelled against her Maker as One who had doomed her to a life of misery, giving her no hope of life beyond the grave; and binding her by an iron law, which He had given her no heart to love and no power to fulfil; and subjecting her, in His providence, not only to ill health, but to the unkindness of some around her, who seemed to preclude her even from plucking the brief blossoms which sometimes occur to the most desolate.¹ As though she had been, like Ginevra in the *Legend of Florence*, a creature that from childhood upwards had known not what it was to shed a tear, which others met with theirs. Wherefore, hers "did learn to hush themselves, and young,

¹ Quoting the common proverb with respect to honesty, "It is hard for the empty purse to stand upright," the devout author of *Select Memoirs of Port Royal* thinks it to be as true with respect to kindness, "It is hard for the heart that is not replenished with a sense of receiving love to give forth love." If such be the deplorable result on hearts which have wanted the fostering effects of human love, "what must be the state of that miserable heart which is destitute of the Fountain of all love, which has no perception of the love of God!" In such an instance, calamities are met, according to this author's experience as well as observation, by stupefying the soul in indifference, hardening the heart in rebellion, or sharpening the spirit in acrimony against God and against man.—Autobiography of M. A. Schimmelpenninck, vol. i., pp. 306, 310, *seq.*

grew dry." *Est-ce juste, O mon Dieu ?* the querulous query of M. de Bernard's distressed dame, is a stereotyped phrase in French fiction. Such a book as George Sand's *Lélia*, in which she "revels in all the abysses of scepticism," our English critics designate a mere tissue of blasphemous nonsense, if we judge it only by the results to which it leads ; no one is made happier or better by reading it, its philosophy is "nothing but a senseless screech against God."¹ In France this may be done, a

¹ When Chateaubriand's Chactas, in his despair at the death of Atala, breaks out with "Périssè le Dieu qui contrarie la nature!" and fiercely demands what the old missionary, le père Aubry, is come to those forests for,—“Te sauver (dit le vieillard d'une voix terrible), et t'empêcher, blasphémateur, d'attirer sur toi la colère celeste! . . . Quand tu auras, comme le père Aubry, passé trente années exilé sur les montagnes, tu seras moins prompt à juger les desseins de la Providence.”

Chactas the uncivilised has more than a match in the Valentine of *Charlotte's Inheritance*, whose "prayers" for the deliverance of his beloved from the jaws of death take this almost naïf form of blasphemy: "All my days will I give to Thy service, if Thou wilt spare her to me. If Thou dost not, I will be an infidel and a pagan, the vilest and most audacious of sinners. Better to serve Lucifer than the God who could so afflict me." This is almost better than the celebrated story of that "most learned and unfortunate Italian," Anthony Urceus of Forli, who, when his library was on fire, broke out into a frantic address to the Second Person of the Trinity, demanding of Him by His human name, "What mighty crime have I committed? whom of your followers have I ever injured, that you thus rage with inexpiable hatred against me?" And worse follows.

Dr. J. G. Holland's *Kathrina*, though of the *Angel in the House* school, is curious in its redundancy of experiences and thence of expressions that pertain to the blasphemy of despair. The poet autobiographer (for the second title of the book *Kathrina* is, *Her Life and Mine*) very frequently in early life finds his prayers unanswered, and he is frenzied accordingly. That his gentle father should die in his prime, how could One presumably "ineffable for strength and tenderness, permit such fate to him and woe to us?" That his mother should lose her reason, though praying hard to retain it, "ah, why should she, who only sought for God, be given to a devil? Why should she who begged for bread be answered with a stone?—questions all the fiends within me answered as they would.

"O God! O Father! how I hated Thee!
Nay, how within my angry soul I dared
To curse Thy sacred name!"

Later again, under fresh disaster, "To what blaspheming utterance I gave my raving passion, may the God I cursed forbid my shrinking memory to recal!" Every pitying friend had flown his presence and the room, to escape the sound of words "that roused their superstitious souls to fear that God would smite him through the blinding smoke of his great torment."

reviewer of that book goes on to say ; there, a woman is quite at liberty to shriek about the universe if she likes ; and in *Lélia* we see how it may be done. "In England we manage things differently. We do not want to have people here pouring out their crude philosophy, or sounding the abyss of doubt, or calling God to the tiny bar of their babyish insolence. We think them silly and wicked if they do anything of the sort, and we tell them so, and kick them, and keep them under if they defy our prohibition."

Woe to him, said the prophet, that striveth with his Maker ! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth. But the potsherd is for aiming higher than that.

The passionate Zenobia, of Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, confessedly vain, weak, unprincipled ("like most of my sex ; for our virtues, when we have any, are merely impulsive and intuitive"), yet cannot refrain from flinging upwards an implied reproach, when she claims to be "a creature whom only a little change of earthly fortune, a little kinder smile of Him who sent me hither," might have made all that a woman can be ! Or glance at Mrs. Transome, in *Felix Holt*, resenting the hardness of the son for whom she has borne so much. "She was not penitent. She had borne too hard a punishment.

And, once more, here is the last of the stanzas he indites on the subject, and with the express title of *Despair* :

"Oh, man who begot me ! Oh, woman who bore !
 Why, why did you call me to being and breath ?
 With ruin behind me, and darkness before,
 I have nothing to long for, or live for, but death !"

What had she done, exclaims Longfellow's Flemming, on the tragical ending of Emma of Ilmenau, to be so tempted in her weakness, and perish ? "Why didst Thou suffer her gentle affections to lead her thus astray ?" But through the silence of the awful midnight the voice of an avalanche answers from the distant mountains, and seems to say, "Peace ! peace ! Why dost thou question God's providence ?"

A dramatic fragment of Mr. Procter's narrates the wild career of a reckless prince, whose fate, by a Spanish superstition, is as that of Lot's wife ; for, on one dull dawn, which showed him lurking to relentless foes,

"He flung some terrible reproach at heaven ;
 Laughed at its God, 't is said, and cursed the sun :
 Whereat the broad eye of the day unclosed,
 And stared him into stone !"

Always the edge of calamity had fallen on *her*. Who had felt for her? She was desolate. God had no pity, else her son would not have been so hard." "It is too hard to bear, dear," she murmurs to the Esther to whom in her desolation she clings so fast: "I am old, and expect so little now—a very little thing would seem great. Why should I be punished any more?" Compare the strain of the same author's Janet Dempster, in *Scenes of Clerical Life*. "You are tired of hearing me," she tells her mother: "you are cruel, like the rest! every one is cruel in this world. Nothing but blame, blame, blame; never any pity! God is cruel to have sent me into the world to bear all this misery." Janet is implored not to say that, not to think that. It is not for us to judge, her mother submits; we must be thankful for the gift of life. "Thankful for life!" the other rejoins: "why should I be thankful? God has made me with a heart to feel, and He has sent me nothing but misery. . . . There's no help for me, no hope. I can't kill myself; I've tried, but I can't leave this world and go to another. There may be no pity for me there, as there is none here."¹ Janet's mother had sometimes said that troubles were sent to make us better and draw us nearer to God; but what mockery this has seemed to Janet, whose troubles have been sinking her from year to year, pressing upon her like heavy, fever-laden vapours, and perverting the very plenitude of her nature into a deeper source of disease! "Oh, if some ray of hope, of pity, of consolation, would pierce through the horrible gloom, she might believe *then* in a Divine love—in a heavenly Father who cared for His children!" The day dawns at last when Janet Dempster can refer to the dark and dreary past when she was only angry and discontented² because she had pain to bear; and can eagerly

¹ The answer to this is a true mother's answer, a true woman's. "Janet, my child, there *is* pity. Have I ever done anything but love you? And there is pity in God. Hasn't He put pity in your heart for many a poor sufferer? Where did it come from if not from Him?"—Janet's Repentance, chap. xiv.

² There is a rich banker's daughter in another well known fiction, also of woman's workmanship, of whom we read that, in the sovereign vitality

ask another, her spiritual guide, whether he had ever known the wicked feeling she had had so often, that God was cruel to send her trials and temptations worse than others have.

The reader of *The Gayworthys* may remember the clergyman's interview, in Selport jail, with Blackmere the sailor, who, warned against hardness of heart, and reminded that he may shortly be sent to meet his God, shocks his spiritual adviser by answering, as he takes the pipe out of his mouth, "I'd like to see that Person. I'd have a word or two to say to Him if I once found Him." The words were blasphemous perhaps, and God's minister was shocked, the author says; but "it may be, God saw deeper, and was more pitiful than angry." Some dozen chapters later, an account is given of Blackmere's previous history—as of a man who had doubted, doubted fiercely, and upbraidingly, as one who felt there *ought* to be a God, and a guidance, and a good in the world; but who had been hardened and bewildered, till he was all adrift and could not make it seem to be; but he had not positively denied. "In his darkest hour, when, with a seeming blasphemy, he had wished that he might 'see that Person,' it had been the desperate utterance of a goaded soul, longing instinctively for the One only possible redress." Nobody of the Ned Blackmere type has Mr. Kingsley in view when, contrasting the poetry,

of her nature, she had rebelled against sorrow as a strange and unnatural part of her life; had demanded happiness almost as a right; had wondered at her afflictions, and been unable to understand why she should be thus afflicted. There are natures, we are reminded, which accept suffering with patient meekness, and acknowledge the justice by which they suffer; but the sufferer in question had never done this: her joyous soul had revolted against sorrow, and she, now the storm cloud had passed and left the sky serene for a while, inclined to challenge Providence with her claim to be happy for evermore.

Mrs. Oliphant's Grace Maitland, again, confesses to feeling discontented and repining, "impious in those strange black moods of mine, as if all the world besides was happy, and I only miserable beyond my desert. . . . Do you remember that terrible scene in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, where Christian is so sorely assailed in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—sorest of all by the blasphemies whispered in his ear by his spiritual enemies, and which he fears are the product of his own mind? I am growing to a better understanding of that now."—Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside, chap. xii.

such as it is, of Alexander Pope with that of a much later and smaller Alexander, he calls attention to the *Essay on Man* as a thing to be read and pondered by "young men of the Job's wife school," who fancy it a fine thing to tell their readers to curse God and die, or at least to show the world in print how they could curse God by divine right of genius, if they chose. What, he asks, would the author of the *Essay on Man* say to "any one who now wrote p. 137 (for it really is not to be quoted) of the *Life Drama* as the thoughts of his hero, without any after atonement for the wanton insult it conveys towards Him whom he dares in the same breath to call 'Father,' simply because he wants to be something very fine and famous and self glorifying, and Providence keeps him waiting awhile?"¹ Less to Job's wife with her counsel of cursing is such as Blackmere to be compared, than to Job himself, venting the wistful utterance, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat!" Of that, and of parallel passages in the book of Job, the rude seaman's quasi blasphemy is but, so to speak, a marginal reading,—an idiomatic reading truly, and with a wide margin.



A BROTHER IN BLOOD.

GENESIS iv. 1 *seq.*

CAIN, tiller of the ground, own brother to Abel, keeper of sheep. In more than one sense, a brother in blood. The manslayer and the gentle shepherd² are both Eve's

¹ 'Has not Pope said it already?

'Persist, by all Divine in man unawed;
But learn, ye dunces, not to scorn your God.'

And yet no; the gentle goddess [Dulness, of the Dunciad] would now lay no such restriction on her children, for in Pope's day no man had discovered the new poetic plan for making the Divine in man an excuse for scorning God, and finding in the dignity of 'heaven-born genius' free licence to upbraid, on the very slightest grounds, the Being from whom the said genius pretends to derive his dignity."—Miscellanies, by Charles Kingsley, vol. i., pp. 281, 283.

² One likes to think of Abel as of David in early days at Bethlehem, as

children. The fratricide and his meek victim both called Adam father. Look here upon this picture, and on this, in

a shepherd lad, of the type idealised by Bunyan in the Valley of Humiliation, where the pilgrims in their progress espy "a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but [like the son of Jesse] of a fresh and well favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself he sung." And Mr. Greatheart bids the pilgrims hearken to the song, which is of lowliness and contentment; and dares to say this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet.

It is not often that Samuel Pepys in his *Diary* verges on the poetical, or touches on sentiment; but for once he does so in describing a visit to his "cozen Pepys's" house in Surrey, and how he and his companions ranged the woodland, and lost themselves in the thickets, and "walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd, and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him. . . . He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after." The loneliness of the shepherd boy's daily life is a material part of the interest associated with him; as even with the young Mongol shepherd whom *le père Huc* describes on a mount, "silently smoking his pipe," (a jar on the harmony of the picture; he ought to have been playing on it,) while his flock grazed amid the ruined ramparts around, half buried in grass as in a funeral shroud,—no other human being to be seen. Byron's picture of a view in Greece, polluted by no city towers, and where men are few, scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot, comprises this glimpse of pastoral existence:

"But, peering down each precipice, the goat
Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short lived shock."

Cowper's poem on Retirement omits not, accordingly, so obvious an illustration as that of

" . . . the boy, who, when the breeze of morn
First shakes the glittering drops from every thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush
Sits linking cherry stones, or plating rush;

* * * * *

To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
To snare the mole, or with ill fashioned hook
To draw the incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew."

the earliest annals of human existence, "the counterfeit presentment of two brothers,"—but the elder, "like a mildewed ear, blasting his wholesome brother." Sin was already in the world, and death by sin; else, to apply what Kent says of Cordelia and her unnatural sisters,

"Else one self, mate and mate, could not beget
Such different issue:"

differing as Edmund from Edgar, as Regan from Cordelia, as Cain from Abel. Or, to apply again what Fidele replies to Cadwal's query, "Are we not brothers?"

". . . So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike."

William Browne, the Tavistock poet of the seventeenth century, has some charming lines on pastoral pursuits—these included :

"Here (from the rest), a lovely shepherd boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him think what he had lost."

Nor is James Grahame unmindful of the same study in pastoral picturesque. He too has his shepherd boy, from a Sunday morning standpoint, and seen partially through a Scotch mist,—

"In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or howling falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son ;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps ; the volume closed,
With thyme sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof
Where humble lore is learnt. . . .
Thus reading, hymning, all alone unseen,
The shepherd boy the sabbath holy keeps."

The opening pages of Ch. de Bernard's *Gerfaut* are concerned, incidentally, with a shepherd boy of some nine or ten years old, who is overheard singing the words of the psalm *In exitu Israel de Aegypto*, in a valley among the Vosges mountains : "Son timbre vibrant, quoique grêle, retentissait avec une telle sonorité dans le silence de la vallée, qu'une bonne partie des versets était achevée avant qu'on put apercevoir le pieux musicien." When the travellers have learnt their way of him, and given him a piece of money in return, they leave him "chantant sur un ton encore plus triomphant, *Montes exultaverunt ut arietes*, en bondissant, lui-même plus haut que toutes les collines et tous les béliers de la Bible."

Or Prospero's "mark his condition, and the event; then tell me, if this might be a brother." Or Isabella's indignant disavowal of her's—refusing to believe that ever "such a warped slip of wilderness" as Claudio could be her father's son. Or, once more, old Adam's repudiation of real brotherhood between such a pair as Oliver and Orlando—

"Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father.)"

For Oliver is in intent and purpose a very Cain, albeit there is no brand upon his brow. It is so natural to suppose, says a popular writer, that murderers are and look a race apart, "bearing the brand of Cain upon their brow before as well as after the commission of their dreadful sin. But Cain was like other men before he lifted the club to slay his innocent brother." Branded, he is indeed marked out from other men. In Macaulay's words,

"All shrink before the mark of his despair,
The seal of that great curse which he alone can bear."¹

Diversities of disposition in offspring of the same parents are a standing wonder in the wide world's history,—or rather, too common, and too universally recognised, to admit of real

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Poems*; *Tirzah and Ahirad*. The mark of Cain may be said to be on De Montfort in Joanna Baillie's tragedy:

"No, it is hate—black, lasting, deadly hate,
Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men cursing and accursed."

The Wandering Jew of romance is stigmatised with a like brand upon his brow: "'I have no friend in the world. . . . The hungry tiger shudders at my approach. . . . God has set His seal upon me, and all His creatures respect this fatal mark.' He put his hand to the velvet which was bound round his forehead. There was in his eyes an expression of fury, despair, and malevolence, that struck horror to my very soul. An involuntary convulsion made me shudder. The stranger perceived it. 'Such is the curse imposed on me,' he continued; 'I am doomed to inspire all who look on me with terror and detestation.'"

wonder at all. The duke, the cardinal, and the duchess their sister, in the best known of John Webster's plays, are typical in this respect: the cardinal is a melancholy churchman :

“The duke there,—a most perverse and turbulent nature :
But for their sister, the right noble duchess,
You never fixed your eye on three fair medals,
Cast in one figure, of so different temper.”

One is willing to believe that the younger Robespierre may have been right, when so indignantly denouncing his sister as an alien in blood from her brothers. Charity to her inclines to hope she was as unlike them as he says. “Our sister,” writes the younger Robespierre to his brother, “has not one drop of blood which resembles ours. . . . I consider her our greatest enemy. . . . She must be forced to go to Arras, else she will cause us deep despair. She would confer on us the reputation of bad brothers.” Brothers in blood,—the Reign of Terror produced grim and ghastly versions of that relationship, in most perverse and perverted meaning.

Striking contrasts every biographic historian has constant occasion to point out, in family characteristics. Archdeacon Coxe, dealing with the two brothers on whom, at the opening of the fourteenth century, the fortunes of the house of Austria depended, describes Frederic and Leopold as “strikingly contrasted” both in their persons and dispositions,—the elder handsome, most amiable and accomplished, and though brave even to rashness, of a mild, benevolent, and conciliating temper; the younger diminutive and deformed in person, fiery, restless, and impatient. So again with the brothers Albert and Leopold, towards the close of the same century, whose discordant characters boded ill for family union: Albert, placid, inactive, devout; Leopold, impetuous and aspiring, equally prodigal and rapacious. Again, Frederick and Albert, midway in the fifteenth century: the former cold, cautious, phlegmatic, and parsimonious; the latter frank, lively, turbulent, and ambitious, opening his career by an attack against his brother, “despising the ties of blood.” The commencement of the

seventeenth century offers us another such contrast, in Matthias and Rodolph II. ; the active, restless, grasping character of the former being "so incompatible with the cautious and suspicious temper" of the emperor, his brother, that they lived in perpetual bickerings, unbrotherly in will and deed.

Of fatal import was the contrast of character between the brothers Timoleon and Timophanes ; the former mild, prudent, patriotic ; the latter rash, profligate, overbearing, and utterly corrupt. But in this unhappy instance it was not the bad brother that acted Cain's part. Servilia, Cato's sister, and the second wife of Lucullus, was as infamous a character as her brother was an exemplary one. The opposite dispositions of Julian and his brother Gallus were from infancy so marked, and markworthy, that they were compared to the sons of Vespasian,—the all admirable Titus and the altogether detestable Domitian. The circumstances and education of the former two brothers were so nearly the same as to afford, in Gibbon's opinion, a strong example of the innate difference of character. So with Caracalla and Geta, sons of Severus ; the elder cruel and vindictive as the younger was mild and amiable. So with Andronicus and Manuel, sons of the Eastern emperor John Palæologus I., whose captivity and disgrace pleased the elder, Andronicus, regent of Constantinople, while the piety of the younger, Manuel, "severely reproved" his brother's "undutiful neglect," by instantly selling or mortgaging all that he possessed ; he embarked for Venice, relieved his father, and pledged his own freedom to be responsible for the emperor's debt.

Recurring briefly to Titus and his brother, classical authorities delight, as Dean Merivale shows, in representing the younger son of Vespasian as a striking contrast to the elder, the darling of the Roman people. But the historian of the Romans under the empire traces a strong family resemblance between them ; both being constitutionally impulsive and irritable ; both taking "with feminine facility the varnish of patrician refinement" ; both being naturally voluptuous and sensual. "But whether from the misfortune of his breeding,

or from his natural deficiencies, the character of the younger brother presents, on the whole, but a pale reflection of that of the elder"; and is indeed by the world at large, special criticism apart, accepted as not in any sense a copy, but in every sense a contrast.

It often appears in a family, Mr. Emerson has quaintly said, as if all the qualities of the progenitors were potted in several jars,—some ruling quality in each son or daughter of the house; and sometimes the unmixed temperament, the rank unmitigated elixir, the family vice, is drawn off in a separate individual, and the others are proportionally relieved. Some such theory Mr. Tennyson's crackbrained lover of Maud is eager to cherish, by way of reconciling himself to the fact of Maud's having such a brother and such a father: "Maud to him," the father, "is nothing akin," her sweetness being only due to the sweeter blood on the other side:

"Some peculiar mystic grace
Made her only the child of her mother,
And heaped the whole inherited sin
On that huge scapegoat of the race,
All, all upon the brother."

Meditating upon the utterly diverse characters of the sisters Judith and Hetty, Cooper's Hawkeye draws a *suspirium de profundis*, to think, "Alas! alas! that there should be so great differences between those who were nursed at the same breast, slept in the same bed, and dwelt under the same roof." One of the twain might say to the other, as one sister in Molière says to the other:

"Et quoiqu'un même sang nous ait donné naissance,
Nous sommes bien peu sœurs."

Or, as Mrs. Browning's Bertha in the lane:

"We are so unlike each other,
Thou and I, that none could guess
We were children of one mother."

Of the family of the Webers, into which Mozart married, selecting Constanze, the third daughter, he thus reports in a

letter to his father: "I never met with such diversities of dispositions in any family. The eldest [daughter] is idle, coarse, and deceitful, crafty and cunning as a fox; Madame Lange [Aloysia] is false and unprincipled, and a coquette. . . . The third . . . is the martyr of the family, and probably on this very account the kindest hearted, the cleverest, and, in short, the best of them all." Could it be the stars? So Dante affirmed of such domestic discrepancies: "Hence befalls that Esau is so wide of Jacob."¹ So Horace not affirms, but suggests, in answering his own query, *Cur alter fratrum*, etc.

"Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum."²

What Horace refers to the sole knowledge of the astral genius, who governs this or that man's horoscope, the poet of the Christian Year refers to the sole knowledge of the Most High:

"He only can the cause reveal,
 Why, at the same fond bosom fed,
 Taught in the selfsame lap to kneel
 Till the same prayer were duly said,
Brothers in blood and nurture too
 Aliens in heart so oft should prove;
 One lose, the other keep, Heaven's clue;
 One dwell in wrath, and one in love."

—o—

THE NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS, OF
 BARUCH'S BURNT BOOK.

JEREMIAH xxxvi. 32.

BARUCH the scribe, the son of Neriah, wrote from the mouth of Jeremiah, then shut up in prison, all the Divine words of warning and menace which the prophet was enjoined to set forth; upon a roll of a book the Divine

¹ Paradiso, c. viii.

² Horat. Epistol, ii. 2.

message was written, and the scribe was made the messenger to the princes, in whose ears he read the message he had already delivered to the people; and by the counsel of the princes the roll of the book was conveyed to the palace, and read aloud by Jehudi in the ears of the king. Not more than three or four leaves had Jehudi read out, when the king cut the book with a penknife, and, despite the intercession of the princes, cast the roll into the fire, and then and there it was burnt up. What gained the king by this? To burn the roll of the book was not to annul the contents. To consume the material volume was not to defeat the design of Him who had inspired it. For at once the Divine decree was issued for another roll to be written, not only omitting none of the heavy penalties of the consumed copy, but containing aggravated penalties, and making the assurances of impending judgment doubly sure. "Then took Jeremiah another roll, and gave it to Baruch the scribe, the son of Neriah; who wrote therein from the mouth of Jeremiah all the words of the book which Jehoiakim, king of Judah, had burned in the fire; and there were added besides unto them many like words."

An old writer is referring to the burning of Bibles by certain who were for stamping out the Reformation at any cost, when he says that albeit "the wicked think to have abolished the word of God, when they have burnt the book thereof; yet this [passage of Jeremiah the prophet] declareth that God will not only raise it up again, but also increase it in greater abundance to their condemnation." To apply the lines of one of Shakspeare's contemporaries:

"Nor do they aught, that use this cruelty
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning,
But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame,
And to the writers an eternal name."

Famous or infamous, in story, as related in Walker's History of Independency, is the soldier preacher's symbolical message and Bible burning in the churchyard of Walton on Thames; how he and his five comrades carried five candles, which he

successively lighted and then put out, to represent the abolition of the sabbath, of tithes, of ministers in the congregation, and of magistrates; four of the candles thus disposed of, the man then, "putting his hand in his basket, and pulling out a little Bible, showed it openly to the people, saying, 'Here is a book you have in great veneration, consisting of two parts, the Old and New Testament; I must tell you it is abolished. It containeth beggarly rudiments, milk for babes; but now Christ is in His glory among us, and imparts a fuller measure of His Spirit to His saints than this can afford, and therefore I am commanded to burn it before your faces'; so taking the candle out of his lantern, he set fire to the leaves. And then putting out the candle, 'And here my fifth light is extinguished.'" ¹ Somehow or other, however, he failed to abolish the Bible after all.

Burning any book is bad policy, unless indeed the book be such as many which used curious arts in Ephesus brought together, and burned before all men, and the price of which was reckoned at fifty thousand pieces of silver. It is not by the burning of books, free from moral pollution but tainted by intellectual "unsoundness," that mightily grows the word of God and prevails. But this kind of short and easy way with dissenters from orthodoxy has ever been in request to some extent, and in some circles; though ever, one may hope and believe, less and less so. John of Salisbury professes to have seen kings throw the books of the law into the fire, not scrupling to cut the laws (*jura*) and canons to pieces if they

¹ The Prayer-Book of the Church of England was intended for a like holocaust in the streets of Bedford not many years ago. One Sunday afternoon, in 1862, a fanatic discoursed to the townspeople on disputed topics in doctrine, and was quietly enough listened to until, in the words of a narrative of the scene, happily a strange scene, he "applied to them a test which they were not prepared to bear, when he brought forth a Prayer-Book and set it on fire before them. His eloquence had lost its power, and they were just going to cool his zeal in the river, when he was saved by the police." There is no reason, as the narrator observes, to suppose that the churchmanship of the man's assailants was strong, or that they had any churchmanship at all; but they saw clearly enough that the preacher meant to persecute if he could, and they had no idea of letting him have his way.

fell into their hands. William of St. Amour's terrible book (so Dean Milman calls it) on the Perils of the Last Times, which so relentlessly and gallingly, though covertly, exposed the friars and their doings, was condemned at Rome as unjust, wicked, execrable; and was burned in the presence of the Pope, before the cathedral at Anagni. By one sentence the Council of Constance condemned the writings, by another the person, of John Huss to the flames. All his writings, both in Latin and Bohemian, were adjudged to be publicly and solemnly burned. When the headsman's servants led Huss away to execution, they stopped before the bishop's palace, that he might gaze on the pile on which his books lay burning. "He only smiled at this ineffectual act of vengeance." All the books which could be seized of Amaury de Bene and his followers were burned, in the panic about heresies traced to the philosophy of Aristotle which disquieted the thirteenth century, just as the books of Protagoras had been burned in the market place of Athens, because of his doubts touching the existence of the gods. By order of King James I., the *Defensio Fidei* of Suarez was condemned to the flames in London,¹ and the Parliament of Paris decreed the same fate for it in the French capital. Among the Pagans, as Mr. Lecky says, we find Diocletian making it one of his special objects to burn the Christian writings, and the early councils followed suit in continually condemning heretical books, which the civil power, acting upon their sentence, destroyed. As early as 443 we find Pope St. Leo burning books of the Manichæans on his own authority; while through the middle ages the Inquisition succeeded in destroying almost the entire heretical literature before the Reformation. In after days we have salient instances of books burnt by the hands of the common hangman in the *Histrion-Matrix* of William Prynne, and the two obnoxious sermons of Dr. Sacheverell, and the

¹ So too with the book of Vorstius, *De Deo*, which the British Solomon read, and found so full of heresies that he had it publicly burnt in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, besides recommending the States of Holland not to tolerate such a heretic within their territory.

Emile of Rousseau, and Raynal's History of the Indies, and the Memoirs of Beaumarchais, and the treatise *de l'Esprit* by Helvétius, and Linguet's History of the Jesuits, and Diderot's *Pensées Philosophiques*,¹ which last author some high contracting parties would gladly have seen consigned to the like cremation with that Etruscan Cassius, who, as the story goes, *quem fama est*, in Horace, was *capsis librisque ambustus propriis*. Memorable too in literary story is the fact that Goethe's *Wilhelm-Meister* was deemed worthy of a formal consignment to the flames by "some religious men," as Mr. Merivale designates them, of whom were Leopold Stolberg, and Goethe's own brother-in-law, Schlosser;² while Mr. Froude's *Nemesis of Faith* is reported to have suffered the same summary fate at the hands of a well known Oxford divine.

It is short sighted policy in the long run. Gamaliel's policy is better, to refrain from these men and let them alone; for if their counsel or work be opposed to truth, it will come to nought; but if it be of God its antagonists cannot overthrow it. Let them therefore cease from the incendiary style of antagonism, lest haply they be found even to be fighting against God.

Jehoiakim got another message, with a heavy burden in it of woes and penalties; and that was about all he did get by burning Baruch's book. There was a new edition issued forthwith, with addenda, not delenda. The king's *dele*, so as by fire, was ineffectual. It only made matters worse, for it tended to enlarge the bulk of the volume and to aggravate its tidings of disaster.

Better to agree with one's adversary quickly, whiles one is in the way with him, and at his first coming; lest at a second coming, or a third, or "at any time, the adversary deliver thee

¹ Concerning the public burning of which by the common hangman Mr. Buckle observes, "this indeed was the fate of nearly all the best literary productions of that time." (Hist. Civilis., i. 681.) The *Philosophic Thoughts* was Diderot's first original work; the previous ones having been translations from the English,—potboilers for Denis's daily need.

² Stolberg excepted, however, from the flames the sixth book, which he bound by itself as a manual of pietism.

to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison," each a worse and worse deliverance, with perhaps none to wish thee, unless conventionally and forensically speaking, a good deliverance, in the best sense. The Sibyl's advent to Tarquin is a legend of pregnant import, to which Archbishop Trench refers in commending the Spanish proverb, "That which the fool does in the end the wise man does at the beginning"; the wise to much profit, the fool to little or none. "For indeed that purchase of the Sibylline books by the Roman king, what a significant symbol it is of that which at one time or another, or it may be at many times, is finding place in almost every man's life; the same thing to be done in the end, the same price to be paid at the last, with only the difference, that much of the advantage, as well as all the grace, of an earlier compliance has past away."¹

Thus runs the legend: One day a strange woman appeared before the king, and offered him nine books to buy; and when he refused them she went away and burnt three of the nine books, and brought back the remaining six and offered to sell them at the same price that she had asked for the nine; and when he laughed at her and again refused, she went as before and burnt three more books, and came back and asked still the same price for the three that were left. Then the king was struck by her pertinacity, and he consulted his augurs what this might be; and they bade him by all means buy the three, and said he had done wrong not to buy the nine, "for these were the books of the Sibyl, and contained great secrets."

The illustration has ever been a favourite one in polite literature, and has been worked up to all sorts of uses. Now we have a Conyers Middleton declaring of Cicero that his remaining works are "justly esteemed the most precious remains of all antiquity"; and that, "like the Sibylline books, if more of them had perished, they would have been equal still to any

¹ The nine precious volumes have shrunk to six, and these dwindled to three, while the like price is demanded for the few as for the many, for the remnant now as would once have made all our own. See *Proverbs and their Lessons*, Lecture V.

price"; now a Canon Kingsley affirming that to sanitary reform the world will come round at last, and will be "glad at last to accept the one Sibylline leaf, at the same price at which it might have had the whole." Queen Elizabeth's ambassador in Scotland, Killigrew, who perhaps had not very lately aired his classics, thus remonstrates against the reluctance of his royal mistress to meet the Regent Morton's demands. "I pray God," he writes to Walsingham, "we prove not herein like those who refused the three volumes of Sibylla's prophecies, with the price which afterwards they were glad to give for one that was lost." Frederick the Great's menace to Maria Theresa in 1741, that unless she granted him all he required he should in four weeks demand four principalities more, is interpolated by Mr. Carlyle with the parenthesis "(Nay, I now do it, being in Sibylline tune.) I now demand the whole of Lower Silesia, Breslau included." And then comes the admiring historian's comment: "It is like negotiating for the Sibyl's books; the longer you bargain, the higher he will rise." Bargainers who made Turner a bid for his pictures were liable to the same treatment.¹ "Methinks," writes Swift,

¹ In the case of his "Dido building Carthage," his "angry pride" would never let him part with this picture, when he found it did not sell at the Academy. "Chantrey once tried to buy it, but was startled by finding each time its price rose higher: 500*l.*, 1000*l.*, 2000*l.*"—(Life of J. M. W. Turner, i. 299.)

When to his demand of, say, two hundred guineas for a picture, a haggling purchaser would say, "No, I'll give you one hundred and seventy-five," Turner's reply was sure to be a plump negative. The bargainer would come again next day, saying, "Well, Mr. Turner, I suppose I must give you your price for that picture: the two hundred guineas." "No," is the reply on record, "that was my price yesterday, but I have changed my mind too; the price of the picture is two hundred and twenty-five guineas." The applicant would go away, and perhaps the next day be glad to secure the painting at another advanced price. (Ibid. ii. 37.)

Of some of Turner's later productions, of the Fallacies of Hope epoch, many profane outsiders might incline to adopt Archdeacon Hare's reply to the query, "What say you to female novels?" a queerly expressed query perhaps, and the answer, be it remembered, was prior to the Currer Bells and George Eliots who have done so much for the art, though Jane Austen and Frederika Bremer were well known to the respondent. "Were I Tarquin, and the Sibyl came to me with nine wagonloads of them, I am afraid I should allow her to burn all the nine, even though she

in the Drapier's Letters, "I am fond of such a dealer as this, who mends every day upon our hands, like a Dutch reckoning; wherein if you dispute the unreasonableness and exorbitance of the bill, the landlord shall bring it up every time with new additions."

An archæological authority remarks of the medals, inscriptions, roads, and buildings in which the records of the Roman occupation are to be read in this country, that they "are like the books offered by the Sibyl to Tarquin." Year by year they have been presented to the notice of successive generations, year by year they have suffered loss and mutilation, but still their value seems to grow as their number and magnitude diminish.¹ The comparison occurs in the pages of a review masterly

were to threaten that no others should ever be forthcoming hereafter." Would Julius Charles the Venerable have qualified his answer in respect of, or to, our Oliphants, Edwardses, Craiks, Tytlers, Woods, Riddells, and Broughtons?

¹ *Saturday Review*, vi. 137. In the same week's number there occurs this admonition to a too prolific though a pleasant book maker. "If Mr. White wishes to bring out an amusing book every year, to be forgotten when the year is past, he is entirely in the right path; but if he wishes for anything more permanent he ought to remember the Sibyl." (vi. 141.)—"If Oxford is wise in her generation," writes a commentator on the Commission of 1859, "she will read and profit by the parable of the Sibyl." (viii. 732.)—Of the chances of settling the matter of churchrates "with some approach to the claims of equity," it was contended in 1861 that they had never been so good as just then; "and if the Church declines to avail itself of the opportunity, it is not likely to recur. The Sibyl's price will be enhanced when the next offer is made." (xi. 93.)—Some two months later we read: "The latest volume of the Sibylline books has been tendered to the pope by orthodox, or at least by catholic hands." (xi. 233.)—And in the May of 1862 the relations between conflicting Federals and Confederates across the Atlantic are thus referred to: "There is nothing Sibylline in the terms of reconciliation which will be offered by the Washington government." (xiii. 575.)—Of the state of the same contending parties in America, towards the close of the year 1866, it is said that even the more temperate Republicans were not indisposed to warn their Southern clients against the risk of unlimited penalties, to be imposed if they failed to effect a speedy compromise. "The Sibylline books are offered at a comparatively reasonable price, and on the next occasion one or more of the volumes will probably be reserved by the vendor. It is, however, not quite certain whether the South or the North may in the present case prove to be the Sibyl." (xxii. 628.)

A month later the application of the *fabula* is to Austria: "Fortunately for Austria, there is yet time for wisdom. The Swabian Tarquin may yet secure the remnant of the Sibyl's books." (xxii. 706.)

in every respect, which has such a fondness for this particular illustration of Tarquin and the Sibyl, that a collation from its

And in the last week of the same year we read of the desire of all Italian statesmen to throw on the shoulders of the papal government the failure of a renewed attempt at reconciliation. "When for the last time the pope has deliberately rejected the Sibyl's overtures, it will be early enough for the Sibyl to increase her demands." (xxii. 780.)

Early in 1867, America being again the theme, the Sibyl figures four times in a single column. "The Sibyl has once again served to illustrate the consequences of obstinacy," as the conditions of reunion had been aggravated even more rapidly than the price of the famous prophetic books. "The American Sibyl is not a mysterious and irresponsible personage, wholly unconcerned in the sale of the sacred volumes, but the governing body of a divided republic, which urgently demands reunion." "Sooner or later the Sibyl will be anxious to find a customer for her wares." "The Sibyl and the purchaser might as well have adjusted their bargain without a preliminary quarrel." (xxiii. 325.) Some weeks later again, "The Sibyl's latest offer is accordingly accepted, because it is understood that it may perhaps not be the last." (xxiii. 516.)

Anon the application is to parliament and the gas companies. "There is little satisfaction in proving that the Sibyl is oppressive or tyrannical, when she is absolutely mistress of the terms of the bargain." America recurs: "A Sibylline policy of increased penalties inflicted on contumacious opponents in geometric progression is utterly unworthy of statesmen";—the Reconstruction Acts being professedly expressions of resentment for the refusal of the Southern states to accept more moderate terms. Next the Abyssinian expedition suggests the reflection that rescued consuls are expensive articles; "and, as the months wane, their price will go on mounting like that of the Sibylline books." (xxiv. pp. 275, 624, 723.)

In the autumn of 1868, American politics being again under consideration, we read: "The Sibylline practice of aggravating demands when moderate concessions are refused, is better suited to belligerents negotiating a peace than to legislators providing for the permanent reconciliation of domestic differences." (xxvi. 349.)

In the February of 1869, the *Alabama* treaty occasions a remark on its being perhaps unfortunate that Earl Russell declined Mr. Adams's proposal of an arbitration, which might at the time have been arranged on equitable terms; "but a great nation cannot afford to acquiesce in the Sibylline mode of treatment." And in June occurs this reference to the attitude assumed by the House of Lords in respect of the Irish Church: "If the peers are too proud to care for their own safety, they ought, for the sake of their clients, the Irish clergy, to consider that the Minister [Mr. Gladstone] whose overtures they reject, has something of the temperament of Tarquin's Sibyl." (xxvii. pp. 197, 759.)

From disestablishment to game laws. "If the game-owning and game-killing interests stolidly oppose themselves to the compromises which the more far sighted of their number would accept, the course of legislation may repeat the old story of the Sibylline books, and the terms forced on them finally may amount to a general proscription of the game, and a consequent confiscation of the shooting rents." And from game laws we turn

columns of a few instances out of very many may interest the reader. But this must be done in a footnote, rather long drawn out; and meanwhile, in these upper regions, (whence the reader has no occasion to descend, if without taste for the milder curiosities of literature and parallel passage making,) leave shall be taken of the subject in the lines of Dr. Young:

“As worldly schemes resemble Sibyl’s leaves,
The good man’s days to Sibyl’s books compare;
(In ancient story read, thou know’st the tale;)
In price still rising, as in number less,
Inestimable quite his final hour.”

to the three-volume system sacred to novels; the reviewer observing that just as he never had been able to discover why a modern novel must not fall below that mystical number, so had he seldom read any one of those works without equally wondering why it should not have been extended to three times three volumes. “The Sibyl, we know, kept burning her volumes in sets till she had reduced her nine to three; the modern authoress would willingly reverse the operation, and as easily extend her three to nine.” (xxviii. pp. 217, 677.)

Of late the “leading journal” has occasionally indicated a similar fondness for the same servant-of-all-work illustration. But from this quarter our citations must not exceed the dual number. Discussing the irritation provoked in Germany by the alleged supply to the French (1870) of fire arms from England, the *Times* remarked how much wiser it would have been at the outset of the war to make this traffic illegal, than to incur the risk and cost of another feud like that which the exploits of the *Alabama* bequeathed to us. “It is too late now to remedy the mischief that has been done, but we may learn at least to provide against a future mistake of the same sort. When the Sibyl’s books are proffered to us for the third time, we can hardly be foolish enough to decline the bargain.”—(*Times*, Dec. 19, 1870.)

Again, in commenting on the pope’s refusal to come to terms with Italy, the same journal supposes the Italians to say that if what they have to give him is not enough, he may “go farther and fare worse.” If his faith is in his elder daughters beyond the Alps, by all means let him make trial of a French Goneril or of a German Regan’s tender mercies, and he will have reason to regret that he ever disowned his Italian Cordelia. “The Sibylline books may dwindle in number and yet not abate in price.” (March 9, 1871.)

BELATED APPRECIATION OF BLESSINGS PAST.

HEBREWS xii. 17.

COMING home faint from the field, Esau, that cunning hunter and man of the woods, preferred to his birthright a meal of Jacob's bread and pottage of lentiles. Behold, he was ahungered; felt even at the point to die of hunger: what profit should that birthright do to him? Let it go. And it went. Thus Esau despised his birthright.

Time passes; and we see the red hunter, even Edom, plying his aged father with savoury meat, that Isaac may eat of his son's venison, and bless his elder born, before he die. But the blessing is forestalled. The subtle purchaser of the birthright is the fraudulent possessor of the blessing. In vain, for all too late, is Esau's great and exceeding bitter cry, "Bless me, even me also, O my father." *The* blessing is gone, like the birthright. For one morsel of meat was the birthright bartered. And he who stigmatises the barterer as a "profane person" tells us that we know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance—*τόπον μετανοίας*; by some of the best commentators referred to Isaac, who could not be induced to alter his decision, though the disinherited suppliant sought it carefully with tears.

A morsel of meat was worth more than the birthright, till the birthright was gone. Gone, the valuation of it was declared with streaming eyes and an exceeding bitter cry, with as it were groanings that could not be uttered,—a flood of unavailing tears, shed all the more because shed in vain.

And such is the way of the world. *Telle est la vie.*

" For so it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours."

So moralises Shakspeare's Sicilian Friar. So his Cæsar

(Augustus), "And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved, till ne'er worth love, comes deared, by being lacked;"—just as his Antony, a scene or two earlier, declares of "our slippery people," that their "love is never linked to the deserver, till his deserts are past." *Virtutem incolumem odimus, sublatam ex oculis quærimus*—a quest like Esau's. We men, says Plautus, know our blessings, only when we have lost the possession of them:

"Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona
Cum quæ in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus."

Life and liberty, while safe, observes Mr. Charles Reade, are little thought of; for why? they are matters of course. Endangered, they are rated at their real value. They are "like sunshine, whose beauty men notice not at noon when it is greatest, but towards evening,¹ when it lies in flakes of topaz under shady elms. Yet it is feebler then; but gloom lies beside it, and contrast reveals its fire." Young's simile is somewhat worn, but wears well:

"Like birds, whose beauties languish, half concealed
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded, shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

Thomas Hood has his rendering of what is virtually the same thought:

"Farewell! I did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now 't is prized:
So angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognised."

¹ So Mr. Coventry Patmore's lines as from a dead wife, bidding her husband take no blame because he could not feel the same towards her living as when dead:

"A starving man must needs think bread
So sweet! and, only at their rise
And setting, blessings, to the eyes
Like the sun's course, grow visible."

For, as he puts it in another place, "love requires the focal space of recollection or of hope, ere it can measure its own scope."—*The Angel in the House*, part ii., book ii., §§ 5, 8.

So again has Mr. Robert Browning, in *Paracelsus* :

“T is only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you ; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep ;
And all at once they leave you, and you know them.”

So with the novelist's Audley Egerton, when that careworn statesman discovers, “with a sad wonder,” what he has lost. His own positive and earthly nature attains for the first time, and for its own punishment, the comprehension¹ of that loftier and more ethereal visitant from the heavens, who “had once looked with a seraph's smile through the prison bars of his iron life” ; all from which, when it was his own, he had turned half weary and impatient, now that the world has lost them evermore, he interprets aright. Even Antony can say of Fulvia, “She's good, being gone: the hand could pluck her back, that shoved her on.” *Bonum magis carendo quam fruendo sentitur.* Well has it been called sad to see, with death between, the good we have passed and have not seen. The good,

“ Once gazed upon with heedless mood,
Now fills with tears the famished eye,
And turns all else to vanity.

* * * * *

Too soon, too soon comes death to show
We love more deeply than we know.”

¹ Wonderful is the *intelligence* with which we can perceive the value of anything we have lost, observes another of the craft. The collector of household treasures is cited, who in his daily walks may see in a shop window a little bit of china, a picture, an apostle spoon, a quaint old volume, which he intends to bargain for one day when he shall have leisure ; so he passes it a hundred times, indifferent as to its merits, half uncertain whether it is worth buying. But he discovers some day that it is gone ; and then in a moment the doubtful shepherdess becomes the rarest old china, the dirty looking bit of landscape an undeniable Crome, the battered silver spoon an unquestionable antique, the quaintly bound book a choice Elzevir. “The thing is lost ; and we regret it for all that it might have been, as well as for all that it was, and there are no bounds to the extravagance we would commit to regain the chance of possessing it.” This is but the subjunctive or potential mood of what is simply but largely indicative in Scott's sufficiently commonplace couplet :

“ Those who such simple joys have known
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.”

We offer back our return for the debt of affectionate devotion, by what Colonel Esmond calls a poor tardy payment of tears. "Then forgotten tones of love recur to us, and kind glances shine out of the past—oh so bright and clear!—oh, so longed after!—because they are out of reach, as holiday music from within side a prison wall—or sunshine seen through the bars, more prized because unattainable, more bright because of the contrast of present darkness and solitude, whence there is no escape."

"Thou air! which breathing we do scarce perceive,
And think it little to enjoy the light;
But when the unvalued sun hath taken leave,
Darkly thou showest in the expanse of night."

In passing to and fro in your native land, says an eloquent exile of long standing, you are apt to imagine that the streets are an object of indifference, that the windows, the roofs, the gateways, are nothing to you, the pavement you tread mere stone. Later, when you are there no longer, you discover that those streets are dear to you, you feel the want of those roofs, those windows, those doors; "in a word, you have left part of your affections, part of your heart, part of yourself, on those flagstones. The scenes you see no longer, perhaps will never see again, but whose image you cherish, come back to you with the sadness of a ghost, become to you another Holy Land."

Mrs. Stowe's Marie is sketched off as "one of those unfortunately constituted mortals," in whose eyes whatever is lost and gone assumes a value which it never had in possession. "Whatever she had,¹ she seemed to survey only to pick flaws in it;

¹ *Possession*, as an old writer puts it, drowns, or at least mightily cools contentment. "Want teaches us the worth of things more truly. How sweet a thing seems liberty, to one immured in a dungeon! How dear a jewel is health to him who is in sickness! I have known many who loved their dead friends better than ever they esteemed them in their lifetime. . . . When we have lost a benefit, the mind has time to reflect on its several advantages, which she then finds to be many more than she was aware of, while in possession of it. It is a true remark, that blessings appear not till they have vanished."—Feltham, *Resolves: Of our Sense of Absent Good*.

but once fairly away, there was no end to her valuation of it." Not too common is the right to say, and the power to say, with Madame de Sévigné, in pleasant retrospect of pleasures past, "Je n'ai pas au moins le déplaisir de n'avoir pas senti mon bonheur; c'est un reproche que je ne me ferai point; mais," she adds,—there is ever a *but* in one's lot—"par cette raison, je sens bien vivement le contraire d'un état si heureux." Shensstone's stanza, affirming how truly once and with reason he prized every hour that went by,—but now they were gone, and he sighed and was grieved that he prized them no more,—may have been in Johnson's mind when, nearing his end, he wrote to an old friend, who had given him some cause for the reproach, that to let friendship die away by negligence and silence is certainly not wise. "It is voluntarily to throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage, of which [comfort] when it is, as it must be, taken finally away, he that travels on alone will wonder how his esteem could be so little." For, as Cowper words it,

" . . . Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,¹
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is."

¹ Mr. Charles Reade submits as a perhaps, a may be, *peut-être*, that no man is good, manly, tender, generous, and unlucky quite in vain; that at last, when such a man is leaving all who have been unjust or cold to him, scales fall from their eyes, a sense of his value flashes like lightning across their half empty skulls and tepid hearts, and they feel and express some respect and regret.

Lord Macaulay says of the great French general, Luxemburg, who had never been a favourite at the French court, that when it was known that his feeble frame, exhausted by war and pleasure, was sinking under a dangerous disease, "the value of his services was, for the first time, fully appreciated"; and strenuous efforts were made to save him.

M. Guizot speaks, as he has the right, of the "faithful heirs" left by M. Casimir Périer: "But no sooner," he adds, "was M. Périer dead, than the weight of the inheritance began to be felt, and the want of his presence as its guardian. It is a common remark that the place occupied by any one is not fully estimated until it is empty"; and the vacancy in question was of a kind to enforce the truism, that the void is more severely felt when the necessity of acting presents itself at the precise moment when the great actor has ceased to exist.

But love, that comes too late, is likened by the wise king of France, in Shakspeare, to a remorseful pardon slowly carried, —crying, “That’s good that’s gone”: thus our rash faults

“Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.”



A MEMORIAL COAT OF MANY COLOURS.

GENESIS xxvii. 33, 34.

LITTLE thought Israel when he made for Joseph, whom he loved more than all his children because he was the son of his old age, a coat of many colours, with what a pang he should one day eye that memorial of his love, a memorial of his loss. One colour too many there was then, among the many colours,—that of blood. The old man was keenly susceptible to the significance of outward and visible signs. Thus, when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent from Egypt to carry him thither, the spirit of Jacob revived, and he said, “It is enough: Joseph, my son, is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die.” The sight of the wagons did at once what all the reports and assurances of his sons failed to do. Israel’s heart fainted at the talk of Joseph’s brethren, for he believed them not; but at the sight of Joseph’s wagons it revived. The sight of the blood-stained coat of many colours was alike convincing, to a sadder conclusion. At once the old man accepted it as a voucher of his boy’s cruel death. “And he knew it, and said, It is my son’s coat: an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.” If bereaved of his children, Jacob was bereaved indeed; and of bereavement, that vesture dyed with blood was to him a fatal assurance doubly sure. So he rent his own clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his Joseph many many days. And though all his sons and all his daughters together rose up to comfort him, Israel refused to be comforted, and

said, "For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." Thus his father wept for him; and we may be sure that every sight of the dyed raiment embittered and intensified his sense of a great loss.

As with the wailing woe of an inconsolable mother in Shakspeare, whose answer to the reproach of a cardinal, "You hold too heinous a respect of grief"; and to the remonstrance of a king, "You are as fond of grief as of your child," is,—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

A French prose poet, the foremost of his class, cannot conceive anything in the world more delightful than the ideas awakened in the heart of a mother at the sight of her child's little shoe, especially if it be a holiday, a Sunday, a baptismal shoe, upon which the infant has never stepped. If the infant be absent, the pretty shoe is sufficient to set that *doux et tendre être* before the mother's eyes. She fancies she sees it, she does see it, all alive, all joyous; crawling upon the carpet in winter, creeping about the garden in summer; seeming to make the very breezes fresher, the very sunshine brighter. "All this the little shoe sets before the mother, and it makes her heart melt like wax before the fire.

"But when the child is lost, these thousand images of joy, delight, and affection, which crowd around the little shoe, are transformed into as many frightful things. The pretty little embroidered shoe becomes then but an instrument of torture, which is incessantly racking the heart of the mother."

No one, says Chateaubriand, another prose poet of an elder school in France, no one can know what desolation of heart really is until he has been left to wander alone in places once inhabited by a being who then was their supreme charm and endearment: "everything that she has worn or touched repro-

duces her image." As with the forecast shadow of a wife's death to the husband in Dr. Holland's poem :

" Her wardrobe ! You remember when she wore
That lavender ?—a very pretty silk !
Here is a moire antique . . . that glossy blue,
The sweet tint stolen from the skies of June.
But she is done with it . . . You shiver, sir !
Is it the velvet ? Like a pall, you think !
Well, close the door."

The poor artisan, in the *Waterdale Neighbours*, can look almost stoically on the corpse of his wife ; he is scarcely reminded of his wife by the white lank cheeks of that dead woman in his little room (no longer their little room). But there hangs behind the door a frayed and faded old gown, and that, or the stuff that made it, he bought himself—only the other day it seems. " So when he saw this poor old empty gown, this ghost of a garment, he knew it, and he remembered all ; and with a great burst of agony he succumbed to the reality of his position, and sobbed aloud." In Mr. Coventry Patmore's tracing of a like loss :

" Her worst gown 's kept ('t is now the best,
As that in which she oftenest dressed),
For memory's sake more precious grown
Than she herself was for her own."

In one of Mrs. Gore's multitudinous fictions, well-nigh all out of date, out of sight, out of mind now, " Look here," says the housekeeper at the vicarage, opening the door of a little vestibule that leads to the garden, and pointing to a bonnet and shawl hanging up, which the visitor recognises from having hundreds of times met " poor Mrs. Markham " arrayed in them, when fulfilling her errands of charity to the village : " Master won't hear of these being took down, ma'am, though it goes to everybody's heart to see 'em. I got up betimes one morning, before he was astir, and moved 'em, and thought he'd never miss 'em. Bless you, as he came through the hall to read morning prayers, he saw at a glance they were gone, and knew nobody'd dare to touch 'em but me. ' Smith,' said he,

‘let those things be instantly replaced.’”¹ Affection is often jealous in its tenacity of what alone offers a holding on the material past. Hence the fondly cherished relics. Mrs. Richard Trench closes an entry in her diary on the death of her child, Frederic, with an account, partly in French, partly in English, of her revisiting for the first time the room he last occupied: how often in that room she involuntarily turned towards the glass which reflected his last looks, and expected to find some outline, some trace, some shade, of him.

“ But he is gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must consecrate his relics.

What relics? One poor, solitary lock of shining hair; the little simple clothes that he embellished”—*voilà tout*. The most popular in its day of all American books shows us a bereaved mother opening a drawer, in which are to be seen a pair of little shoes, a toy horse and wagon, a top, a ball,—memorials gathered with many a tear. “And oh! mother that reads this,” such a reader is apostrophized, “has there never been in your house a drawer, or a closet, the opening of which has been to you like the opening again of a little grave?” *Delta* Moir will perhaps be forgotten by name long before that stanza of his can pass out of cherished remembrance:

“ The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat—thy bow—
Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball:
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!”

Henry Stephens consecrated to the memory of the wife he lost in her twenty-fifth year some verses in which not a few

¹ Mason relates of Gray, who seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh, that after his death her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his rooms just as she had left them. It seemed as if he could never take the resolution to distribute them, while he lived, to those female relations to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.

reminiscences and imitations of antiquity are conjoined with touching marks of a vivid personal emotion.

“ In quamcunque domus converto lumina partem,
Ingenii occurrunt, heu ! monumenta tui.
Ingredior musea ? tua mihi plurima passim
Occurrunt scita Margari, scripta manu.

* * * * *

Conclave ingredior ? manuum sunt texta tuarum,
Æmula Mæoniae quæ videantur acus.
Ingrediorne hortum ? quæcunque est area culta,
Testis et illa tuæ sedulitatis ibi est.”

The garden reference recals a passage from Dr. Chalmers' diary, touching the death of his youngest and favourite brother Alexander, in 1829 : “ I alternated my employment within doors by walks in the little garden, where all the objects exposed me to gushes of mournful remembrance. The plants, the petrified tree, the little cistern for water plants, etc., all abandoned by the hand which had placed them there and took such delight in tending them.”

Absent and dead, how great the difference ! Yet are they in effect too near of kin for the effect of vacant garments not to be sensibly felt in one case as in the other. King Arthur fears lest in the bowers of Camelot or of Usk his absent queen's shadow glide from room to room,

“ And I should evermore be vexed with thee,
In hanging robe or vacant ornament.”

Wordsworth's forsaken Margaret keeps her husband's idle loom still in its place :

“ . . . his Sunday garments hung
Upon the selfsame nail ; his very staff¹
Stood undisturbed behind the door.”

¹ The dean, in Mrs. Inchbald's *Nature and Art*, is described as haunting with “frantic enthusiasm” every corner of his deanery where the least vestige of what belonged to his brother Henry remained : “He pressed close to his breast, with tender agony, a coat of his, which by accident had been left there ; he kissed and wept over a walking stick which Henry had once given him,” etc.

When Waverley enters the room of Mrs. Flockhart, Fergus MacIvor's

The leisure and contemplation attendant upon their home life, Mr. Thackeray remarks, serve to foster the fidelity and tenderness of womankind. "There is the vacant room to go look at, where the boy slept last night, and the impression of his carpet bag is still on the bed. There is his whip hung up in the hall, and his fishing-rod and basket,—mute memorials of the brief bygone pleasures." And be sure no gentle hand is hasty to disturb those hangings. Madame de Sévigné is her motherly self all over when she writes to her absent daughter: "*Mademoiselle de Méri est dans votre petite chambre; le bruit de cette porte qui s'ouvre et qui se ferme, et la circonstance de ne vous y point trouver, m'ont fait un mal que je ne puis vous dire.*" Just as Francis Jeffrey is his fatherly self all over when he writes to *his* absent daughter: "I happened to go upstairs, and passing into our room, saw the door open of that little one where you used to sleep, and the very bed waiting there for you, so silent and desolate, that all the love, and the *miss* of you, which fell so sadly on my heart the first night of your desertion, came back upon it so heavily and darkly, that I was obliged to shut myself in and cry over the recollection, as if all the interval had been annihilated, and *that* loss and sorrow were still fresh and unsubdued before me." Grief filled the room up of his absent child, lay in her bed, walked up and down with him. Of this language, put by Shakspeare into the mouth of the Lady Constance, a friend of Coleridge repeated once to the poet an opinion he had heard, that it was out of nature. A month or two afterwards this friend died; and Coleridge called upon his mother, "an affectionate, but illiterate woman, who had scarcely heard the name of Shakspeare, much less read any of his plays." Like Philip in *King John*, the visitor endeavoured to console her, and

kindly landlady, his heart swells to see Fergus's bonnet, with the white cockade, hanging by the little mirror. "Ay," said Mrs. Flockhart, sighing, as she observed the gaze, "the puir colonel bought a new ane just the day before they marched, and I winna let them tak that ane down, but just to brush it ilka day mysel; and whiles I look at it till I just think I hear him cry to Callum to bring him his bonnet, as he used to do when he was gang-ing out."

among other things he told her, in the anguish of her sorrow, that she seemed to be as fond of grief as she had been of her son. What was her reply? Almost a prose parody in the very language of Shakspeare—the same thoughts, Coleridge assures us, in almost the same words, but with a different arrangement. He may well pronounce an attestation like this to be worth a thousand criticisms.



OUT AND OUTSPOKEN.

PROVERBS xxix. II.

“**A** FOOL uttereth all his mind.” Out with it, such as it is; what he is pleased to call his mind. We all know, and have winced under, the people who “like to speak their mind.” There is no stint in their outpourings. Their utterances are to the uttermost. Their outspokenness is out and out. The wise man is said (by *the* wise man), as regards *his* mind, to keep it in, at any rate till afterwards: but the fool uttereth it all at once. His incontinence is incurable. His flux of thoughtless words amounts to an organic disease.

Hazlitt’s essay on Disagreeable People includes a paragraph on “your blunt, honest creatures,” who omit no opportunity of letting you know their minds, and are sure to tell you all the ill and conceal all the good they hear of you. They would not, says he, flatter you for the world; and to caution you against the malice of others they think the province of a friend. “This is not candour, but impudence; and yet they think it odd you are not charmed with their unreserved communicativeness of disposition.” You would say, to cite a later essayist, they fancied that the skin of which they have been denuded,—for they are apt to be excessively thin-skinned—has been applied to “thicken to rhinoceros callousness the moral hide of other men.” The most unpleasant things such folks will utter by the hundred, with that mixture of dulness of perception and small malignity

of nature which, as Dr. Boyd says, "go to make what is vulgarly called a person who 'speaks his mind.'" The right way to meet such folk is, we are advised, by an instant reciprocal action. "Just begin to speak your mind to them, and see how they look." Terence pithily puts it, *Qui quæ vult dicit, quod non vult audiet*. He who gives tongue to whatever he pleases is likely to hear in return something the reverse of pleasing. Madame Pernelle, in Molière, is one of this type of irritable unreserve :

"Je vous parle un peu franc ; mais c'est là mon humeur,
Et je ne mâche point ce que j'ai sur le cœur."

A due regard, observes Professor Marsh, for the feelings, the prejudices, the ignorance of others, will dictate a certain reserve and caution in the expression of opinions or sentiments which may wound their pride or violently shock their prepossessions. But the dues are not always paid, and the mind is spoken out in all the insolence of reckless freedom, selfish and unfeeling in its facility.

"The very truth I undisguised declare ;
For what so easy as to be sincere ?"

Chatham whispered to Lord Shelburne one night, during a critical debate, "I must not speak to-night ; for when once I am up everything that is in my mind comes out." The self control is exemplary by way of practical application. As Philinte makes bold to tell that *par excellence* plain speaker, Alceste, —

"Il est bien des endroits où la pleine franchise
Deviendrait ridicule, et serait peu permise ;
Et parfois, n'en déplaît à votre austère humeur,
Il est bon de cacher ce qu'on a dans le cœur."

To have your say, and to speak your mind, are justly discriminated as two very different things, often confused though they be in common parlance. The one is done in haste and provocation, "as when David spake" ; the other deliberately, and with intention, not to say of malice aforethought. "Discharging the conscience is too often relieving spite, and is

rarely, if ever, intended to be profitable to the hearer. An insult or an impertinence comes from an enemy, but those disagreeable things which are frequently uttered in the operation of speaking the mind are almost always barbed shafts from the bow of one who calls himself a friend." Now, as wisdom suggests, even if disagreeable things are true, that alone is not the slightest reason for saying them.

Shakspeare hits off a variety of examples of the class who like to speak their mind. Honest Kent, whose avowed occupation it is to be plain, is misconstrued into a perverse specimen by an unfriendly critic :

" . . . This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness ; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature : he cannot flatter, he !—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth,
An they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely."

Jaques is professedly one who must have liberty, as large a charter as the wind, to blow on whom he pleases. Give him leave to speak his mind, and he will through and through cleanse the foul body of the infected world, if they will patiently receive his medicine. A parlous *if*. Of a kindlier stock comes that outspoken old patrician, Menenius Agrippa, whose "heart's in 's mouth : what his breast forges, that his tongue must vent." Here, on the other hand, is the shrew proper :

"Your betters have endured me say my mind ;
And if *you* cannot, best to stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please in words."

That is Katharina of Padua. And here *loquitur* another shrewish tongue, Sicilian Paulina's :

"He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I 'll take 't upon me :
If I prove honey tongued, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-looking anger be
The trumpet any more."

She'll use that tongue she has to the king : if wit flow from it, as boldness from her bosom, let it not be doubted she'll do some good. But the king is only exasperated by her unreserved utterances, and turns on her husband as a fellow worthy to be hanged, for not stopping her tongue. "Hang all the husbands that cannot do that feat," the shrew's goodman shrewdly suggests, and "you'll leave yourself hardly one subject." Once more, in Hotspur we have the fretful, impulsive type, always in hot water, and never shrinking from yet another scalding ; as where he is bent on following the king offhand, and giving him a piece, nay the whole, of his mind, red hot, just as it is :

". . . I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head."

Like Agrippa d'Aubigné, he is *de cette race cassante qui ne se refuse jamais un coup de langue*.

Readers of Macaulay's History may remember his sketch of that "fiercest and most audacious" of the refractory Whig members, in 1689, John Howe, who was what is vulgarly called a disinterested man ; that is to say, as the Whig historian understands it in this case, if not in all cases, "he valued money less than the pleasure of venting his spleen and of making a sensation." "As to my place," said the Queen's vice-chamberlain, for to that dignity had "Jack" Howe been preferred, "that shall never be a gag to prevent me from speaking my mind." The Mirza Firouz, as pictured by Hajji Baba, had always been famous for the indiscreet use which he made of the great powers of speech with which he was endowed ; hence the determination of the grand vizier to inflict upon him

the honour of being an ambassador to countries beyond the sun, in the hope of being rid of his tongue perhaps for ever.¹ Lord Cochrane was still a raw lieutenant when he gave the first indication of his future character as an uncompromising denouncer of abuses: "I had always a habit of speaking my mind without much reserve," observes the Earl of Dundonald in his autobiography. One of his reviewers contrasts him, to his disadvantage in this respect, with Wellington and Nelson, both of them conspicuous examples of self restraint; both of them sufficiently awake to the shortcomings of the government under which they served, but still not openly denouncing them.² Not but that the world is the better for a plain speaker, in season. We read of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, that his attendance about the court did not prevent him from uttering boldly his opinions on church and state affairs, and "saying all kinds of distasteful things even to the king's face," that king being Charles I. The earl's frankness is thus said to have secured him a position in the popular party which his abilities would not have done. It is a fine sight after all, exclaims one admirer of the species, a warm hearted, outspoken, injudicious man, of more than middle age. But this same admirer, who emphatically avows his real affection for "outspoken honesty and truthfulness," in the person too of one who, "if he thought a neighbouring marquis a humbug," would call him what he thought him, and who, "if he thought a bishop a fool, would say so," is yet urgent in his advice to any man who does not

¹ Hence too, by collateral issue—Hajji Baba in England.

² "Lord Dundonald no doubt would say that this was a compromise of principle. But if Nelson had spoken unguardedly of his admiral, and thereby delayed his own promotion, some other officer must have commanded the British fleet off the coast of Egypt, and there might never have been a battle of the Nile."

Apply, with a difference, but that not much, the lines in Jonson's *Sejanus*, concerning one who is bold and free of speech,

"Earnest to utter what his zealous thought
Travails withal";

a course of action which, however honest in the motive, may,

"By the over often and unseasoned use,
Turn to his loss and danger."

wish to be branded as disagreeable, entirely to break off the habit (if he has such a habit) of addressing to even his best friends any sentence beginning with "What a fool you were!" It is not the most agreeable of the gods whom Lucian introduces as vaunting his freedom in speaking his mind, ἀλλὰ πάντες με ἴσασιν ὡς ἐλεύθερός εἰμι τὴν γλῶτταν. Chartered libertine of Olympus, he sticks by his charter, and sticks up for it: magna charta it is to him. Καὶ λέγω τὰ δοκοῦντά μοι ἐς τὸ φανερόν, ὅντε δεδιώς τινα, οὐδὲ ὑπ' αἰδῶς ἐπικαλύπτων τὴν γνώμην. Addison pictures in "cousin Tom" a lively, impudent clown, "one of those country squires, that set up for plain honest gentlemen who speak their minds." Like one of the inhabitants of Crabbe's Borough, when thus in glee,

" 'I speak my mind, I love the truth,' quoth he ;
Till 't was his fate that useful truth to find,
'T is sometimes prudent *not* to speak the mind."

But even hard experience fails to teach some this sometimes prudence. Madame, Mère du Régent Orleans, honest outspoken German frau amid the artificialities of the French court, could never be taught not to speak her mind. "Je suis très-franche et très-naturelle, et je dis tout ce que j'ai sur le cœur." But the duchess is not to be classed with the category stigmatized in one of Lady Mary Wortley's letters: "I have seen ladies indulge their own ill humour by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserved approbation by saying, I love to speak truth." Mrs. Gaskell describes her Mrs. Thornton as taking a savage pleasure in the idea of "speaking her mind," in the guise of a fulfilment of a duty. Washington Irving had yet a name to make as a master of English prose, when he dabbled in satirical verse, at the expense of the incontinently candid, of the gentler (or as the prescriptive phrase has it, the gentle) sex :

"Too often our maidens, grown aged I ween,
Indulge to excess in the workings of spleen,
And, at times, when annoyed by the slights of mankind,
Work off their resentment—by speaking their mind."

MOURNING FOR A MOTHER.

PSALM XXXV. 14.

WHEN the psalmist would express in the most forcible way the sincerity and the depth of his sympathy, now so cruelly repaid, with the sickness and sorrow of sometime friends,—false friends the event was to prove, for now they rewarded him evil for good, to the great discomfort of his soul,—what he says is, that when they were sick he not only put on sackcloth and humbled his soul with fasting, not only behaved himself as though it had been his veriest friend or his own brother—but, as a climax of suggestive illustration, beyond and above all others pathetically significant, that he “went heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother.” Ages after ages take no force from the expressiveness of that most expressive phrase, nor do they give fresh intensity to it; they neither add thereto, nor diminish from it. It is a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. But what full libraries of testimony in confirmation of its force might be collected, were one generation to another to show forth its fulfilled experience, the ever recurring verification of that thrilling truism in home life, in the life of the homeliest! One may suppose that in that case, and upon that subject, the world itself would not contain the books that should be written.

Here and there an instance obtrudes itself on the memory, such as that of Sertorius, overwhelmed amid his military triumphs by news of his mother’s death—that mother by whom alone the fatherless boy had been educated, and upon whom his affections, which were strong, centred and were fixed. For a full week the Roman general gave himself up to grief inconsolable, nor would he be persuaded to leave his tent, but lay there on the ground, in literal dejection, supine and supreme. Or again, in these later days, one thinks of Etty the painter, the intensity of whose grief at his aged mother’s death is so feelingly manifest in his always cordial letters; and who remained in the house for days, and refused to be comforted, until a visit to the minster of his native city (York) availed to rouse him from his torpor of afflic-

tion ; for, on hearing the organ peal forth its solemn harmonies, he burst into tears, and from that moment felt relief, and could submit and worship, and no longer sorrow as (for himself) without hope. "There is no love like a mother's love," wrote Moore to his mother from across the Atlantic, when relating an incident in his travels that had touched and impressed him. And when, some thirty years later, he had to enter in his diary the loss of her whom, whatever his failings, he had never failed to love dearly, he added these words : "The difference it makes in life to have lost *such* a mother, those only who have had that blessing, and have lost it, can feel : it is like a part of one's life going out of one." Worthy of all acceptation and constant remembrance is Jean Paul Richter's exclamation : "Oh, thou who hast still a mother, thank God for it on the day when thy soul is full of glad tears, and needs a bosom wherein to shed them !" Alive, she continues to be, as it were, a fountain of life to him whose life without hers had not been ; a fountain, he may say with the poet, at his fond heart's door, whose only business is to flow ; and flow it does, not taking count of its own bounty, or of his need. But, between this fontal life and that "mere negation," death, there is indeed a great gulf fixed. "But she is in her grave, and oh, the difference to me !"

Had I to name another text of Scripture which should best enhance the expressiveness of the words, "as one that mourneth for his mother," it should be a fragment from the greatest of the greater prophets,— "as one whom his mother comforteth" (Isa. lxvi. 13). The one text most touchingly sets off the other. No such other comforter, soother, tranquilliser, here below ; and therefore no such loss as the loss of that hitherto ever present and very present help in the time of trouble. Dante, in beginning the twenty-second canto of "Il Paradiso," likens himself running astounded to the guardian of his steps, to—

" . . . the child, who always runs
Thither for succour, where he trusteth most ;
And she was like the mother, who her son
Beholding, pale and breathless, with her voice
Soothes him, and he is cheered."

Loving readers of Elia's essays may remember a gentle Lamb-like passage, descriptive of the return home, after years of absence, of one over whom his mother wept tears of joy at the return, as she had wept tears of sorrow at the departure; tears which that son would recall in his own dotage, when the dead and gone mother could weep tears of joy or sorrow never more. "But then, the excitement subsiding," writes Elia, "he would weep, till I have wished that sad second childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of all in no long time after received him gently into hers." To Lamb's own friend, Southey, we owe the lines which record the vision of a dead mother to one whose heart may well be wrung with "compunctious visitings" at the fancied sound of her voice, long stilled, once stilled:

" . . . It was that voice
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which soothed his childish griefs,
Counselled with anguish and prophetic tears
His headstrong youth."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, discoursing in his pleasant professorial way on the sombre thoughts and fancies that are apt to beset even grown men in the dark and all alone, when one's whole body seems but one great nerve of hearing, and one "sees the phosphorescent flashes of his own eyeballs as they turn so suddenly in the direction of the last strange noise,"—goes on to profess, or confess ("old babies that we are!") that a man is apt at such times to get very nervous or foolish, and remember how pleasant it used to be to have his mother come and tuck him up, and go and sit within call, so that she could hear at any minute if he got very much scared and wanted her. "A mother," says Frederick Perthes, "by the sick bed of her child, teaches us the full power which lies in human nature; the father is appalled at his own comparative backwardness." A modern poet contrasts father's with mother's dealing with the sick child's cry for the star:

" ' Ah, folly ! ' sighs the father, o'er his book ;
 ' Millions of miles above thy foolish nook
 Of infantile desire, the Hesperus-star
 Descends not, child, to twinkle on thy cot ' :
 Then readjusts his blind-wise spectacles,
 While tears to sobs are changing, were it not
 The mother, with those tender syllables
 Which e'en Dutch mothers can make musical too,
 Murmurs : ' Sleep, sleep, my little one ! and I
 Will pluck thy star for thee, and by-and-by
 Lay it upon thy pillow, ' bright with dew. '
 And the child sleeps, and dreams of stars whose light
 Beams in his own bright eyes when he awakes. "

And that arch allusion to even Dutch mothers reminds us of what a pen-painter of Dutch pictures says of a mother being to little children the centre of love, the father an after acquaintance, who improves upon acquaintance too ; but she is always with them, to love, to soothe, to caress, to care for, to watch over. " When a child wakes up, hot and feverish from some night dream, it is upon his mother he calls. Each childish pain, each childish grief, each childish difficulty, is to be soothed, assuaged, explained, by her. The pair have no secrets ; they understand each other. The child clings to her. The little boy, in the Greek epigram, that was creeping down a precipice, was invited to his safety, when nothing else could induce him to return, by the sight of his mother's breast. " The sorrowing man, in Mr. Coventry Patmore's long poem, writes in his dejection to " my mother, now my only friend, " and utters the wistful, regretful longing :

" . . . Would I might
 But be your little child to-night,
 And feel your arms about me fold,
 Against this loneliness and cold ! "

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Truism though it be, touching for all time to all who ponder on it, of woman born, must and will be Gray's memorable saying on the one mother and the only one. " I have long discovered, " he writes to Mr. Nichols, " a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have more than

a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and what you call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart." Byron's announcement by letter to Dr. Pigott of his mother's death the day before (Aug. 1, 1811) contains the avowal, "I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray's observation, 'that we can only have *one* mother.'" Washington Irving writes to Mr. Kennedy in 1854: "I condole with you sincerely on the loss of your mother, for, from my own experience, it is one of the losses which sink deepest in the heart. It is upwards of thirty years since I lost mine, then at an advanced age; yet I dream of her to this day, and wake up with tears on my cheeks."¹

¹ In his collected essays and sketches Geoffrey Crayon had pictured the pilgrimage of a battered worldling, the worse for the world's wear and tear, to his mother's grave. The pilgrim's heart had gradually been filling during his lonely tramp, but at the graveside it was charged to the brim and overflowed. "I sunk upon the grave, and buried my face in the tall grass, and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom, of my mother. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! how heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to meet with true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes, then it is that we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. 'O my mother!' I exclaimed, burying my face again in the grass of the grave; 'oh that I were once more by your side, sleeping never to wake again on the cares and troubles of this world.'"

Readers of Mr. Windham's Diary may remember the entries that eminent statesman, warm-hearted man, and finished gentleman makes *in memoriam* of his aged mother (fourscore years old when she died)—"whose happiness I might have completed by sacrifices so slight as hardly to be known under that character. What a bitter reflection that this was not done!" How bitter, he goes on to say, harping on the old string, a heartstring too that jars painfully on the nervous system and the emotional centres of all of us,—how bitter are those regrets which spring from the consciousness of omissions towards persons whom death has taken from us; to whom no compensation

In the presence of a mother, the author of the *New Phædo* has said, we feel that our childhood has not all departed : it is as a barrier between ourselves and the advance of time.

can be made ; whom no sentiments of kindness can reach ; who cannot even have the satisfaction of knowing the pain which that reflection excites in us ! “ How different would my state of mind be at present, had I acted for some years past under impressions similar to those which I now feel. . . . ’T is dreadful to think how much happiness has been lost to a person whose happiness I was bound by so many ties to promote, merely for want of such attentions as it would have cost me nothing to pay. . . . All that I forbore to do, short of a studious attention to her happiness, stands as a direct charge against myself and a source of lasting reproach which time can never wholly efface.”—Diary of the Rt. Hon. W. Windham, pp. 247, *seq.*

Some suggestive thoughts on a practical aspect of this state of feeling occur in the story of *An Old Debt*, where a self-upbraider who declines to be comforted, because the would-be comforter has no such reasons as she has for keen and unsparing self reproach, is answered : “ I believe the only difference in the feeling in which we regard the dead must be some shades more or less of self reproach. But there is no feeling that is not meant either to be conquered or translated into action. Life is not long enough for emotion that ends with itself.” “ How can we put our self reproach into action when the subjects of it exist no longer ? ” “ When they exist no longer ? ” he repeated, with a grave smile. “ When they are removed beyond the reach of our actions, then.” “ Their wishes live still.” “ Do they ? Does anything survive the grave, do you think, that binds us to one person more than another ? ” “ I believe in the immortality of the soul—not of that small, poor, dwindled part which would survive if all individual affections were obliterated. How far the opportunities we have thrown away may be found again on the other side of the grave, whether all that might have been here may be there, no human being can say ; but every human being can be sure that the only thing that makes *this* life worth having will not be absent from the next.”

Schleiermacher congratulates an endeared correspondent on the grateful suffering she has to endure in tending an aged, if not dying mother. “ Ah, there are few things in the world more beautiful than this. Indeed, I know of none. . . . Had but the happiness been vouchsafed me,” he goes on to say, to sweeten the last moments and to close the eyes of a parent of his own, absence from whom at that time, and all but estrangement from you, long previously, he never ceased to deplore,—“ most willingly would I have borne the impaired health which might have been the consequence, as in your case. Oh, dear friend, enjoy with melancholy but calm consciousness, and undisturbed by any considerations that might possibly deter you, the last great banquet perhaps that your filial heart has prepared for itself.” The counsel is at one with that of the poet to “ a child embracing his mother ”—where he bids the little one love his mother, kiss and clasp her neck again, for hereafter she may have a son will kiss and clasp her neck in vain ; bids him gaze upon her living eyes, and mirror back her love for him, mindful of a coming day when he may sigh and shudder to meet them in their sightless stare ; bids him press her lips the while they

"Chased and wearied out by the cares of manhood, we enter the temple dedicated to youth—('a guardian standing near us,'); and our persecutors [the Furies of Æschylus] sleep while we linger at the altar." Young Cadurcis, in *Venetia*, newly motherless, is told by Lady Annabel that she is his mother now, and that he shall find her one if he will. He tries to stifle a sob. "Ah, Lady Annabel, you are my friend now, and so are

glow in love, which hereafter he may press in anguish and kiss till his own are cold.

"Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver grey;
Too early death, led on by care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!"

Sydney Dobell's Roman minstrel has a fancy about a rose, sung on the morn he saw his mother's first grey hair. The overblown rose is the theme of his minor key minstrelsy.

"O maiden! touch gently the rose overblown,
And think of the mother thy childhood hath known;
Smile not on the buds that exult from her stem,
Lest her pallor grow paler that thou lovest them.
From their beauties, O maid, each bright butterfly chase,
Till his duties are paid to that dew-faded face . . .
Turn then thine eyes to the rose overblown,
Speak of its place in a tremulous tone . . .
Yes, turn in thy gloom to the rose overblown,
Reverently gather each leaf that is gone,
Watch every canker and wail every streak,
As thou countest the lines on thy mother's dim cheek;
Twilight by twilight, and day after day,
Keep sweet attendance on sweeter decay."

As auld Elspeth puts it, in Scott's *Antiquary*, "Ye ken how the rhyme says—

"He turned him right and round again,
Said, Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither."

Or as the old negro, in the best read of all stories of negro life: "Tell ye what, Mas'r George, the Lord gives good many things twice over; but He don't give ye a mother but once. Ye 'll never see sich another woman, Mas'r George, if ye live to be a hundred years old."

you all ; and you know I love you very much. But you were not my friends two years ago ; and things will change again. A mother is your friend as long as she lives ; she cannot help being your friend." Here were true friends, if such could exist ; here were fine sympathies, pure affections, innocent and disinterested hearts. Every domestic tie, says the author, yet remained perfect, except the spell-bound tie of blood. That wanting, all was a bright and happy vision that might vanish in an instant, and for ever ; that perfect, even the least graceful, the most repulsive home, had its irresistible charms ; and its loss, when once experienced, might be mourned for ever, and could never be restored.

" This rugged world affords, at last no rest
Like the safe covert of a mother's breast.
Oh, she had pity for my slightest pain ;
I never sought her sympathy in vain."

What a sad commonplace in autobiography, including the autobiography of fiction rooted in fact, is the too late appreciation of this mother's love. How true it is, exclaims Theodore Hook for instance, in the most veritably autobiographical of all his fictions, that when those we have adored are gone—when those lips we have loved are sealed in silence, and can no longer speak a pardon for our indiscretions or omissions—we reproach ourselves with inattentions and unkindnesses, which, at the time we then fancied them committed, would perhaps have been matters of indifference or even jest. Mrs. Brunton's Laura, in *Self-Control*, looks back to the churchyard where her mother sleeps, and tears fill her eyes, as, passing over long intervals of unkindness, she recollects some casual proof of maternal love ; and they fall fast as she remembers that for that love she can now make no return. Henry Esmond, musing on a mother's goodness—her devising of silent bounties, her scheming of gentle kindnesses—too truly says that we take such goodness, for the most part, as if it was our due ; some of us never feeling this devotion at all, nor being moved by it to gratitude or acknowledgment ; others only recalling it years after,¹ when the days are past in

¹ There is a passage in Mrs. Norton's poem, *The Dream*, which has been

which those sweet kindnesses were spent on us ; and we offer back our return for the debt by a poor tardy payment of tears. "Then forgotten tones of love recur to us, and kind glances shine out of the past—oh, so bright and clear!—oh, so longed after! because they are out of reach ; as holiday music from within a prison wall, or sunshine seen through the bars ; more prized, because unattainable ; more bright, because of the contrast of present darkness and solitude whence there is no escape." *De profundis* comes that articulate *suspirium* of Hartley Coleridge in the sonnet addressed to his dead mother :

"Oh, would that I could see thee in thy heaven
For one brief hour, and know I was forgiven
For all the pain and doubt and rankling shame
Which I have caused to make thee weep or sigh.
Bootless the wish! for where thou art on high,
Sin casts no shadow, sorrow hath no name."

If never before, often and often in the lives and the deaths of the sons of men it comes to pass that, dying, they become absorbed in memory of a mother. She may have been dead long years since, or she may yet be living while they are going down to the gates of the grave, far from her possible presence to smoothe the descent for them ; but either way, often and often their last thoughts are fixed upon her.

When Conradin knelt, with uplifted hands, awaiting the blow of the executioner, while even the followers of the inexorable Charles of Anjou could scarcely restrain their pity and indignation, he uttered these last words : "O my mother! how deep

admired for a tender Crabbism in it that goes right to the heart: it is a recollection of her widowed mother, alone amid her brood of careless hearts:

"Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain
The young rebellious spirits crowding round,
Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain,
And could not comfort—yet had power to wound!
Ah! how my selfish heart, which since hath grown
Familiar with deep trials of its own,
With riper judgment looking to the past,
Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,
Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,
And darkens every folly into crime!"

will be thy sorrow at the news of this day !” It is noteworthy as a fact in the natural history of the dying, that the last words of the men tended by English sisters of mercy in the Crimean war were most often of their mothers, even when they had wives and children ; a fact traced by philosophy to the force of early association which, in supreme moments of physical weakness, so uniformly asserts itself. In one of Mrs. Browning’s Italian war poems, a court lady—and that is the title of the poem—passes through the hospital wards, and soothes the sufferers :

“ Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a girl’s,
 Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black hole in the curls,
 ‘ Art thou from Tuscany, brother ? and seest thou dreaming in pain,
 Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain ? ’ ”

As Sir John Moore lay a-dying, after Corunna, once only his voice faltered, as he spoke of his mother. Burckhardt’s last words were about his mother, when he became strongly affected. Hazlitt’s dying thoughts reverted wistfully to the old mother in Devonshire he so longed to see again. The whole world is akin as regards these touches of nature. East and west join hands. The Greek classics and the Arabian Nights are at one. The prince in Scheherazade’s story of Aboulhassan declares all his regret, in dying, to be that he cannot die in the arms of his dearest mother, “ who,” he says, “ has always loved me with a tenderness not to be expressed.” And the moribund Ajax of Sophocles melts somewhat as he anticipates the grief his violent end will cause her that bare him :

“ *Ἡ που τάλαινα τήνδ’ ὅταν κλύη φάτιν,*
Ἦσει μέγαν κωκυτὸν ἐν πάσῃ πόλει.

THE RIGHT DOING OF THE SUPREME JUDGE.

GENESIS xviii. 25.

G
 REAT truths are not unfrequently asserted on the strength of texts of Scripture which really have another bearing altogether. The texts become inseparably allied with the truths in traditional usage, although the relationship is, after all, an artificial and made up one. Abraham's expostulating query, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" is commonly cited by way of rebuking the repining of the bereaved. It is right, and may be necessary, to rebuke the repining of the bereaved: but scarcely so by means of this particular text. Abraham's words constitute in effect a remonstrance, as of one who had taken upon him to speak unto the Lord, and who appealed to infinite justice to be just and true,—appealed to the Judge of all the earth to deal as became Him with the cause in hand, to vindicate His way to men, to fulfil righteousness, to do right. The father of the faithful appealed to the Father of the spirits of all flesh,—

"For Thou hast made them, Thou art just,"—

to discriminate between godly and ungodly in His judgments • then impending. Surely the Lord would not slay the righteous in common with the wicked; because He, as Judge universal, and beyond appeal, must needs do right.

The author of *Mechanism in Thought and Morals* has said, that if a created being has no rights which his Creator is bound to respect, there is an end to all moral relations between them. "Good father Abraham thought he had, and did not hesitate to give his opinion. 'Far be it from Thee,' he says, to do so and so. And Pascal, whose reverence amounted to theophobia,¹ could treat of the duties of the Supreme to the dependent

¹ A term used by Dr. Holmes to designate a state of mind thus described by Jeremy Taylor: "There are some persons so miserable and scrupulous, such perpetual tormentors of themselves with unnecessary fears, that their meat and drink is a snare to their consciences. These persons do not believe noble things of God."

being.”¹ Elsewhere again, Dr. Holmes speaks sympathetically of the noble frankness in his highest relations which, says he, did honour to the courage of the father of the faithful.

Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar? is the daring remonstrance of the prophet: and as waters that fail? Of a greater Prophet than Jeremiah, even of the Prophet that should come into the world; even of One whose day father Abraham desired to see, and saw it, and was glad; of Him stands it written by an apostle’s pen, that He committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously.

With another apostle, what shall we say then? is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid. *Τί οὖν ἐροῦμεν; μὴ ἀδικία παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ; Μὴ γένοιτο.* (Purposely the Greek is here quoted, and with special reference to the *μὴ γένοιτο*, as rendered in the English version, “God forbid.” For thereby hangs a tale, not too well known,—at any rate out of university circles. Some years ago, a score and upwards, a popular preacher held forth from the pulpit of a university town, his text being one of the several passages in which, as here, *μὴ γένοιτο* is Englished into “God forbid.” He is now a dignitary of the Church; something more than a plain Reverend; say, for instance, a Very Reverend. The pulpit he occupied on the occasion in question was not indeed the university pulpit; but it was the parish pulpit of the Regius Professor of Greek,—to whom therefore, *ex officio*, any gross blunder in his own department must have been more than a little galling. Well, if not in absolutely the following words, in words strictly to this effect,

¹ “Il y a un DEVOIR réciproque entre Dieu et les hommes. . . . *Quid DEBUI?* ‘accusez-moi,’ dit Dieu, dans Isaïe. Dieu DOIT accomplir ses promesses,” etc.—*Pensées* xxiii. 3.

It has been said of the early ministry of New England by an intense admirer of its leading men, that the letters of these to one another form a literature altogether unique. Hopkins sends to Edwards the younger his scheme of the universe, in which he starts with the proposition that God is infinitely above all obligations of any kind to his creatures. Edwards replies with the brusque comment:—“This is wrong; God has no more right to injure a creature than a creature has to injure God.” Very straitlaced system-mongers would shrink from such diction as the psalmist’s, “Judge me, O Lord my God, according to Thy righteousness”—simply an appeal of confidence in the right doing of the supreme Judge.

the preacher declaimed. "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? The apostle shall answer for us,—‘God forbid.’ He answers by appealing by name to the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity. He invokes the Almighty to forbid the thought. He repudiates the bare notion by a solemn appeal to his Maker," etc., etc. Now as the Greek words present a conspicuous absence of the alleged Name, the declaimer's rhetoric was sadly far fetched; he hardly could have gone farther and fared worse. If there be an intellectual as well as moral breaking of the third commandment, he may, in a sense, be said to have taken that Name in vain.)

The import of the patriarch's pleading may be illustrated by the devotional argument of one of the opening stanzas of *In Memoriam*,—of which inattentive readers may, and often do, fail to reach the meaning, at once argumentative and devout :

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him, Thou art just."

The logic of the strain is close and condensed ; almost with the air about it of an enthymeme,¹ with one of the premises suppressed. It is as though in response to the summons from above, Come now, let us reason together, the poet had thus reasoned with his Maker : Thou wilt not leave us in the dust, into which, dust to dust, we are by death resolved or dissolved ; and of this we are persuaded because Thou hast made man

¹ Luther calls the psalms of David (who had well studied in Moses) "altogether syllogisms, or concluding sentences out of the first commandment. *Major*, the first, is God's word itself ; *Minor*, the second, faith. The conclusion is the act, work, and execution, so that it is done, as we believe. As, *Major* : *Misericors Deus, respicit miseros* ; *Minor* : *Ego sum miser* ; *Conclusio* : *Ergo Deus me quoque respicit*."

The French Pasteur Colani expatiates on the Divine argument as to evil men giving good gifts to their children,—how much more, *à fortiori*, shall our heavenly Father : "Ce raisonnement est d'une rigueur mathématique : il est impossible que Dieu ne soit pas meilleur que le meilleur d'entre nous ; donc, tout ce que nous pouvons imaginer de miséricorde, nous sommes sûrs de le trouver en lui."

with an instinctive thought of, if not an innate ineradicable belief in, his immortality ; and Thou, who hast so made him, being just, canst not have so made him in vain. From Thee springs his hope eternal of eternal life, and by Thee shall that hope be fulfilled. The inspiration of the Almighty giveth him this understanding, and shall not the Father of the spirits of all flesh assert His fatherhood ? Shall not the Maker who inspired recognise the mortal immortal who therefore aspired ? Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?

Abraham reasons as the father of the faithful ; and there is a faith, in the words of a late divine who essayed strenuously (in sermon essays and other modes) to adjust and harmonise the claims of reason and faith,—there is a faith which is the highest reason. “We trust an instinct given to us by a God of truth. We cannot be better than our origin ; as the drop is not more than an infinite source. Having contracted an alliance with the Almighty and Omniscient, we ought not to doubt that He will prove a faithful Creator.” The argument¹

¹ Which, in its time, has taken all sorts of forms, some of them sufficiently fantastic. Here is a very French form of it, in the words of Vergniaud, on the eve of his execution, together with the other leading Girondins. Haranguing his friends and fellow victims, at that strange “last supper” they had together by permission in the Conciergerie, he told them that death is the most important event in life, only because it is the passage to a higher state of being. “Were it not so, man would be greater than God ; for he would have conceived what his Creator could not execute. No ! Vergniaud is not greater than God, but God is more just than Vergniaud.”

A grotesque rendering of the like conviction is offered by the impulsive old negress, Aunt Milly, in the tale of the dismal swamp, when asked by a sombre sceptic how she knows there is any heaven anyhow ? “Know it ?” says Milly, her eye kindling, and her staff well grounded, “Know it ? I know it by de hankering arter it I got in here,” giving her chest a blow which makes it resound like a barrel. “De Lord knowed what He was ’bout when He made us ; when He made babies rooting round, wid der poor little mouths open, He made milk and de mammies for ’em too. Chile, we ’s nothing but great babies, dat an’t got our eyes opened, rooting round and round ; but de Father ’ll feed us yet—He will so.”

Little Jane Eyre’s wistful query to dying Helen at Lowood, “But where are you going to, Helen ? Can you see ? Do you know ?” is answered, “I believe ; I have faith ; I am going to God.” “Where is God ? What is God ?” “My Maker and yours, who will never destroy what He has made. I rely implicitly on His power, and confide wholly in His goodness.” She

is that our trust in the moral nature of God, and our consciousness of a kinship by aspiration to Him, assure us of His will to preserve us alive throughout eternity. The analyst of the soul submits that it appears a harsh and almost cruel thought to suppose that God should, as it were, elaborately train a soul for serving and loving Him, and then suddenly abandon His own workmanship, when its lineaments were beginning a little to exhibit the hand of the Divine artist. "I cannot think," avows the author of the *Religion of the Heart*, "that the Author of all good and hope does anything by halves in respect to that roundness of completion in a future state, which He has put it in our hearts to desire in this," any more than He has made anything which yearns or tends to be completed, a thing but half complete, from an orb itself down to a fruit. What mourner can be consoled if the dead die for ever? is the obstinate self-questioning of Allen Fenwick, at the crisis of his Strange Story; and through every pulse of his frame throbs that dread question, and all nature around seems to him to murmur it. "And suddenly, as by a flash from heaven, the grand truth in Faber's grand reasoning shone on me, and lighted up all, within and without. Man alone, of all earthly creatures,

is sure there is a future state, for she believes that God is good. He will not leave her in the dust, for He so made her as to think He would not, could not, He being just.

Glancing for illustrations in another direction, quite another, we light on Canon Kingsley's Tom Thurnall affirming his absolute certitude of a future state,—our having been once born being to him the strongest possible presumption in favour of being born again; and this, as nature always works upwards and develops higher forms, probably in some higher state. A religion of nature, if not a very natural religion.

But there needs, as towards the close of *In Memoriam*, the invocation of a "living will" that shall endure when all that "seems" shall suffer shock,—

" That we may lift from out of dust
 A voice as unto Him that hears,
 A cry above the conquered years
 To One that with us works, and trust,
 With faith that comes of self control,
 The truths that never can be proved
 Until we close with all we loved,
 And all we flow from, soul in soul."

asks, 'Can the dead die for ever?' and the instinct that urges the question is God's answer to man. No instinct is given in vain." Who, in the demand of one of Two Voices, who forged that higher influence, that heat of inward evidence, by which man doubts against the sense? To man pertains the gift of eyes

"That read his spirit blindly wise,
Not simple as a thing that dies.

Here sits he shaping wings to fly :
His heart forebodes a mystery :
He names the name Eternity."

He does this as one made to do it. And God has made him : God is just.

"Thou carest for Thy creatures ; and the end
Thou seest. The world unto Thy hands I leave ;
And to Thy hands my life. I will not grieve
Because I know not all Thou dost intend."

So muses the Wanderer of one contemporary poet. In the *Faithful for Ever* of another, a troubled spirit takes comfort in the thought that

" . . . Love's best is not bereft
Ever from him to whom is left
The trust that God will not deceive
His creature, fashioned to believe
The prophecies of pure desire."

The heart, argues an expositor of the natural religion of it, the heart bids us hope, and God therefore bids us hope, by whom the heart was made. "Whatever good thing the heart bids us believe, let us do our best to believe it ; for God has put it there ; and its goodness is His warrant for its being cherished."¹ St. Clement, the Bishop of Rome, like the father

¹ "As-tu peur," exclaims Marmontel's Bélisaire, "que Celui qui nous a créés ne nous délaisse et ne nous oublie?"

Marmontel's teaching is that "La révélation n'est que le supplément de la conscience : c'est la même voix qui se fait entendre du ciel et du fond de mon âme." To an objection on the part of the Emperor Justinian, his philosophic general replies,—“Si elle ne l'est pas, Dieu me trompe, et tout est perdu,” etc.

of the faithful, like Esaias, is very bold : *Si Deus est justus, animus est immortalis*, he asserts. Else had "enormous doubt," in the words of a nineteenth century poet, rushed on the early Christian prelate, and all solution been undone of life's darkest riddles ; else might he have been driven to cry, with the bewildered of his race,—

"Is this the best a Deity has dreamed ?

Why then was man bestowed with Godlike thought ?

To eat, and suffer, why so subtly schemed ?

The brute's small spark of life had better him beseemed !"

Annihilation horrifies me, muses the author of *La Religion Naturelle*, and death is a troublous thought. Am I to believe that God inspired me with this dread, only to mock me ? "Est-ce un Dieu sage, qui ne me rend si grand que pour me rendre si malheureux ? . . . Il m'a donné l'être gratuitement ; *mais ce bienfait reçu me confère un droit, puisque Dieu est juste.*"¹ The intense and longing desire for future life which most men have is probably, says one of the Benjamin Constant school, the foundation of their hope ; an explanation which however suggests the prior question, Why do men desire a future life ? and to that the only answer he can give is, that God has implanted the feeling within us.

Apply the reasoning of Mr. Robert Browning in one of the most tuneful and tender of his lyrics :

"No, indeed ! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,

And creates the love to reward the love ;"

¹ "Nous avons donc le droit de demander si Dieu nous a fait à la fois pour aimer la vie, et pour la perdre." See, *passim*, the section headed *L'Immortalité*.

There was not much of Jules Simon about Beaumarchais ; but the latter argues like the former, in one of his latest letters, touching the aspirations of the soul, presumably *inspired* from on high : "Mais l'ouvrier d'un si bel assemblage aurait fait un ouvrage indigne de sa puissance s'il ne réservait rien à cette grande faculté à qui il a permis de s'élever jusqu'à sa connaissance." Compare this one among the *dernières pensées* of M. Necker : "Nous ne croirons pas que notre imagination s'élance au delà des temps pour nous fournir un simple jouet ; nous ne valions pas la peine d'être trompés, de l'être avec tant d'éclat, si nous ne devons avoir qu'une existence éphémère."

or that again to the same effect, and by the same poet, in his fine poem of Saul :

“Do I find love so full in my nature, God’s ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it ? here, the parts shift ?
Here the creature surpass the Creator ; the end, what Began ?”

Southey bids us think not love, genius, and virtue should inhere alone in mere mortality, and earth put out the sparks which are of Heaven :—

“Think not that He in whom we live doth mock
Our dearest aspirations.”

—o—

JOB'S COMFORTERS.

JOB xvi. 1-4.

MISERABLE comforters were they all, the man of Uz told Temanite, and Shuhite, and Naamathite. He had heard many such things before as they had to tell him, but all their full sentences and rounded periods were void of comfort. He too could talk such comfort with the best of them, were he in their place ; and he too could find fault with the best of them, were they the sufferers, and he the lecturer. “I also could speak as ye do, if your soul were in my soul’s stead. I could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you.” It is not all quibble, what Brabantio says, in reply to the complacent counsel and condolence of one of high degree :—

“He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal ;
But words are words ; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was piercèd through the ear.”

That is, consoled by words. To Friar Lawrence’s remon-

strant appeal, "Let me dispute with thee of thy estate," Romeo's rejoinder is, "Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel." In like mode Leonato bids his brother Antonio cease comfort and counsel that fall into his ears as profitless as water in a sieve :—

" . . . For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to, that grief
Which they themselves not feel. . . .
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself; therefore give me no counsel;
My grief cries louder than advertisement."

That is, than admonition. As Benedict says in the same play, "Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it." Pandolph's rebuke of Constance bemoaning her young Arthur, "You hold too heinous a respect of grief," only stirs her to the exclamation, "He talks to me that never had a son." Adriana again thus disposes of Luciana's essayings to comfort and compose her :

"A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain."

Volumnia gives way, high-spirited Roman matron though she be, at the parting with her son, who recalls her sonorous precepts of old time, ere she had instant need of applying them, as a very present help in trouble—a help found absent now, conspicuous by its absence :—

" . . . Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits :
. . . . You were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conned them ;"

but which, somehow, the preceptor (or preceptress) had not learnt by heart, so as now to apply in practice.

Rasselas believes himself to have found in a certain rhetorical sage a wise and happy man, who, from the unshaken throne of rational fortitude, looks down on the scenes of life changing beneath him. But anon the sage is found to be querulously disconsolate at a family bereavement. "Sir," says the prince to him, "mortality is an event by which a wise man can never be surprised: we know that death is always near, and it should therefore always be expected." "Young man," answers the philosopher, "you speak like one that has never felt the pangs of separation." "Have you then forgotten," asks Rasselas, "the precepts which you so powerfully enforced? Has wisdom no strength to arm the heart against calamity? Consider that external things are naturally variable, but truth and reason are always the same." "What comfort," returns the mourner, "can truth and reason afford me? Of what effect are they now, but to tell me that my daughter will not be restored?" And the prince, whose humanity will not suffer him to insult misery with reproof, goes away convinced of the emptiness of rhetorical sound, and the inefficacy of polished periods and studied sentences.

The French moralist's note of exclamation is noteworthy: "*Combien de belles et inutiles raisons à étaler à celui qui est dans une grande adversité, pour essayer de le rendre tranquille!*" One touch of nature there is in Addison's Marcus, when he impatiently breaks in upon his brother's polished periods and studied sentences, meant to tranquillize:—

"These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
O Portius! didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly."

It is easy, says Jeremy Taylor, for him that is well to give a sick man counsel: *Verum tu si hic esses, certè aliter sentire:* "when it comes to be his own case, when the sickness pinches him, . . . where 's the fine oration then?" Gentleman Waife, in a well-known fiction, is described as adopting, on a particular occasion, the general method of consolers who set out on the principle that grief is a matter of logic, deliver-

ing himself accordingly of a series of reflections with a vigour of ratiocination which "admitted of no reply, and conveyed not a particle of comfort." When Margaret Ramsay, in Scott's *Nigel*, is exhorted by the Lady Hermione to cultivate patience, "the only remedy against the evils of my life," "Yes, madam," she answers, drying her eyes, and trying in vain to suppress her present *impatience*, "I have heard so, very often indeed; and I dare say I have myself (heaven forgive me!) said so to people in perplexity and affliction; but it was before I had suffered perplexity and vexation myself." Parson Adams essaying to compose and calm down Joseph Andrews, with smooth drawn periods of unexceptionable soundness, "O sir," cries Joseph, "all this is very true, and very fine, and I could hear you all day, if I was not so grieved at heart as now I am." "Would you take physic," says Adams, "when you are well, and refuse it when you are sick? Is not comfort to be administered to the afflicted, and not to those who rejoice, or to those who are at ease?" "Oh, you have not spoke one word of comfort to me yet," cries Joseph. Nor is he more amenable to the parson's citation of wise men and philosophers who have written against the folly of grief, "quoting several passages from Seneca, and the Consolation, which, though it was not Cicero's, was, he [Adams] said, as good almost as any of his works."¹ Mr. Dickens characterizes the stoicism of his Mr. Dennis as of that

¹ Some eight or nine chapters later, Parson Adams himself falls into sore trouble. Tidings suddenly reach him that his youngest boy is drowned. And Joseph has ample opportunity of noting how much easier it is for even a ripe scholar and parish priest to give advice than take it; to "offer" consolation than to accept and appropriate it, in his own hour of need.

A kind physician, in Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South*, endeavours to console an affectionate rector, who has just lost his wife: "But all the reply he got, was in the choked words, 'You have never been married, Dr. Donaldson; you do not know what it is'; and in the deep, manly sobs, which went through the stillness of the night like heavy pulses of agony."

Mackenzie's Montauban is for once, and at once, kind and wise, when he says, on coming to see Roubigné on the day of losing his wife, "I will not endeavour to stop the current of your grief: that comfort which

not uncommon kind, which enables a man to bear with exemplary fortitude the afflictions of his friends, but renders him, by way of counterpoise, rather selfish and sensitive in regard of any that happen to befall himself. Epictetus in his *Enchiridion* points out that if the son or the wife of another dies everybody is ready to declare, "It is the common fate of mortals": but if their own dies, immediately their exclamation is, "Woe's me! Wretched, most wretched!" 'Ρᾶον παραινεῖν, ἢ παθόντα καρτερεῖν, says one old gnostic versemaker. And another, "Ἐτερόν τι τοῦ λέγειν ἐστὶ τὸ πεπονθέναι. Goethe's officious counsellor and *ex officio* comforter, the irrepressible Mittler, is rebuffed on one occasion with the retort: "It is well for the man who is happy, who has all that he desires, to talk: but he would be ashamed of it if he could see how intolerable it is to the sufferer." Farther on we have this from the lips of the same speaker: "It is only when we suffer ourselves, that we feel really the true nature of all the high qualities which are required for the endurance of suffering." As the Roman poet words it in an old English play, by way of plea for one whose complaints are loud and instant:

"We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls; but had ourselves been struck . . .
It would have cracked our sinews, shrunk our veins,
And made our very heartstrings jar, like his."

the world offers at times like these flows not from feeling, and cannot be addressed to it."

The bereaved father, in Hood's *Tylney Hall*, is not quieted, but disquieted in vain, by the words of condolence (for they are vain words, and therefore words in vain) of his friend the justice. "You think I'm womanish," said the baronet, "but it's easy for a father who has not lost a son, to say, Compose yourself, to one who has."

The bereaved autobiographer of the *Gates Ajar* finds all her neighbours of one accord that she is to become "resigned in an arithmetical manner, and comforted according to the Rule of Three. . . . If nobody need ever speak any more words to me!" is her wailing wish: "If anybody only knew *what* to say! Little Mrs. Bland has been ever very kind, and I thank her with all my heart. But she does not know. She does not understand. Her happy heart is bound up in her little live children. She never laid anybody away under the snow without a chance to say good-bye!"

A scene later there occurs this passage between two other Roman poets, Tibullus and Propertius :

Tib. You yield too much unto your griefs and fate,
Which never hurts but when we say it hurts us.

Prop. Oh, peace, Tibullus ! your philosophy
Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.
Speak they of griefs, that know to sigh and grieve :
The free and unconstrained spirit feels
No weight of my oppression."

It has sometimes occasioned expressions of surprise that the earliest of English tragedies, the *Ferrex and Porrex* of Sackville, Earl of Dorset (played at Whitehall in 1616), should contain lines so free from crabbed age, and the signs of it, as those in which Acastus counsels Gorboduc, and these in which Gorboduc appraises the counsel :—

"Many can yield right sage and grave advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapt in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods."

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SNEERING PHARISEES.

LUKE xvi. 14.

THE alleged impossibility of at once serving God and mammon—summing up our Lord's discourse on the true riches, and the unrighteous and therefore untrue—this was a hard saying for the Pharisees to bear ; who among them could bear it ? But then again, who among them could answer it, disprove it, refute it ? That was not easy. But it was easy to sneer. So they sneered. And, as Paley said of Gibbon, who can refute a sneer ?

All those things about the mammon of unrighteousness, and unfaithful stewardship, and divided service, "The Pharisees, also who were covetous, heard . . . and they derided

Him." The Greek is ἐξεμυκτήριζον: they sneered, or almost literally, in our homely phrase, they "turned up their noses" at Him; for the derivation is from μυκτήρ, nose.¹ The verb occurs again in chap. xxiii. 35, where we read that while the people stood beholding the Crucified One, the rulers also with them "derided Him," ἐξεμυκτήριζον—bidding Him that had saved others save Himself, if He were indeed the Christ, the chosen of God. (Save Himself? But had He not come to save that which was lost?)

The sneer of Gibbon is characterised as "solemn" by Byron—himself accomplished in the art of sneering, though seldom of a solemn sort: the historian is pictured in his Lausanne retreat, hiving wisdom with each studious year, shaping his weapon with an edge severe—

"Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony—that master spell
Which stung his foes to wrath."

One of Byron's best known figures in fiction is duly provided for out of the same armoury:

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear."

Self-portrayed, the poet, in this as in other salient points of the same painting. Avowedly he could, and would, and did sneer when the humour took him, which was often enough, much in the mode of Goethe's Mephistopheles: "If I sneer sometimes, it is because I cannot well do less, and now and then it also suits my rhymes." All sneers, Frederick Robertson asserts, are shallow and superficial. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes somewhere remarks that men who see *into* their neighbours are very apt to be contemptuous; whereas men who see *through* them find something lying behind every human soul which it

¹ Analogous in the Latin is the *Naso suspendis adunco* of Horace; and in Persius, the expressive ". . . Rides: et nimis naribus indulges."

The Greek verb is the rendering of Solomon's "A foolish man *despiseth* his mother" (Prov. xv. 20), as it is also of the cruel mockery of Psalm xxii. 7, and even of Divine derision, fearfully suggestive, in Psalm ii. 4.

is not for them to sit in judgment on, or to attempt to "sneer out of the order of God's manifold universe." Landor makes Alfieri declare of the court people with whom he has had to do: "The rascals have ruined my physiognomy. I wear an habitual sneer upon my face"; and they, on *his* showing, the whole and sole cause. A popular fiction describes one of those men so often met with, who, with an air of profound respect, have at the same time a slight smile hanging ever about the corners of their mouths, which casts a sneering expression over their entire face: the people, it is added, "on whom nature or habit has inflicted such a look are always hated,¹ because, without having a pretext for resenting it, we perceive that they are insulting us in their hearts." But the potentiality of sneering runs through a large gamut of expression, and varies in offence or in almost absolute offensiveness accordingly. Dr. Campbell wrote of Burke, in 1787: "There is a good deal of placidity in his countenance, but nothing of striking dignity, and from his nose I think that no man can sneer with more ease and effect if he chooses." Of a more pronounced type was the "dread sneer" of the younger Pitt, as we see him depicted in *St. Stephen's*:

" . . . His front with labour paled ;
The eyes that rarely glowed, but never quailed :
Within, disease—without, the host of foes ;
What grand contempt sustains that calm repose !
Gives the dread sneer that withered Erskine down,
And leaves the brow scarce ruffled by its frown."

Wordsworth speaks in his autobiographic *Prelude* of "all that silent language," as he expressively calls it, which so oft in conversation between man and man

¹ Lucy Fountain, in Mr. Charles Reade's story, avowedly, and in large capitals, "hates" Mr. Talboys, because "he is always backbiting and sneering: he admires nothing and nobody." "He has admired you ever since he saw you," replies her uncle. "What! has he never sneered at me?" asks the quick-witted girl. "Never, ungrateful girl, never," rejoins the matter of fact uncle. "Then that is very humiliating," says Lucy; "he takes me for his inferior. His superiors he always sneers at." She is convinced that had he seen anything good and spirited in her, he could not help detracting from and sneering at her.

"Blots from the human countenance all trace
Of beauty and of love."

"Is he sneering?" asks Colonna of Da Riva, in their colloquy with Agolanti (in the *Legend of Florence*):

" . . . Is he sneering?

Or is his zeal, and fame for polite manners,
Proving itself, in spite of his own teeth,
Sharpening its edge upon this oily venom?

Riva. Something of both; he sneers, because he hates us;
And would not have it seen, because he fears us."

Therein lies the genesis, the natural history of a sneer. The coward may adopt the subtle tactics of Pope's Atticus, who assented with civil leer, and, without himself sneering, taught the rest to sneer. Sheridan's Snake compliments Lady Sneerwell on her distinctive "mellowness of sneer." It has been said of Jeffrey's sneer, that at a distance it might almost have been taken for an infant smile: and yet how thoroughly it did its work! "It was as though the shadow of poison could kill," his sneers were "so light, and apparently gentle." Whereas of Scott it is recorded by Washington Irving, his Abbotsford guest, and a real student of his writings, "I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than there is throughout his works."¹ Another distinguished American, the historian

¹ Habitual sneerers are as rare among his characters, as they are common among those of a later school of fiction. Bletson, in *Woodstock*, is one of them: "a habitual sneer on his countenance, even when he least wished to express contempt on his features, seemed to assure the individual addressed that in Bletson he conversed with a person of intellect far superior to his own."

Fielding's Blifil has "one of those grinning sneers with which the devil marks his best beloved."

Charlotte Brontë characterizes her sister Emily's Heathcliff, in *Wuthering Heights*, as standing unredeemed, never once swerving in his arrow-straight course to perdition, to the hour when he lies on his back a grim, stalwart corpse, with wide gazing eyes that seem "to sneer at the attempts to close them, and parted lips, and sharp, white teeth that sneer too."

Mrs. Gore's Lady Leighton, in *The Hamiltons*, deploras the conviction her intimacy with the Eardley clique has impressed upon her, of the "excess of frightfulness" to which "we may be brought by a universal sneer."

Hook exhibits on the face of his retired Excellency, Sir Frederick Brashleigh, "one of those sneers which ere now has paralysed a subaltern, or exterminated a commissary."

Prescott, says of Sir Walter, whose frank address was an *open sesame* to every heart, that "he did not deal in sneers, the poisoned weapons which come, not from the head, as the man who launches them is apt to think,¹ but from an acid heart, or an acid stomach, a very common laboratory of such small artillery." De Quincey calls it untrue that "a sneer cannot be answered," but the answer too often imposes circumlocution; and upon a subject, he adds, which makes wise men grave, a sneer argues so much perversion of heart that it cannot be thought uncandid to infer some corresponding perversion of intellect. "Perfect sincerity never existed in a professional sneerer."



SLOW TO WRATH.

PROVERBS xiv. 29.

BY the voice of him whose greatness of understanding procured for him the title of the wise man, he that is slow to wrath is pronounced to be of great understanding, whereas the man that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly. Then again, a wrathful man stirreth up strife, while he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife. "The discretion of a man deferreth his anger;" "A fool's wrath is presently known." Folly fires up on the instant; and folly being made up of light materials in an instant all is ablaze.

Lord Macaulay has remarked that there are some unhappy men constitutionally prone to the darker passions, men to whom bitter words are as natural as snarling and biting to

¹ How closes Mr. Disraeli the third chapter of *Vivian Grey*? Sententiously, at least with this sentence: "A smile for a friend, and a sneer for the world, is the way to govern mankind, and such was the motto of Vivian Grey."

Compare Voltaire's *mot d'ordre*: "Marchez toujours en ricanant, mes amis, dans le chemin de la vérité." *C'est le refrain perpétuel*, Sainte Beuve says.

a ferocious dog ; and he asserts that to come into the world with this wretched mental disease is a greater calamity than to be born blind or deaf. A man, he proceeds to say, who, having such a temper, keeps it in subjection, and constrains himself to behave habitually with justice and humanity towards those who are in his power, seems worthy of the highest admiration. "There have been instances of this self command, and they are among the most signal triumphs of philosophy and religion." The inspired authority previously cited has declared him that is slow to anger to be better than the mighty, and him that ruleth his spirit than him that taketh a city.

In eulogies of the emperor Justinian this characteristic is not to be slighted, that he was "a master of the angry passions which rage with such destructive violence in the breast of a despot." Of Mahomet we are told that he was naturally irritable, but had brought his temper under great control, so that even in the self indulgent intercourse of domestic life he was kind and tolerant. "I served him from the time I was eight years old," said his servant Anas, "and he never scolded me for anything, though things were spoilt by me." Adam Smith traces from school and playground the progress and, so to speak, natural history of self control, and shows on what grounds, and in what way, the child advances in self command, studies to be more and more master of itself, and tries to exercise over its own feelings "a discipline which the practice of the longest life is very seldom sufficient to bring to complete perfection." Strafford has been quoted as an example of failure. For though his letter to his nephew, Sir William Savile, urges the cultivation of calmness and courtesy of demeanour, we have the testimony of even his most intimate and admiring friend, Sir George Radcliffe, to show that "he was naturally exceedingly choleric," and the actions of his life are held to be sufficient proof that in that particular he was never able thoroughly to subdue nature. The harder the battle, the nobler the victory ; and in some hard battles of this sort the victory has been all but complete.

Iracundus, the choleric man, is comprehended in the *nemo* of whom Horace negatively affirms that

“*Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.*”

Of Columbus we read that his temper was naturally irritable, but that he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Recording his calm self command when provoked by the insolence of Aguado, his biographer says: “his natural heat and impetuosity had been subdued by a life of trials; he had learnt to bring his passions into subjection to his judgment.” And verily he had his reward. “*Tu si animum vicisti,*” says Plautus, “*potius quam animus te, est quod gaudeas.*” To Columbus so confronted with an unworthy foe may be applied Shakspeare’s lines :

“Seeing his reputation touched to death,
He did oppose his foe ;
And with such sober and unnoted passion ”

(that is, passion so subdued that no spectator could note its operation)

“He did behave¹ his anger, ere ’twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.”

Addison sets forth an example in Juba, after the example of Cato :

“Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince !
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father’s bright example.”

Edmund Bohun, in his “Character of Queen Elizabeth,” while allowing that she used to be vehemently transported with anger, and that when she was so she would show it by her voice, her countenance, and her hands, yet contends on her behalf that her anger “was short and very innocent,” and gravely adds

¹ Manage, control.

that "she learned, from Xenophon's book of the Institution of Cyrus, the method of curbing and correcting this unruly and uneasy passion." But that trick of using her hands on her handmaids, and others, tells against her majesty's scholarship in this corrective school.

Ursinus, the celebrated German divine of the sixteenth century, and compiler of the Heidelberg Catechism, is described as having been a "modest though a very passionate man ; but he exercised great control over his passion, and he is said never to have answered an objection immediately." They tell us of Faustus Socinus that he was constitutionally very choleric, but had so tamed the wildness of his temper that the uniform suavity of his disposition seemed to be a natural gift. Swift bears witness of Lord Somers that he was a consummate master of himself in the command of those violent passions to which he was very consciously subject. "And it is indeed true that no man is more apt to take fire upon the least appearance of provocation ; which temper he strives to subdue with the utmost violence upon himself ; so that his breast has been seen to heave and his eyes to sparkle with rage in those very moments when his words and the cadence of his voice were in the softest and humblest manner." In the same History of the Last Four Years of Queen Anne, Swift maliciously exults in the Duke of Marlborough's lapse from "that virtue of subduing his resentments for which he was so famed," and tells how thoroughly he "forgot his government of his passion for which his admirers used to celebrate him, and fell into all the impotences of anger and violence upon every party debate." But Swift is writing as a partisan ; and at any rate a student of history and of character will be at least as cautious in accepting his estimate of Marlborough as the still more slashing ones by Thackeray and Macaulay.

Malone relates of Archbishop Secker that, being very irritable in temper, he made it a rule in order to guard himself against any unseemly outbreak of passion, always to speak in a very slow and measured tone ; and that this had the effect desired.

Dr. Channing is said to have been conscious of an inherited

tendency to irritability and harshness, which sometimes displayed itself in words or deeds ; and his biographer mentions that "sorrowing over such frailty, and feeling its unworthiness, he resolved that he would never become a minister till he had gained a control over all angry dispositions. The struggle led to a beautiful triumph ; and no one, who saw the unbroken serenity of his mature manhood, could easily conceive that there had ever been an original excitability to overcome." Among his early papers, some of which might be headed, like Owen Feltham's, "Resolves," may be read such passages as this : "When I feel irritable, let me be silent." "I wish to be cool and collected amidst insult and provocation. I would avoid the diffuseness which characterizes anger, and vindicate my character, conduct, or opinions, in as few and temperate words as consists with the regard I owe to truth." Elsewhere we find it recorded of him that only on extreme occasions did he express indignation, and then it was tempered with pity. "This consistent gentleness of manner, however, was the result of self command. By temperament he was ardent, even to impetuosity, and nothing in his character was more beautiful than the serene benignity with which he controlled his quick impulses."

Bishop Blomfield, his son tells us, possessed an almost complete mastery over a temper naturally liable to be soon roused by the angry recriminations of debate.

Mr. Disraeli asserts of Sir Robert Peel, not only that instead of being cold and wary, as was commonly supposed, he was impulsive and even inclined to rashness, but that his temper was naturally a "fiery" one, over which however he had obtained an absolute control. So Jefferson testifies of Washington, that his temper was constitutionally irritable and high toned, but that by reflection and resolution he had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. "If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath." He then became an incarnate "caution," as his countrymen might style it, of the import of Dryden's line, "Beware the fury of a patient man."

One of those pregnant stanzas with which George Herbert

meets and greets us, in the Church Porch, thus expounds and expands the theme of our present variations :

“Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour ?
Then keep such company ; make them thy allay :
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour ;
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thyself in chief. He life’s war knows,
Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.”

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DEMENTATION BEFORE DOOM.

EXODUS iv. 21.

IT is written that Pharaoh hardened his heart, and this again and again ; as well as, and we may be sure to all intents and purposes antecedently to, the fact that the Lord hardened Pharaoh’s heart. Pharaoh would have it so. Judicial blindness set in after a time ; but first there had been cause shown in Heaven’s chancery court. The infatuation was beyond remedy. The ossification of the heart involved, in its progress and development, paralysis of the brain. Dementation was now the precursor of perdition. “*Quem Deus vult PERDERE prius DEMENTAT.*”

It is those who did not like to retain God in their knowledge, that are said by the apostle to be by God given over to a reprobate mind. It is of those who distinctly and emphatically have pleasure in unrighteousness, that he says, “and for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie,” which dementation should involve their doom. They grope in the dark without light, and He maketh them to stagger like a drunken man.

“For wicked ears are deaf to wisdom’s call,
And vengeance strikes whom Heaven has doomed to fall,”

says the Homeric Odysseus ; and again, “For Zeus infatuates all, and all believe” a lie. And in another place we see Athenè “cloud with intellectual gloom the suitors’ souls, insensate of

their doom." In the Iliad again, we have the Trojans given over to welcome fatal counsel :

"The shouting host in loud applauses joined,
So Pallas robbed the many of their mind ;
To their own sense condemned ! and left to choose
The worst advice, the better to refuse."

Cicero, in his account to the people of Rome of the Catiline conspiracy, alleged that the conspirators must needs be under a divine and judicial infatuation, and could never have acted as they had done, if the gods had not confounded their senses. The argument is mosaically inwrought by Ben Jonson, as his manner is, into his tragedy on the subject :

"It is a madness

Wherewith Heaven blinds them, when it would confound them."

Catiline was in the mind's eye of Prescott, when he described Pizarro as, though greedy of others' goods, yet, "like the Roman conspirator, prodigal of his own"; and then went on to tell how, obeying the dictates of his own rash judgment, the conqueror of Peru rejected the warnings of his wisest counselors, and relied with blind confidence on his destiny,—an infatuation imputed by Garcilasso to the malignant influence of the stars. "But the superstitious chronicler might better have explained it by a common principle of human nature; by the presumption nourished by success; the insanity, as the Roman, or rather Grecian, proverb calls it, with which the gods afflict men when they design to ruin them." Hophni and Phineas hearkened not unto the voice of their father Eli, because the Lord would slay them. But already the sin of the young men was very great before the Lord, insomuch that men abhorred the offering of the Lord. They would not hearken, for their hearts were self hardened; (to-day if ye will hear, harden not your hearts :) therefore the Lord willed to slay them.¹ In a

¹ So with the "reprobates" denounced by the apostle (Rom. i. 28), because they did not like (*οὐκ ἔδοκίμασαν*) to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them up to a reprobate (*ἁδόκιμον*) mind. There is, seemingly, a play of words, so to say, on *edokimasan* and *adokimon*.

like sense it was of the Lord to harden the hearts of the confederate kings, that they should come against Israel in battle, that He might destroy them utterly.

If the followers of Wycliffe, at a certain period, observes Dean Milman, gradually surrendered themselves to a fanatic madness, and became more and more "daringly and insultingly hostile to the clergy, the clergy might seem under a judicial determination to justify these worst extravagances of hatred."

A modern historian of ancient Athens remarks of the infatuated conduct of Pausanias, towards the last, that it seems to have partaken of that inconsiderate recklessness which, in the old superstition, preceded the vengeance of the gods. Mr. Fonblanque refers, in another instance, to the Scottish superstition, that when a man is near his death he becomes *fey*, and denotes his approaching fate by a number of unusual and frantic actions, of the character of which he seems unconscious. A masterly critic of the career of the first Napoleon declares of his diplomatic doings after being driven across the Rhine, and on the eve of his fall, that "there is not such a case of '*quem Deus vult perdere*' in history as the breaking off those negotiations [at Chatillon] by the emperor. . . . The lust of conquest had by this time completely got the better of common sense in his mind. He was drunk with ridiculous confidence in his 'destiny.'" Like the doomed monarch in Shakspeare, this confidence should, by the strength of its illusion, now draw him on to his confusion; for we "all know, security is mortal's chiefest enemy." Or, as Shakspeare has it in another play :

"But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't !) the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion."

What we have just seen said of Napoleon was said of the allies at an earlier period in that prodigious strife; their imprudence in hazarding a battle at Austerlitz almost tempting Alison, for instance, to "believe that Providence had struck the

allied chiefs with judicial blindness," in order, however, that the mighty drama might end in a deeper tragedy, a still more righteous and fearful retribution. Dryden's couplet is in constant request, for stock quotation purposes :

" For those whom God to ruin has designed,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind ; "

being, as it is, a sufficiently literal version of the Euripidean fragment, *"Ὅταν δὲ δαίμων ἀνδρὶ πορσύνῃ κακὰ, τὸν νοῦν ἐβλάψῃ πρῶτον."*

It is of Dryden's *Ahithophel*, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, that Macaulay observes, that he who had become a byword, for the certainty with which he foresaw and the suppleness with which he evaded danger,—at the last, when beset on every side with snares and death, seemed to be smitten with a blindness as strange as his former clear sightedness, and, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, strode on with desperate hardihood to his doom.

It is with a sort of rage at the inaptitude of "King James the Third," that his sometime adherent, Colonel Esmond, thinks of his melancholy story. "Do the Fates deal more specially with kings than with common men? One is apt to imagine so, in considering the history of that royal race, in whose behalf so much fidelity, so much valour, so much blood were desperately and bootlessly expended." So writes Southey in 1824 of two other royal dynasties : "With regard both to the Braganzas and the Spanish Bourbons, I fear Jupiter has determined to destroy them ; for he has certainly taken away their senses."

To another class of reprobate minds apply Sir Henry Taylor's lines—the truth of which is signally enforced by every police court register and Newgate Calendar :

" That Providence which makes the good take heed
To safety and success, contrariwise
Makes villains mostly reckless. Look on life,
And you shall see the crimes of blackest dye
So clumsily committed, by such sots,
So lost to thought, so scant of circumspection,

As shall constrain you to pronounce that guilt
Bedarkens and confounds the mind of man.
Human intelligence, on murders bent,
Becomes a midnight fumbler ; human will,
Of God abandoned, in its web of snares
Strangles its own intent."



THE SIN OF YOUTH IN THE BONES OF ELD.

JOB XX. II.

EXPOSITORS differ in their exposition of a text in which so material a word as "the sin" is supplied by our translators. "His bones are full of *the sin* of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust"—the italicised words not occurring in the original. The Vulgate version is in favour of ours, "His bones are full of the sins of his youth"; while the Septuagint has it, "His bones are full of his youth"; in accordance with which rendering Gesenius and others take the passage to mean, full of vigour, so that the man is cut off in his physical prime. Dr. Good's reading is, "His secret sins shall follow his bones, yea, they shall press upon him in the dust." Others take the literal Hebrew, "His bones are full of secret things," to refer to the hidden, long cherished faults of his life, the corrupt habits secretly indulged, which would "adhere to him, leaving a withering influence on his whole system in advancing years"; "his secret lusts would work his certain ruin," the effect being that which, as a popular commentator says, is so often seen, when vices corrupt the very physical frame, and where the results are traced far on in future life. In this sense be the text accepted here.

Graphic, after the manner of the man, is Dr. South's picture of the old age that comes to wait upon what he calls a "great and worshipful sinner," who for many years together has had the reputation of eating well and doing ill. "It comes (as it ought to do to a person of such quality) attended with a long train and retinue of rheums, coughs, catarrhs, and dropsies,

together with many painful girds and achings, which are at least called the gout. How does such a one go about, or is carried rather, with his body bending inward, his head shaking, and his eyes always watering (instead of weeping) for the sins of his ill spent youth ! In a word, old age seizes upon such a person like fire upon a rotten house ; it was rotten before, and must have fallen of itself, so that it is no more but one ruin preventing another." Virtue, we are admonished, is a friend and a help to nature ; but it is vice and luxury that destroy it, and the diseases of intemperance are the natural product of the sins of intemperance. " Chastity makes no work for a surgeon, nor ever ends in rottenness of bones." Whereas, sin is the fruitful parent of distempers, and ill lives occasion good physicians. South pictures the husbandman returning from the field, strong and healthy, because innocent and laborious : you will find " no diet drinks, no boxes of pills, nor gallipots, among his provisions " ; his sleep is certain and refreshing, neither interrupted with the lashes of a guilty mind, nor with the aches of a crazy body ; and when old age comes upon him, it comes alone, bringing no other evil with it but itself.

Cicero, in his work and labour of love "*De Senectute*," over and over again insists upon this view of the question. Exercise and temperance, he says in one place, may preserve to us some measure of our youthful strength, even in old age : "*Potest exercitatio et temperantia etiam in senectute conservare aliquid pristini roboris.*" Again, he urges the reminder that loss of strength is more frequently the fault of youth than of old age : "*Defectio virium adolescentiæ vitiis efficitur sæpius quam senectutis*" ; and that a youth of sensuality and intemperance transmits to old age a worn out, used up body : "*Libidinosa et intemperans adolescentia effictum corpus tradit senectuti.*" You must become an old man betimes, if you would be an old man long, runs the Latin adage ; implying that you must put an early stop on the irregularities of young blood if you care to attain length of days : "*Maturè fias senex, si diu velis esse senex.*" Another Latin proverb, "*Quæ peccamus juvenes, ea luimus senes,*" we pay when old for our misdoings when young, has been paraphrased by

Colton : "The excesses of youth are bills drawn by Time, payable thirty years after date, with interest." Pope is paraphrasing Horace when he puts the query,—

"For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains?"¹

When John Kemble wrote to his youngest brother, Charles, in reference to the death of their father, and expressed his wishes as to "protecting his remains by a simple stone," he at the same time earnestly enjoined that the old man's advanced age should be mentioned in the inscription; for "long life implies virtuous habits, and they are real honours." It was of an actor stricken in years, but memorably sprightly and vivacious, that Leigh Hunt was treating when he pronounced it to be by no means necessary to turn hermit and live upon roots in order to secure a healthy and animated old age; temperance is the strengthener of existence equally in the city and in the field; and the powers of this mercurial veteran "will not astonish those who have considered the matter; but they will astonish every one who has an impaired memory or a shaking hand; they will astonish those old men who cannot carry a glass of wine to their lips without making all the angles in Euclid." The then youthful Leontius, for his part, when he saw what vigour temperance could conserve, and what decrepitude a dissolute heyday involved; when he saw an old man who wore a star and was called His Grace, tottering and coughing upon a bolstered pony, and another old man, whom nobody could discover to be old, treading the boards with the springy step

¹ To Pope was Swift writing when he said: "Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been lavish of that health which nature gave him." The health which nature had given Pope was frail indeed.

Locke's health, observes one of his biographers, though always delicate, had not been disturbed by any imprudences; so that he reached the age of seventy-two—a good ripe age for one who had studied and thought.

Of the great Russian Marshal Suwarrow we are told, that, although of a weak constitution, he kept himself hale by exercise and regimen, and that, owing to his temperate mode of life, he preserved his vigour even in his old age.

and the animal spirits of one-and-twenty—he blessed his good fortune that he had to labour for his daily bread, and said to himself how much better it was to keep his health than to waste his substance and himself in riotous living.

Gibbon's honourable record of Constantine is, that from his earliest youth to a very advanced season of life, he preserved the vigour of his constitution by a strict adherence to the "domestic virtues of chastity and temperance"; and of Andronicus, one of the most conspicuous men of his time, whose genuine adventures might form the subject of a very singular romance, that "the preservation, in his old age, of health and vigour, was the reward of temperance and exercise." Macaulay tells us of Marshal Schomberg, who at fourscore "retained a strong relish for innocent pleasures," that in youth his habits had been temperate, "and his temperance had its proper reward—a singularly green and vigorous old age." He might have said, with Chaucer's ancient man,—

"I fele me no where hoar but on myn head.
Myn herte and all my lymès ben as greene
As laurer through the year is for to seene."

Or with the lusty and well-liking knight of a later author, who claims to have still the feelings of a boy, the freshness and the glow of spring time, not without a relish still for his young schooldays' sports—

"Could whip a top, could shoot at taw, could play
At prison-bars and leapfrog—if I might—
Not with a limb perhaps as supple, but
With quite as supple will."

Better known is Cowley's portraiture of an eminent contemporary :

"Nor can the snow which now cold age does shed
Upon thy reverend head
Quench or allay the noble fire within ;
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be, thou 'rt yet :
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too."

There is an old age which has more youth of heart than youth itself, says the author of "The Caxtons," when describing one whose was the age when we most sensitively enjoy the mere sense of existence, when memories are mellowed in the hues of time, and faith softens into harmony all their asperities and harshness (as with the leaves on Southey's holly tree), and on the verge of life the angels are nearer to us than of yore.

Father Time, as Mr. Dickens has somewhere said, is not always a hard parent, and, though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in full vigour. With such people, he adds, the grey head is but the impression of Father Time's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well spent life.

Geoffrey Crayon, again, declares that, for his part, whenever he sees a hale, hearty old man, who has jostled through the rough path of the world without having worn away the fine edge of his feelings or blunted his sensibility to natural or moral beauty, he compares him to the evergreen of the forest, whose colours, instead of fading at the approach of winter, seem to assume additional lustre when contrasted with the surrounding desolation. The comparison is metrically improved by Southey in some verses (quoted on a later page) which long preceded the placid prose of Washington Irving.

What a cheery picture is that of Shakspeare's fourscore-years-old Adam, eager to start on a weary tramp with his young master!

" . . . Let me be your servant :
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood :
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you."

As Balzac's veteran says : "*N'ayant jamais lassé mes organes,*

je jouis encore d'une santé robuste." The conclusion of Overbury's character portrait of a Noble Spirit is, that Time goeth not from him but with him, and he feels age more by the strength of his soul than the weakness of his body ; thus feels he no pain, but esteems all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters and help him out of prison. The tint of green in such an old age is indeed of another shade altogether from that satirised by Young :—

"Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green ;
Like damaged clocks, whose hand and bell dissent :
Folly sings six, while nature points at twelve."

Wilhelm von Humboldt, bordering on the close of his sixth decade, professes in one of his letters to have always looked forward to old age with peculiar delight, and now that he is approaching it he finds his expectations surpassed. Telling his tale of years to his correspondent, he adds: "And having been subject to but very few bodily afflictions—having led a very regular life, and indulged in no excitements which injure health—I have not many infirmities." Altogether he bade fair, like Wordsworth's yeoman, should he live as long, to have

" . . . as white a head and fresh a cheek
As ever were produced by youth and age
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore."

To Mrs. Leadbeater, worthy type of a worthy race, is Mrs. Trench writing,—and both ladies excel in letter writing,—when she says of the stings of death arising from those errors and those crimes from which the sobriety and staid simplicity of the Friends happily keep them at a distance, and of the complicated ailments produced by the madness of luxurious tables and studied refinements of indolence and ease: "from such your Society seem in general happily exempt, and fall, like the nipped blossom or the ripened fruit, by an end 'without sin, without shame, and as free from pain as may be.' Such was the end prayed for by the good Bishop Wilson, and may such be ours."

Discussing the superhuman length of days said to have been enjoyed by many of the old British saints, Fuller, in his "Church History," calls it "a wonder to see how many Methuselahs, extreme aged men, these times did produce," and then goes into the reason of the matter in a way that has been called half pious, half philosophical: "Some reason whereof may be alleged. Because of . . . their temperate diet, whilst many of our age spill their radical moisture through the leaks of their own luxury." A late author, commenting on the fatal gravitation towards decay and decomposition that seems to mark Mahometan institutions, which, at this day, exhibit one uniform spectacle of Mahometan ruins,—“all the great Moslem nations being already in a *Strulbrug* state,”—refers to the fact that the religious principles of the Arabian prophet "offer a permanent bounty on sensuality; so that every man who serves a Mahometan state faithfully and brilliantly at twenty-five is incapacitated at thirty-five for any further service, from the very nature of the rewards which he receives from the state."

Hear Robert Tannahill, pointing a moral from Allan Ramsay's simply adorned tale of the "Gentle Shepherd":

"Frae Claud and Simon would we draw a moral,
The virtuous youthtime maks the canty carl.
The twa auld birkies caper blithe and bauld,
Nor shaw the least regret that they're turned auld."

At a crisis in the illness of the veteran Waife, in a well read story, the physician declares any hope of recovery to depend now on what degree of rallying power may be left to the patient. "Fortunately his frame is robust. Do you know his habits?" a bystander is asked; and replies, "Most temperate, most innocent"; whereupon the doctor is sanguine of a favourable issue. And anon we read that "Nature, fortified by the 'temperate, innocent habits' which husband up her powers, had dislodged her enemy." And again, of another patient, on a later page: "Thanks to his temperance and his constitutional dislike to self-indulgence in worry, he may jog on to eighty, in spite of the stethoscope." Nor will readers of Fenni-

more Cooper have forgotten the description of the last days of Hawkeye, the deerslayer and pathfinder, whose approaching end was not to be ascribed to any positive disease, but to a gradual and mild decay of the physical powers: life seemed at times ready to depart, and then again as if it would reanimate the sinking form, in reluctance to "give up the possession of a tenement that had never been undermined by vice or corrupted by disease." "The old man was reaping the rewards of a life so remarkable for its temperance and activity in a tranquil and placid death."

In two early poems, of some half dozen stanzas each, Southey wrote the praises and extolled the charms of a green old age. One of these lyrics, composed at Westbury in 1799, is entitled, "The Old Man's Comforts, and How he Gained Them," and thus begins:

" ' You are old, Father William,' the young man cried,
 ' The few locks which are left you are grey:
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

 ' In the days of my youth,' Father William replied,
 ' I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last.' "

In the other lyrical poem, "The Holly Tree," written at the same place, a year before, Southey moralises on what he recognises as "emblems" in the arrangement and formation of the leaves—keen and prickly below, smooth and pointless above. With only a part of these emblematical lessons are we here concerned. He aspires to live down "all vain asperities" day by day, till the smooth temper of his age resemble the high leaves upon the holly tree. And he aspires, in Father William's sense, to remember in the days of his youth that youth cannot last, and to take thought for the evening of life to such good purpose that at evening time there shall be light—light from above, kindled at no earthly flame, but itself a vital spark of heavenly fire, a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

"And as when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly leaves a sober hue display,
 Less bright than they;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

 So, serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem among the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree."

—o—

REPROACH IN EXCESS.

2 CORINTHIANS ii. 6, 7.

THE Corinthian transgressor had suffered enough, the apostle ruled, when occasion arose for a second epistle to the church at Corinth; to suffer for his transgression was meet and right, but he was not to be crushed. Rebuke had been a stern duty, but no longer such rebukes as to break the heart. Reproach had been necessary; but it was no longer expedient to utter reproaches that would crush the spirit of the man altogether. The bruised reed was not to be broken outright. Sufficient to such a man was the punishment already inflicted of many; so that now, and in the opposite direction, "ye ought rather," urges St. Paul, "to forgive him, and comfort him, lest perhaps such a one should be swallowed up in overmuch sorrow."

Plutarch somewhere observes that as even honey makes a wounded or ulcerated member smart, so it often happens that a reproof, although charged to the full with both truth and sense, hurts and irritates the distressed, if it is not mild and gentle in the application. "Gently with the rowels on a foundered steed." Schlegel complains that Euripides in the

"Supplices" puts Theseus in an unamiable light, when upbraiding, as he does, the unfortunate Adrastus with his errors at such great length, and perhaps with so little justice, before he condescends to assist him. "My Lord Sebastian," exclaims worthy old Gonzalo, in the "Tempest,"

"The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster."

We should never, teaches the Vicar of Wakefield, strike one unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of His resentment. Rondinelli's passionate command to Agolanti, in the "Legend of Florence," "Uncover thee, irreverent infamy," elicits from the other, in the act of uncovering, as enjoined, the remonstrant retort, "Infamy thou, to treat thus ruffianly a mutestruck sorrow." "Beshrew your heart," exclaims Shakspeare's Northumberland to one who pushes him hard with hard words at hard times, "you draw my spirits from me, with new lamenting ancient oversights." Paulina, in the "Winter's Tale," plays a like part by repentant Leontes, who fairly owns she cannot speak too much, and that he has deserved all tongues to talk their bitterest. But impartial bystanders bid her say no more : howe'er the business goes, she has made fault in the boldness of her speech :

"You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit ;"

and she herself is constrained to admit : "Alas, I have showed too much the rashness of a woman ; he is touched to the noble heart" : let him not be pained by her free speech, then : "rather let me be punished, that have minded you of what you should forget." York's vehement protest against Queen Margaret's unqueenly invective betokens violence of the baser sort :

"How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates !"

Nothing can, in the words of South, be more "deformed and uncharitable" than scoffs and bitter sarcasms thrown at a

poor guilty person, insulting over his calamity, and seeming, "as it were, to taste and relish his distress." Again, in the same great preacher's sermon on administering reproof: "God most peculiarly and directly hates such an arrogant disposition as is apt to crow and insult over the failings and lapses of others"; above all, when the person assailed is prostrate, on the very threshold of death's door. When the allied princes entered the castle of their defeated foe, the renowned Sickengen, and found that intrepid soldier in a vault mortally wounded, they spared not to overwhelm him with objurgations and reproaches. His only answer was: "Leave me at peace, for I must now prepare to answer to a greater Lord than you." It impeaches the greatness of Trivulzio, known in Milanese history as the Great, *il Magno*, that when his prisoner Ludovico Sforza was brought before him he treated him ungenerously, and "loaded him with reproaches." A man bound with cords, says the mediæval proverb, even a child can beat: *funiculis ligatum vel puer verberaret*. As Gresset's Ariste urges,—

"Quel honneur trouvez vous à poursuivre, à confondre,
A désoler quelqu'un qui ne peut vous répondre?
Ce triomphe honteux de la méchanceté
Réunit la bassesse et l'inhumanité."

It was the basest of the populace, in Gibbon's words, that so inhumanly exulted in torturing the unfortunate emperor Andronicus, rejoicing to trample on the fallen majesty of their prince. In that long and painful agony, his last, "Lord have pity upon me" (to heaven), and "Why will you bruise a broken reed?" (with another address) were the only words that escaped from his mouth.

All that is known of the last moments of the so called Last of the Crusaders, Cardinal Julian (Cæsarini), on the battle field of Varna, is that they were haunted by the pitiless presence of a Polish bishop, who had protested against the fatal breach of treaty with the Turks. "There rode up to his side in this moment of agonising conflict" one whose cruel reproaches sank deep into the ears of the dying man, whom he reviled for his breach of faith, and charged with all the slaughter

and misery of that fatal day. Having outpoured to the bitter dregs the cup of his fury and vindictive insult, Bishop Gregory left Cardinal Julian to die.

Describing the new bull of excommunication launched by Pope Clement VI. against Louis of Bavaria in 1346, and which in the vigour and ferocity of its curses transcended all that had yet, in the wildest times, issued from the Roman see,—"the pope scrupled not to break, if he could, the bruised reed," are the significant words (already in these notes once and again applied) of the historian of Latin Christianity. Some natures delight in such torturings. Macaulay says of Hébert that his favourite amusement was to torment and insult the miserable remains of that great family which, having ruled France for eight hundred years, had now become an object of pity to the humblest artisan or peasant.¹ When Louis XVI., at the Assembly, asked David, the painter, whom he recognised among the hostile throng, if he should soon have completed his portrait, and got the savage reply, "I will never henceforth paint the portrait of a king until his head lies before me on the scaffold," Louis looked down and was silent at the brutal insult. "David missed his moment," is Lamartine's remark: "a dethroned king is but a man; a bold word before tyranny becomes cowardice in the presence of a reverse of fortune."²

¹ Even Robespierre condemned the "senseless brutality" with which Hébert had conducted the proceedings against the "Austrian woman," and, at a celebrated "regale" given by Barère, became so excited in talking on the subject that he broke his plate at table, in the violence of his gesticulation. (See the merciless Essay on Barère.)

² The same historian relates elsewhere of Lanjuinais, when that orator, at the tribune for the last time, found his voice drowned by the insults and imprecations of the Mountain and the mob, that, glancing disdainfully at his assailants, he exclaimed: "When the ancient priests dragged the victims to the altar they covered them with flowers and garlands. Cowards! they did not insult them." In a later chapter we read: "Philippeaux demonstrated his innocence with the force and dignity of an unsullied man. 'It is granted to you to cause me to perish,' he said, 'but I forbid you to insult me'"—by such questionings and implications as were put at his trial.

Robespierre lay for nine hours stretched on a table in the Salle d'Audience—his under jaw broken by Méda's pistol shot—his frame convulsed with pain, and himself overwhelmed with the execrations and insults of those around him. He was a fallen man now, and safe to trample on. "Numbers

A few remaining annotations, cognate in scope, may be referred to another text, a wail from the book of psalms.



SMITTEN OF GOD, VEXED OF MEN.

PSALM lxix. 26.

THE psalmist utters his cry *de profundis*, from deep waters, where the floods overflow him. God hath smitten him, and his enemies exult in the calamity, and seek to aggravate its bitterness. Their reproaches fall upon him continuously. Reproach indeed hath broken his heart, and he is full of heaviness; he looks for some to take pity, but there is none; and for comforters, but he finds not one. "They persecute him whom Thou hast smitten; and they talk to the grief of those whom Thou hast wounded."

'T is a cruelty, says Shakspeare's Cromwell, to load a falling man. Still worse, a fallen one. Thus Humphrey of Gloucester appeals in his desolation to the unrelenting cardinal, who would fain torture him to the last, and to the uttermost:—

"Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers:

reviled and spat upon him; and, to their eternal disgrace," writes a Tory historian, "some of his former colleagues in the committees insulted him, while the clerks of the office pricked him with their penknives." Contrast with this an incident in St. Just's progress to the Conciergerie, that same day. St. Just was met near the entrance by General Hoche, whom he had confined there for some weeks. "Instead of insulting his fallen enemy, Hoche pressed his hand, and stood aside to let him pass. The really heroic are never on great occasions unworthy of themselves." Napoleon, on overhearing an insulting expression applied by his troops to the Austrian captives who defiled before him after Mack's surrender, addressed this rebuke to them in a tone and with an air of marked displeasure: "You can have little self respect, you who insult men bowed down by a misfortune such as this."

Readers of squib and pasquinade literature may recal an "epistle" of Moore's, remonstrating with a certain "old hero" on his unheroic treatment of a fallen foe, wherein such lines occur as,—

" . . . Is this your renown?
 . . . Kick a man when he's down!
Insult the fall'n foe that can harm you no more!"

And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom."

The cardinal's title, as well as employment, may remind one of certain lines of an imprisoned French poet, who compares his hostile and reproachful Eminence *not* to the good Samaritan:

"D'huile et de baume les mains pleines,
Il eût rougi d'aigrir le mal ;¹
Ah, d'un captif il n'eût vu que les chaînes,
Qu'en dites-vous, monsieur le cardinal ?"

As an essay on plain dealing has it, the good Samaritan who poured oil upon the man's wounds was better than the Levite who passed indifferently by on the other side : but the Levite is better than one who, instead of oil, shall pour in vinegar and brine. This, however, is entirely repugnant to the painfully plain dealer's views. "He declares that there is nothing like striking while the iron is hot. If you point out his faults to a man precisely when he is suffering from them most severely, he is the better able to realize your meaning, and to admit the justice of your friendly reproaches. They then have a pointedness, a beautiful nicety of application, an impressive weightiness, which it is impossible to shirk." And yet there are reproaches which are never so freely bestowed, and are never so unpalatable, as when they have become useless.

It has been said of meanness, that it will not give respect or even pity gratis, and therefore never shows itself less pleasantly than in face of distress, whether in the shape of fallen greatness or of humbler misery, entirely helpless and abject. "Thus, a mob will hoot at a deposed king, and a judge has been known to play off his wit at a wretched prisoner's expense." It appears a wonder, says an old moralist, that Shimei should rail at a king to his face, and, unpunished, brave him,

¹ So Ventidius to Anthony, in Dryden's Roman tragedy :

"You are too sensible already
Of what you have done
And, like a scorpion, whipped by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm and pour into your wounds."

acting "the devil's part, ignobly to insult over a man in misery. It is a hellish disposition, which watches how to give a blow to a man already reeling." Feltham says that nature never meant man to have a mind so cruel as to add weight to an overcharged beam. "He who falls into a public disgrace has enough to bear of his own; there is no need of another's hand to load him. To envenom a name by libels, which is already openly tainted, is to add stripes with an iron rod on one who before is broken, or flayed with whipping; and is sure, in a mind well tempered, to be looked upon with disdain and abhorrence." Says captive Antonio to victorious and vexatious Gonzaga, in Massinger, "This insultation shows not manly in you." So Almada in "Braganza":

"A prostrate and defenceless enemy
Has stronger guards against a brave man's wrath
Than tenfold brass, or shields of adamant."

"Alas," exclaims Jonson's Morose, "do not rub these wounds, Master Truewit, to blood again: add not affliction to affliction." One may apply the rejoinder of Chrysothemis to Electra, in Sophocles:

HA. Τί δ' ; οὐ δοκῶ σοι ταῦτα σὺν δίκη λέγειν ;
XP. Ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἔνθα χ' ἡ δίκη βλάβην φέρει.

George III. declared the determined and persistent prosecution of Lord Melville to be "unworthy of the character of Englishmen, who naturally, when a man is fallen, are too noble to pursue their blows." Pitt recognised, on behalf of his old colleague and confidant, the plea that the wound which had been inflicted should not be aggravated by any unnecessary circumstances of severity, that when the justice of the public was satisfied the feelings of the individual ought not to be outraged; but he declared, that with "a deep and bitter pang" (in uttering which word his lip quivered, his voice shook, he paused, and his hearers thought he was about to burst into tears), he felt compelled to be the instrument of rendering still more severe the punishment of the impeached peer. Again Georgius Rex pleaded for his ex-minister. "All that is necessary for

example to futurity is done, and anything more is a wanton punishing of a fallen man, which is not the usual conduct of an Englishman, who never strikes his enemy when at his feet." When Pitt himself lay a-dying, the prepared assault by the Opposition was given over by its chiefs. The hostile amendment, condemning the policy of the Government, was to have been moved by Lord Henry Petty (the late Marquis of Lansdowne), who now however declined coming forward as the accuser of one who was incapable of defending himself; while Grenville earnestly recommended forbearance; and Fox, with what Macaulay calls "characteristic generosity and good nature," gave his voice against attacking his now helpless rival. "*Sunt lachrymæ rerum,*" he said, "*et mentem mortalia tangunt.*"

Luther's ablest biographer cannot but feel, and express, surprise at the harsh manner in which the reformer speaks of Munzer and the peasantry after their defeat, whatever may have been the atrocities with which they had disgraced the struggle. He is recognised as displaying more magnanimity with reference to his personal adversary Carlstadt, pleading for him with the Elector, whose "grace should be¹ kind and merciful towards the unfortunate." In Calvin's behaviour to Servetus, Gibbon "can see nothing but the most abominable cruelty. He loads Servetus with invectives, he fears lest his victim should escape from his hands, and, in a tone of triumph, passes on him his sentence of condemnation. But Servetus did not spare the Geneva divine. I know it. But the one loaded with reproaches a wretch whom he had confined in irons; the other only breathed out too loudly his agonies of suffering. Hard must be the heart which does not feel the difference!" "*Pugna suum finem, cum jacet hostis, habet,*" is a well known line of Ovid's; to whom also we owe the emphatic "*Vix equidem credo, sed et insultare jacenti, Te mihi, nec verbis parcere, fama refert.*"

¹ Luther had to say of or for himself, during his days of languishing and depression, bodily and mental, in 1527, "Men who ought to have compassion upon me are selecting the very moment of my prostration to come and give me a final thrust. God mend them and enlighten them. Amen."

To be moderate in success, not to press heavily on the vanquished, not to kick a man when he is down, these are cited as among those commonplaces of morality which, if they are not used as texts in copybooks, very well might be. The precept to deal gently with those who are down, because they are down, may be, in one sense, according to a critical analyst of sympathy for the fallen, received unreservedly; and with this one sense of it alone are we here concerned. Any treatment of the fallen which is of the nature of mere insult, any harsh dealing with them which is simply harsh dealing, is of course, on this authority, to be condemned without exception. "Such conduct comes within the range of the law which forbids all cruelty, understanding by cruelty not simply the infliction of death or pain, but its needless, and therefore wrongful, infliction. To inflict either wanton suffering or wanton mockery, whether on the fallen ruler or on the fallen nation, is eschewed by all civilized morality."¹

¹ Scott works up with masterly effect the scene where the captive Queen of Scots is harshly denounced and upbraided by the lords commissioners, overcome by whose relentless invectives she clasps her hands on her face, stoops down her head on the table, and weeps bitterly. Then up speaks Sir Robert Melville, with the mild protest, "My lords, this is too much rigour. Under your lordships' favour, we came hither, not to revive old griefs, but to find the mode of avoiding new ones."

Another illustration from Sir Walter, in quite another strain. Bailie Nicol Jarvie's harangue of poor old Owen in the Glasgow jail, delivered with "prodigious volubility," is soon explained away as proceeding rather from a total want of delicacy than from a deficiency of real kindness; for when Owen expresses himself somewhat hurt that these things should be recalled to memory in his present situation, the bailie takes him by the hand, and bids him "cheer up a gliff! D'ye think I wad hae comed out at twal o'clock at night, and amaisht broken the Lord's day, just to tell a fa'en man o' his backslidings? Na, na; that's no Bailie Jarvie's gate."

FOOLS SUFFERED GLADLY BY WISEACRES.

2 CORINTHIANS xi. 19.

THAT so consummate a master of all the arts of rhetoric as St. Paul, was also a master of the uses of irony, no student of his life and letters, no ordinary reader of his epistles, can for a moment doubt. But it is equally clear that he restrained himself, and refrained from indulgence in what is apt, by its chilling tendency, to be twice unblessed—for irony tends to chill and harden the employer of it, as well as the victim. The power, then, to be even bitterly ironical was ever present with the apostle; but the will was wanting, except very rarely indeed. He willed to be ironical, however, with certain of the church at Corinth, who held his bodily presence to be weak and his oral speech contemptible,—weighty and powerful though his letters might be, and confessedly were. Now it was not expedient for him doubtless to glory, but they compelled him. Nor might it be expedient for him to be ironical with them; but they compelled him. There were debates, envyings, strifes, backbitings, whisperings, swellings, tumults, among them; and they exalted themselves at his expense, and were overweening to his disparagement. So he that in presence was base among them, being absent, was bold toward them, and made bold to vindicate his superiority. Let them bear with him a little in his folly; they, in their wisdom. As a fool let them receive him, that he may boast himself a little. “For ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise.”

Complacent self-satisfaction, conscious of and confident in its assured superiority, can not only put up with dullards and louts, but can even take pleasure in a serenely amused contemplation of them and their ways. It can not only endure folly, but find entertainment therein. It can more than merely just suffer fools; it can suffer them gladly. The wiseacre is so wise that he has a wide margin to spare, wherein the fool may disport himself, and fool *him*, to the top of his bent.

Shakspeare's fool in the forest chuckles at the approach of a self evident rustic. “It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.

By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold." Touchstone can't answer for the consequences of contact with such a clodhopper as William, who, to him, is really too absurd. Autolycus again, aping the courtier, and holding colloquy with those supremely ridiculous rustics, the old shepherd and his oaf of a son, adopts the complacent strain of Touchstone, when he says:—

"How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I'll not disdain."

Every one, according to Addison, diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. "Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humourous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau:

"Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother."

Est proprium stultitiæ, in Ciceronian phrase, *aliorum cernere vitia, oblivisci suorum*. In the Beasts' Confession to the Priest, as reported in short metre by Dean Swift,

"The Ass, approaching next, confess'd
That in his heart he loved a jest;
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone.
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame."

It has been said that if contentment with himself were the sole test of happiness, we should hold the savage happier than our civilised selves, *nous autres*. "He is the most conceited of his species. It is indeed a universal kindness of nature that she compensates ignorance by a most triumphant conceit."

A piteous or joyous contempt for others, the result of rustic ignorance, has been turned to telling account upon the stage by actors who have, off the stage, been close students of manners and of men. Lord Shaftesbury propounds a case of European laughing at Ethiopian, and Ethiopian at European, under conditions which allow him to add, " 'T is easy to see which of the two would be ridiculous. For he who laughs, and is himself ridiculous, bears a double share of ridicule." Gibbon's story is suggestive, of that gigantic Arab, of servile birth, Dames, who was so much provoked by the ignorance of his Greek captives. "God's curse upon these dogs!" exclaimed the illiterate Arab, "what a strange barbarous language they speak." Mr. Wallace, in one of the islands of the Malay archipelago, was regarded with the more distrust as professing to come from a country with so absurd a name as N-Glung. "My country," said his leading examiner (and cross-examiner in one), "is Wanumbai: anybody can say Wanumbai, but N-Glung, who ever heard of such a name?" A very reverend remembrancer of Scottish life and character tells us of two old ladies in Stranraer, during the long French war, of whom the one said to the other, as together they wended their way to the kirk, "Was it no a wonderfu' thing that the Breetish were aye victorious over the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the other; "dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before ga'in into battle?" The other replied, "But canna the French say their prayers as weel?" "Hoot! jabbering bodies, wha could *understan'* them?"¹ It would not occur to this sort of

¹ Long past the middle term of last century, the French regarded the English as barbarians, and the English cherished a supreme contempt of the French. Lord Carlisle, in 1769, says, the French "think us very little altered since the landing of Julius Caesar; that we leave our clothes at Calais, having no further occasion for them," etc. Dr. Johnson's friends have allowed, as Macaulay shows, that he carried to a ridiculous extreme his unjust contempt for foreigners, pronouncing the French to be a very silly people, much behind us, stupid, ignorant creatures; and this judgment, it seems, he formed after having been at Paris about a month, during which he would not talk French, for fear of giving an advantage over him in conversation.

Quite Grandisonian in the style of her magnanimity is the Hon. Miss

old lady, that if, in apostolic language, she knew not the meaning of the voice, she might and should be a barbarian unto him that speaketh, though of course he that speaketh would be a barbarian to her. So with the story of the English gentleman, who, after visiting the lord provost of Edinburgh, accompanied him to Aberdeen, and by him was introduced to the provost there, who invited them to "a great dinner," at which, after grace had been said, the host bade the company, in homely Aberdeen dialect, "Fah tee, gentlemen, fah tee." The Englishman whispered an inquiry of his Edinburgh friend as to the meaning of "fah tee, fah tee"; to which his lordship replied, "Hout, the bodie canna speak: he means 'fau too, fau too.'" So again, at Inverary, the wife of the chief W. S. there, seeking to secure her guest from the taint of inferior society, gave him to understand, in confidence, that Mrs. W. (the rival writer's wife) was quite a vulgar body, so much so as to ask any one leaving the room to "*snib* the door," instead of bidding them, as she triumphantly observed, "*sneck* the door." ¹

Byron's epistolary avowal: "Were any [foreign] lady to laugh at me for not speaking well *her* native tongue, I would *not* return the smile, were she to be less perfect in mine than I am in hers."

¹ The Miss Gunns, in *Silas Marner*, are complacently compassionate over Miss Nancy's bringing up in "utter ignorance and vulgarity." She actually said "mate" for "meat," "'appen" for "perhaps," and "oss" for "horse," which, to young ladies living in good Lytherly society, who habitually said 'orse, even in domestic privacy, and only said 'appen on the right occasions, was necessarily shocking.

Hear again the same author's Mr. Casson in *Adam Bede*. "I'm not this countryman, you may tell by my tongue, sir. They're cur'ous talkers i' this country, sir; the gentry's hard work to hunderstand 'em. I was brought hup among the gentry, sir, and got the turn o' their tongue when I was a bye. Why, what do you think the folks here say for 'hevn't you?' Well, the people about here says 'hanna yey.' It's what they call the dileck as is spoke hereabout, sir." Later in the story Mr. Casson airs his complacency before another auditor, telling how he addressed a good morning to a certain stranger, the turn of whose tongue he wanted to hear, just to know whether he was a this-country man: "So I says, 'Good morning, sir: it'll 'old hup for the barley this morning, I think: there'll be a bit got hin if we've good luck.' And he says, 'Eh, ye may be raight, there's noo tallin', he says; and I knowed by that—here Mr. Casson gave a wink,—as he didn't come from a hundred mile off. I daresay he'd think me a hodd talker, as you Loamshire folks allays does hany one as talks the right

Ben Jonson's preposterous addlepate, Master Mathew, clown every cubic inch of him, demands of Knowell, "Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Welbred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight." True is Truewit's assertion in *Epicæne*, that it "falls out often, that he that thinks himself the master wit is the master fool." Scott's Zetland wiseacre, Niel Ronaldson, proses over "how few real judicious men are left in this land. . . . Maister Mertoun's wit is sprung in the bowsprit, I doubt—his son is a daft gowk; and I ken few of consequence hereabouts—excepting always myself, and maybe you, Swertha—but what may, in some sense or other, be called fules." And it is just this type of intellect that affects, if it does not veritably feel, a marked impatience of fools, as folly is by its private interpretation defined and designated. Frequently it has little or none of Touchstone's genial recognition of the inferiority; and so far from it being to these stolid censors and exacting Boeotians, "meat and drink to see a clown," the sight of him is poison to them. So far from suffering fools gladly, seeing they are themselves wise, they cannot suffer them at all, so distressingly high pitched is the standard of their own wisdom.

What Dr. Channing singled out for admiration in Sir Walter Scott, as a man, was his patience with dull people—a proof, too, that his nerves were in good order. "To a man of genius, whose thoughts move at lightning pace, a creeping proser must be a terrible annoyance." With an avowed aversion to both knaves and fools, Lord Bolingbroke tells Pope that, in the ordinary course of life, he thinks he can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. In salient contrast with this is

language." The right language! Bartle Massey tells Mr. Casson he's about as near the right language as a pig's squeaking is like a tune played on a key-bugle. Mr. Casson retorts, with an angry smile, that, well, he don't know; he should think a man as has lived among the gentry from a bye is likely to know the right language pretty nigh as well as a schoolmaster. The schoolmaster's rejoinder is: "Ay, ay, man; you talk the right language for *you*. When Mike Holdsworth's goat says ba-a-a, it's all right—it 'ud be unnatural for it to make any other noise."

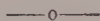
what we read of Schleiermacher, that the lovingness and sociableness of his nature were so great, that although intellectually exciting conversation was his delight, yet he found great pleasure in intercourse with the even mentally insignificant, the heart and the disposition alone being always sufficient to attract him.¹ The narrator of Lord Lytton's *Strange Story* expresses amazement at seeing how quietly a man whose mind was stored by life and by books as that of Julius Faber—a man who had loved the clash of conflicting intellects, and acquired the rewards of fame—could accommodate himself to the cabined range of his kinsfolks' half civilized existence, and take interest in their trivial talk.² Coleridge relates of Sir Alexander Ball that he would listen, even to weak men, with a patience which, "in so severe an economist of time, always demanded my admiration, and not seldom excited my wonder." And in another place the same admirer makes emphatic mention of the "sweet gentleness, the tender patience," with which Sir Alexander was wont to tolerate the tediousness of well meaning men. It has been called the mark of a real high

¹ And yet one meets, not unfrequently either, in his correspondence, with such passages as the following: "This evening I have something very tiresome in prospect. I am to spend it in the society of a number of men, not one of whom is good enough for me. . . . Why are they such miserable wights?" Schleiermacher's avowed practice on such occasions was either to give utterance to the bitterest sarcasms, or to turn everything into a joke, or to remain perfectly silent, or else to adapt himself entirely to their views, bantering them the while so slyly, that to the last he left them in doubt as to his real meaning.

² "I could not help saying as much to him once. 'My friend,' replied the old man, 'believe me that the happiest art of intellect, however lofty, is that which enables it to be cheerfully at home in the real'" (chap. lxxiii.).

In another popular fiction, a rector's wife gives emphasis of utterance to her revolt against the bores with whom she has been spending a long evening: "how stupid, and petty, and egotistical they are, all of them! What silly good-for-nothing lives they lead! What wretched little gabble they talk!" etc., etc. Dr. Alwyn fairly laughs at his wife's energy of vituperation; but anon he gently talks her into a more tolerant mood. To him too the society of these people "was often wearisome—almost always inane; but he made out something to interest him, discovered something of an individuality, in the flattest and dullest of them all. Like Sydney Smith, he never knew what it was to meet a bore."—*The Waterdale Neighbours*, chap. xi.

mindedness to be able to tolerate intellectual commonplace when it is accompanied by such minor virtues as betoken graciousness of moral disposition : while a man of ordinary thinness of nature, coated over by means of a more or less learned training, is simply revolted and angry with people who cannot argue, and will not enter into all the newfangled ideas of the hour. "No amount of any other qualities will reconcile him to this mental defect. But the salt of character, with those of richer nature or wiser culture, is not thought to dwell only in intellectual power or intellectual attainments." All misplaced contempt is said to be traceable to the same cause—partial ignorance. Clever men, intent on their one hobby, are seen to be as little ready to consider attentively what lies outside their pale of interest, as the most circumscribed intellect. All have some vein of Touchstone in them, on the showing of an essayist on Contempt : when they survey something not in their way, in another world than theirs, they are ready to plume themselves on their want of sympathy as a sort of distinction, and to find it "meat and drink to see a clown."



SMOOTHER THAN OIL, SHARPER THAN STEEL.

PSALM lv. 21.

NO common foe had the psalmist to fear in one who put forth his hands against his allies, and broke the treaty to which he had pledged his faith ; the words of whose mouth were smoother than butter, while war was in his heart : "his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords,"—or as the Prayer-Book version has it, "his words were smoother than oil, and yet be they very swords." The conjunctive mention of oil and steel may remind us of a sentence of Dr. South's, in reference to the besotted lovers of smooth things, whom, if you strike them under the fifth rib, provided you at the same time kiss them too, as Joab served Abner, you may both destroy and gratify with the same blow ; and whose craving

and craven cry, "Prophecy not unto us right things, but prophecy unto us smooth things," is as if they had said—this is South's piquant paraphrase—"Do but oil the razor for us, and let us alone to cut our own throats."

No despicable foe to mankind is one of whom the Wise Man testifies that her lips drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil; but her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her tactics may thus far be likened to Jael's, who brought forth butter in a lordly dish, but withal put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. "Turn in, my lord, turn in unto me, fear not," had been her words at the door of the tent,—words smoother than oil; and yet were they drawn swords in purpose and in effect. *Habet suum venenum blanda oratio*, saith Publius Syrus: a soft speech hath its venom. When somebody was praising to the Abbé Trublet the *douceur* of Madame de Tencin, "Oui," assented his reverence, "si elle eût intérêt de vous empoisonner, elle eût choisi le poison le plus doux." Madame came of the same kind, a little less than kind, as that effervescent matron in one of Mr. Reade's books, of whom he tells us that, when writing to the niece she had wronged and therefore hated, the letter was written with cream (of tartar) and oil (of vitriol); and again, that she kept cool, and wrote, in oils, twice a year to her niece, *et gardait tout doucement une haine irreconciliable*.¹

O dissembling courtesy! exclaims Imogen in impatient distrust of her royal stepmother, so fair-spoken and so false: "How fine this tyrant can tickle where she wounds!" Scott's Lady of Lochleven rejects the advances of her captive sove-

¹ Madame de Bellière, in perhaps the longest French fiction that ever was composed, is a mistress of the "most affectionate tone" when most she is intent on concealing, *la perfide!* the instincts of a panther.

The Dean (a finished portrait) in that clever book *Wheat and Tares* (as English and as short as the previously mentioned book is utterly French and enormously long) is described as buttering his victim before toasting him; and, like a serpent, covering his destined meal with saliva.

reign by asking, who ever knew so well as she to deal the deepest wounds under the pretence of kindness and courtesy? "Who, since the great traitor, could ever so betray with a kiss?" According to a student of the sex, no one can inflict such humiliation on a woman as a woman can when she chooses; for if the art of high-handed snubbing belongs to men, that of subtle wounding is "peculiarly feminine,¹ and is practised by the best bred" among womankind. Mischief-making Mrs. Powell, in a widely read fiction, is made up of simpering and soft speeches, all conciliation and complaisance: if she had lived in the Thane of Cawdor's family, she would, her author undertakes to say, have wished Macbeth and his wife a good night's rest after Duncan's murder; and would have hoped they would sleep well,—curtseying and simpering amid the tolling of alarum bells, and the clashing of vengeful swords.

"Vous savez sa coutume, et sous quelles tendresses
Sa haine sait cacher ses trompeuses addresses."

The Mrs. Archbold of *Hard Cash*, with her "dulcet tones," and her soft, caressing ways, "had a way of addressing her own sex that crushed them." The Aramis of Dumas habitually uses his "most flute-like tone"² when he is bent on some fatal purpose. The Couthon of the Reign of Terror is celebrated in history for a voice soft and melodious, like the low ringing of a silver bell, in which he dealt out death without ruth or reckoning. As with Ovid's fowler,

¹ Some would add, peculiarly feline, and others, peculiarly French. The Boccaccio of Landor's *Decameron*, speaking as a loyal Italian and staunch anti-Gallican, says: "The French will fondle us, watching all the while their opportunity; looking mild and half asleep; making a dash at last; and laying bare and fleshless the arm we extend to them, from shoulder blade to wrist." It is a satirist of their own, Joseph Despaze, who says, *inter alia*, of the art he is at once assailing and pursuing,

"Et ressemble, en un mot, dans sa maligne joie,
Au chat vif et lutin qui joue avec sa proie."

² So with the wicked old Marquis in Mr. Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*, who, devising every sort of malignant device, discourses with his nephew so "sweetly," his tone lingering in the air almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

“Fistula dulce canit volucres dum decipit auceps ;
Impia sub dulci melle venena latent.”

So M. Rodin, the Jesuit master spirit of *Le juif errant*, used “words so affectionate and subtly penetrating,” that he “almost always finished by involving his victim in the tortuous windings of an eloquence as pliant as it was honeyed and perfidious.” Treacherous as the cider discussed in Swift’s *Polite Conversation*: pray, how is it treacherous? asks Smart; and Sparkish replies, because it smiles in his face, and cuts his throat.

Butler’s Hudibras has his fling at those “who, when they slash and cut to pieces, do all with civilest addresses.” Theirs the art and practice, not in the original sense of the phrase, τὰ σκληρὰ μαλθακῶς λέγειν. Squire Hamley’s account of the doctor’s way with him is: “You see, he sugars it over, and says a sharp thing, and pretends it’s all civility and humility; but I can tell when he’s giving me a pill.” In semblance only fit to pair off with that don in a current story who, if he was doing you an ill turn, was sure to do it agreeably; and who, if he had found it necessary, as might happen in an extreme case, to poison a friend, would infallibly have made the mixture palatable. Mr. Donnithorne, in *Adam Bede*, “always spoke in the same deliberate, well chiselled, polite way, whether his words were sugary or venomous.” Lord Lytton deems it vain to describe the manner in which his Guy Darrell vented sallies of mocking irony or sarcastic spleen: it was not bitter or sneering, but in his usual mellifluous level tone and passionless tranquillity. The modern fanatic—as distinguished, with a difference, a very decided difference, from his ancient prototype, who was presumably in appearance ferocious and half insane—is sketched off by a graphic pen as very probably a gentleman of singularly mild manners, with a tendency to spectacles and premature baldness, who puts forward sentiments the most revolutionary in a voice of almost feminine softness. Mr. Trollope’s John Vavasour “can hit hard; but in hitting he is quiet, and strikes with a smile on his face.” As a rather scabby as well as musty adage has it, of certain double faced and double fisted deceivers, *alterâ manu scabunt, alterâ feriunt*.

Voltaire had not been many days at Potsdam before he found occasion to write to his niece that the amiable king, his host, had a trick of giving a sly scratch with one hand, while patting and stroking with the other.

Justice Haliburton, *not* magnifying his order, expatiates on the similarity of habits and instincts to be noted in lawyers and cats: they purr round you, and rub against you coaxingly, when they want you to overcome your prejudice against their feline tribe. "They play before they pounce." Counsel in court are here the object of the old judge's satire. The Mr. Chaffanbrass, of *The Three Clerks* is described as being no more averse to the toil of applying the thumbscrew, the boot, and the rack to the victim in the witness box before him, than the cat is to that of catching mice. And indeed his author proceeds to tell of this Old Bailey practitioner that he was not unlike a cat in his way of going to work; for he would, as it were, hold his prey for awhile between his paws and pat him with gentle taps before he tore him. "He would ask a few civil little questions in his softest voice, . . . and then, when he had his mouse well in hand, out would come his envenomed claw, and the wretched animal would feel the fatal wound in his tenderest part." Michelet admires the monk Walsingham's account of Sir John Oldcastle's examination, as a heretic, by the primate of England, and says it is impossible to kill with greater sensibility: the judge melts, weeps, and seems to claim more pity than the victim. "My lord of Canterbury showed him a gracious countenance. . . . To whom the archbishop, with all affability and sweetness. . . . Therefore my lord of Canterbury inquired gently and modestly. . . . On which my lord of Canterbury addressed him with tears in his eyes. . . . Then, with great bitterness of heart, he proceeded to pass sentence." Evidently, the great French historian regards the prelate's tears as of the crocodile sort—and would characterise him much as Arruntius in the play does Afer the orator; one who

" . . . steeps his words
When he would kill, in artificial tears :
The crocodile of Tyber ! "

One historian of the Reformation writes of Faber, in reference to his tactics against Zuinglius: "This man of courts, always with smiles on his lips and honeyed words in his mouth, was by his own account the friend of everybody, even of those he accused of heresy. But his hatred was mortal." As though, with him like Belial, all was false and hollow, though his tongue dropped manna. Or like the man of whom Jerrold writes: "Our hero, soft spoken as a maid, and sleek looking as a beaver, has dabbled in blood, but only in the way of the law." Or like Hood's Creole, who so well knew how to heap coals of fire on the head of his enemy, by dealing with him to all appearance generously, and even kindly, where less politic natures would avow their animosity by angry looks and bitter speech: all the while biding his time to strike, when strike he could with deadly effect.

A. W. Schlegel observes of the threats of Racine's Pyrrhus to be the death of young Astyanax, if Andromache persist in repelling him, all intermingled with protestations truly *galant*, that they resemble the arts of an executioner,¹ who applies the torture to his victim with the most courtly phrases. Like the Priests of the Rights of Man, commemorated by Burke, who, says he, "begin by crowning me with their flowers and their fillets, and bedewing me with their odours, as a preface to the knocking me on the head with their consecrated axes." Like the *cœur impitoyable* denounced by Corneille's Camille:

"Et dit qu'il m'aime encore alors qu'il m'assassine."

Like the persecutors satirized by Colnet,—

"Et si par leurs écrits nous devons les juger,
C'est par humanité qu'ils nous font égorger."

¹ Like Maitre Jacques Charmoluc, in *Notre Dame*, who "approached the Egyptian with one of his kindest smiles; 'My dear girl,' said he, 'do you persist in your denial?' 'Yes,' she replied, in a voice scarcely audible. 'In that case,' rejoined Charmoluc, 'it will be very painful to us to *question* you more urgently than we could wish.'" And later: "'For the last time,' said Charmoluc, with his imperturbable benignity, 'do you confess?'" etc.—liv. vii., chap. ii.

Like Diomed, Shakspeare's "fair Diomed," as characterized by Shakspeare's *Æneas*,—

"No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently."



BAFFLED WORD CATCHERS.

ST. MARK xii. 13; ST. LUKE xi. 53, 54.

THE chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders, themselves disconcerted and baffled in their endeavours to embroil our Lord with the civil power, and to make Him commit Himself by unwary answers to the artifice and sophistry of their cross questionings and perilous propositions,—sent unto Him certain of the Pharisees and of the Herodians, "to catch Him in His words." But He was not to be so caught: and the word catchers were sent successless away. Other endeavours of the same sort as signally failed; until at length we read that no man after that durst ask Him any question—*ἐπερωτῆσαι*. In vain His persistent foes, unremitting in their devices, unrelenting in their opposition, essayed to elicit from Him words which might condemn Him before the governor. He knew their thoughts, and foiled their sharp practice, and parried their treacherous thrusts. Often He retorted on them, by proposing a query which there was no answering but by committing themselves in turn. His retaliatory questionings were so damaging, the dilemma to which He reduced them was so hazardous, that, beaten with their own weapons, and caught in their own snare, they were once and again filled with madness, and communed one with another what they might do with Jesus. For all in vain they urged Him vehemently, and provoked Him to speak of many things; laying wait for Him, and seeking to catch something out of His mouth, that they might accuse Him. Spies they sent forth, which should feign themselves just men, that they might take hold of His words, that so they might deliver Him unto the power and authority of

the governor. But His hour was not yet come, nor the man that should so take Him by guile. He perceived their craftiness, and said, "Why tempt ye Me?" And they could not take hold of His words before the people; and there remained nothing for them to do but to marvel at His answers, and hold their peace.

When John Huss retired from the consistory of the pope and cardinals, his lodging was encircled from that time by watchful sentinels; and a monk was let loose upon him, to ensnare him with dangerous questions—for Huss had protested that he had rather die than be justly condemned as a heretic; and that if convinced of error he would make full recantation. He had the shrewdness to "detect in the monk, who affected the utmost simplicity, one of the subtlest theologians of the day." Walsingham's warm admirer and eulogist, Lloyd, bears record of that astute statesman, that to him men's faces spake as much as their tongues,¹ and their countenances were indexes

¹ This is a pet topic with Chesterfield, in his delectable advices to his son. For instance, he warns him that every artful knave will have him at his mercy, unless he can command his countenance: the knave "will provoke or please you by design, to catch unguarded words or looks, by which he will easily decipher the secrets of your heart, of which you should keep the key yourself, and trust it with no man living." The earl protests that, for his part,—and he was a veteran diplomatist,—there was nothing he should desire better, in any negotiation, than to have to do with a man of warm, quick impulses, which he would take care to set in motion. "By artful provocations I would extort rash and unguarded expressions; and by hinting at all the several things that I could suspect, infallibly discover the true one, by the alteration it occasioned in the countenance of the person." In a subsequent letter we read: "There are many avenues to every man, and when you cannot get at him through the great one, try the serpentine ones and you will arrive at last." In another he exhorts his (unpromising) pupil to "fish judiciously, and not always, nor indeed often, in the shape of direct questions; which always put people on their guard. . . . Avoid direct questioning as much as you can."

When the rector in *Armada*, on a certain occasion puts a roundabout query to Midwinter, the quick ear of the latter, we are told, "detected something wrong in the tone of Mr. Brock's voice. He turned in the darkening twilight, and looked suddenly and suspiciously in the rector's face. 'You have something to say to me,' he answered; 'and it is not what you are saying now.'"

So with that baffled inquisitor Mr. Bradshaw, in O. W. Holmes' *Guard-*

of their hearts. "He would so beset men with questions, and draw them on, that they discovered themselves whether they answered or were silent. He outdid the Jesuits in their own bow, and overreached them in their own equivocation and mental reservation; never settling a lie, but warily drawing out and discovering truth." Just the proficient to put in practice the maxim of Solomon, that counsel in the heart of a man is like deep water, but a man of understanding will draw it out. Gloster, in *King Lear*, sets on his base born and every way baser son, to spy out the presumed craft of the noble and unsuspecting one: "Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom"—which is worldly wisdom with (to all intents and purposes) a vengeance. Says Leontes under his breath, in the *Winter's Tale*, "I am angling now, though you perceive me not how I

ian Angel. "Clement had the power of looking steadily into another person's eyes in a way that was by no means encouraging to curiosity, or favourable to the process of cross examination. Mr. Bradshaw was not disposed to press his question in the face of the calm, repressive look the young man gave him."

A memorable scene in the experiences of the Deerslayer—Cooper's hero through so many distinct tales—is that where, himself a prisoner, he is beset by a Huron who asks questions with all the wily ingenuity of a practised Indian counsellor, the other "baffling him by the very means that are known to be the most efficacious in defeating the finesse of the more pretending diplomacy of civilisation, or by confining his answers to the truth and the truth only."

The advice of the clockmaker of Slickville is: "If ever you want to read a man, do simple, and he thinks he has a soft horn to deal with, and while he s'poses he is a playin' you off you are puttin' the leak into him without his seein' it." The same racy author's Mr. Peabody commends an acquaintance as one who "knows how to keep his clam-shell shut, when he don't think proper to let on. . . . It ain't every one he lets put his finger into the tape ring and draw him out, I can tell you." "You've drawed me out," the gamekeeper tells Mr. Audley, "and you've tumbled and tossed me about like in a gentlemanly way, till I was nothink or anythink in your hands, and you've looked me through and through, and turned me inside out, till you thought you knowed as much as I knowed"—a fallacious impression, as it turns out.

In vain Lord Fitzpompey pumps the Young Duke, in Mr. Disraeli's story with that name: the empty bucket invariably convicts him of labour lost. "In vain his lordship laid his little diplomatic traps to catch a hint of the purposes or an intimation of the inclinations of his nephew; the bait was never seized."

give line." "You would play upon me," is Hamlet's outburst against the king's suborned spies, in the scene with the recorders, which he asks them to play upon who are so obviously playing upon him: "you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass." Do they then think him easier to be played upon than a pipe?—they, who disavow the skill to command any utterance of harmony on the little instrument in his hand; which, govern but its stop holes with your fingers and thumb, and give it breath with your mouth, will discourse most excellent music. Do they think that of him? Nay, but he will baffle their devices, confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks. Call him what instrument they will, though they can fret him, they cannot play upon him.

Rousseau inveighs against the practice some folks affect of putting cold, dry questions, without seeming to attach any moral sense to the replies—as though they were worth neither praise nor blame. He complains of those who adopt *cette manière sèche d'interroger les gens*, that they think to avoid revealing their own thoughts while sounding yours, and indeed that they may the better sound yours. But a man thus questioned and sounded, he says, naturally puts himself on his guard from the first; and if he believes that the object of his inquisitor is, not a real interest in him, but inquisition, inquisitiveness,—a sheer scheme to make him talk, and in talking commit himself, discover himself, expose himself,—why the man is apt either to talk untruth or hold his tongue in defence and defiance; he redoubles his guard over himself, and is fain to pass rather for a stolid booby than a dupe to impertinent curiosity. In another place Jean Jaques has a rap for the smooth white knuckles of the Abbé Trublet, who, "dans son tour d'esprit finet et jésuitique," tried to penetrate into Rousseau's mind, on a certain vexed question, "sans vouloir me dire le sien." So Benvenuto Cellini has his grievance against a monk, who, "in order to make me discover my secret, began to run me down," and "push me hard" in all sorts of tentative ways. After another

sort the "melancholy Truchsess," name of note in the history of the United Netherlands, becoming a spy and go-between, insinuated himself into the confidence of Paul Buys, wormed his secrets from him, and then communicated them to Leicester; "but he did it very wisely," said the earl, "so that he was not mistrusted." "He hath dealt most deeply with him [Paul, in table-talk], to seek out the bottom." When Lewis the Eleventh had to do in person with Charles of Burgundy, his cue was to "get him to talk, by egging him on a little," and so "draw from him precisely those very things which he," the fiery duke, "least wished to say." Mr. Carlyle describes his favourite "hero," while yet Crown Prince of Prussia, as studying the art, "useful to him in after life," of wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak of darkness. "Gradually he becomes master of it as few are; a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them." It came to be with him as with Currer Bell's autobiographic Professor, who when he thought a man was trying to read his character and pump up his secrets, could feel as secure against his scrutiny as if he had on a casque with the visor down—or rather showing his countenance with the confidence one would feel in showing an unlearned man a letter written in Greek; he might see lines, and trace characters, but he could make nothing of them.¹

¹ Madame Reuter, in the same narrative, is a baffled inquisitor, supposed to be almost supreme in her art of inquisition. "I watched her as keenly as she watched me; I perceived soon that she was feeling after my real character; she was searching for salient points, and weak points, and eccentric points; she was applying now this test, now that, hoping to find in the end some chink, some niche," etc. "I enjoyed the game much, and did not hasten its conclusion; sometimes I gave her hopes, beginning a sentence rather weakly, when her shrewd eye would light up, she thought she had me; having led her a little way, I delighted to turn round and finish with sound, hard sense, wherewith her countenance would fall." Later again we read: "Me she still watched, still tried by the most ingenious tests; she roved round me, baffled, yet persevering. I believe she thought I was like a smooth and bare precipice, which offered neither jutting stone, nor tree root, nor tuft of grass, to aid the climber."

DISCLOSED BLOOD.

ISAIAH xxvi. 21.

THE prophet announces the coming of the Lord out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity; and of His so coming one result is this: that "the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain." Another prophet is the mouthpiece of the same Divine power, declaring of "the bloody city," that He hath set her blood upon the top of a rock, that it should not be covered. Woe to him that buildeth a tower with blood. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it. There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known.

And yet, as a matter of fact, the mystery of murder is not invariably cleared up. The rule of inevitable final disclosure has its exceptions. Nay, a Saturday Reviewer claims the assent of every one who, for any special reason, pays attention to such subjects, to the allegation that an immense proportion of the crimes which are committed escape detection; and that although, from several causes, murderers escape less frequently than other criminals, "a majority of the murders which take place pass unpunished, whilst there is every reason to believe that many occur which are never even suspected." Un-

¹ It would be easy, this writer says, to give a long list of undetected murders which have happened within a short time and a confined district, but which have been forgotten because there was nothing particularly interesting about them. "Perhaps it would be possible to make out a list of fifty or sixty such cases within the last five or six years, to say nothing of trials for murder which have ended in acquittals, and deaths which, though really caused by violence, have not excited suspicion." See the entire article, headed "The Detection of Crime," in vol. x., p. 353; and compare p. 303.

To the same writer probably, in a previous volume, may be ascribed an article on Undetected Crime, the drift of which is, that popular phrases, denoting the frequency with which great crimes are unexpectedly brought to justice, embody rather an opinion as to what ought to happen than a conviction as to what really occurs. To show that cases of murder which escape detection are, as he contends, really very numerous, he mentions a few examples which suggested themselves at once to his remembrance,

certainly, he contends, cannot be eliminated from crime more than from any other human affairs; but the uncertainty cuts both ways: it cuts against the criminal, as well as in his

without any particular research. It is many years since Eliza Grimwood was found with her throat cut, and from that day to this "no traces of the murderer have been discovered, though the crime was committed in one of the principal thoroughfares of a very populous district." Twenty years since, a Mr. Griffiths was shot dead by highway robbers, as he was driving into Brighton in his gig, and the criminals have never been found out. In 1854, a man was shot dead on the road a few miles out of Leicester; a year later, an old man was cruelly beaten to death, for the sake of a sovereign, in the north of Derbyshire; in 1855, another person was similarly murdered, and all for a pair of shoes; while about the same time a Scotch lady was strangled not many yards from a public footpath in Yorkshire, in broad daylight. "In none of these cases have the murderers been detected, and in all probability they never will be."

Who murdered Begbie? was once a common cry,—now forgotten, never answered. It was in an early edition of his *Traditions of Edinburgh* that Mr. Robert Chambers observed, on this remarkable and exciting mystery: "Up to the present day the murderer of Begbie has not been discovered; nor is it probable, after the space of time that has elapsed (forty years), that he ever will be so. It is most likely that the grave has long closed over him."

Crimes cause their own detection, do they? is the cynical query of Count Fosco; and murder will out (another moral epigram), will it? Ask coroners who sit at inquests in large towns if that is true, he adds: ask secretaries of life assurance companies; read the newspapers. "In the few cases that get into the newspapers, are there not instances of slain bodies found, and no murderers ever discovered? Multiply the cases that are reported by the cases that are *not* reported, and the bodies that are found by the bodies that are *not* found; and what conclusion do you come to? This: that there are foolish criminals who are discovered, and wise criminals who escape. . . . If the police win, you generally hear all about it. If the police lose, you generally hear nothing. And on this tottering foundation you build up your comfortable moral maxim that crime causes its own detection! Yes—all the crime *you* know of. And what of the rest?" Count Fosco *loquitur*, but to some extent the author presumably speaks in or through him. All the more reason, maybe, for bearing in mind what the author says, strictly of himself, or for himself, in a later book: to wit, that nothing in this world is hidden for ever. "Sand turns traitor, and betrays the footstep that has passed over it; water gives back to the telltale surface the body that has been drowned. Fire itself leaves the confession, in ashes, of the substance consumed in it. . . . Look where we will, the inevitable law of revelation is one of the laws of nature: the lasting preservation of a secret is a miracle which the world has never yet seen." There is a parallel passage to this in the ablest work of one of the ablest of living American writers, which notes how that which keeps the delicate links safe in the dead rock, whereby men spell the secrets of old cycles, takes care also of all, minutest, marvellous, most precarious links whereby a knowledge is to come. "Nothing is strange or difficult in

favour, for though it be never certain that he will be detected, it is never certain that he will not; and this must always be the worst part of the punishment which crime inflicts upon the criminal. "The terrors and stings of conscience may possibly, though rarely, be unknown to a murderer; but the slavish fear of a shameful death is always before him. The link may be found at any moment. He never can know how many mute but irrefragable witnesses of his crime may be in existence." The instrument with which, or the plunder for which, it was committed, may be forthcoming years after the event: an incautious word, a casual recognition, or an unexpected meeting, may send him to the gibbet at any moment. "Good Heaven," to adopt Dryden's adaptation of Chaucer,

"Abhors the cruel, and the deeds of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light:
Murder may pass unpunished for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels,
The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the heels,
Fresh from the fact."

Many persons have, as Jeremy Taylor says, betrayed themselves by their own fears, and knowing themselves never to be secure enough, have gone to purge themselves of what nobody suspected them; offered an apology when they had no accuser but one within; which, like a thorn in the flesh, or like "a word in a fool's heart," was uneasy till it came out. "Murder and treason have by such strange ways been revealed, as if God had appointed an angel president of the revelation, and had kept this in secret and sure ministry to be as an argument to destroy atheism from the face of the earth, by opening the secrets of men with this key of Providence. Intercepting of letters, mistaking names, false inscriptions, errors of messengers, faction of the parties, fear in the

this old world, written all over with frail records, yet unperishing, of life, and fate, and human deed. There is nothing hidden but shall be made manifest, when once the hour has come." Time sees all, hears all, and tells all,—is the pregnant phrase of Sophocles.

actors, horror in the action, the majesty of the person, the restlessness of the mind, distracted looks, weariness of the spirit, and all under the conduct of the Divine wisdom and the Divine vengeance, make the covers of the most secret sin transparent as a net, and visible as the Chian wines in the purest crystal." Virgil's intimation of the murderer's prolonged success in secrecy, *factumque diu celavit* has yet its speedy sequel in the line : *Nudavit, cæcumque domûs scelus omne rexit.*

Pembroke exclaims, in *King John*, on discovering the corpse of Arthur, "The earth had not a hole to hide this deed." And Salisbury, in the same strain :

"Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge."

Hamlet, in one place, says of murder that, though it have no tongue, it will speak with most miraculous organ. Just as Macbeth, again, muses moodily on the, to him, appalling truth, that

"It will have blood ; they say, blood will have blood :
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak,
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks,¹ brought forth
The secret'st man of blood."

¹ Or, notably,—so as to become in fact a proverb,—the Cranes of Ibycus. The proverb had its rise in what Archbishop Trench calls one of those remarkable incidents which, witnessing for God's inscrutable judgments, are eagerly grasped by men. The story runs, that Ibycus, a famous lyrical poet of Greece, journeying to Corinth, was assailed by robbers : as he fell beneath their murderous strokes he looked around, if any witnesses or avengers were nigh. No living thing was in sight, save only a flight of cranes soaring high over head. He called on them, and to them committed the avenging of his blood. A vain commission, as it might have appeared, and as no doubt it did to the murderers appear. Yet it was not so. For these, sitting a little time after in the open theatre at Corinth, beheld this flight of cranes hovering above them, and one said scoffingly to another, "Lo, there, the avengers of Ibycus !" The words were caught up by some near them, for already the poet's disappearance had awakened anxiety and alarm. Being questioned, they betrayed themselves, and were led to their doom ; and *The Cranes of Ibycus* passed into a proverb, very much as, adds Dr. Trench, "our *Murder will out*, to express the wondrous leadings of God whereby continually the secretest thing of blood is brought to the open light of day."

Hamlet's own disastrous experience has brought home to him, with shattering force of conviction, the assurance,

“ Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.”

La Bruyère observes that the *dénouemens* which disclose the most secret crimes,—the perpetrators of which have been at the uttermost pains to conceal their guilt from the eyes of men,—appear so simple and easy, that it would seem God alone could have been the author of them;¹ while the cases in point are so very numerous, that if any one please to ascribe them to pure chance he must also go on to maintain that the chance of all time has merged in custom and rule. So numerous, as Eugene Aram in the poem can bear record, the instances “of bloody men, whose deeds tradition saves; of lonely folk cut off unseen, and hid in sudden graves; of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn, and”—as in his own case—“murders done in caves;

“ And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God.”

The earth should disclose her blood, in his case, and he knew it: knew his secret to be one that earth refused to keep,—or land or sea, though the corpse “should be ten thousand fathoms deep.

“ So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones.
Ay, though he's buried in a cave
And trodden down with stones,

¹ The author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, the moral of one of which runs

“ This truest of stories confirms beyond doubt
That truest of adages, ‘ Murder will out,’ ”

in another finds scope for this jaunty stanza :

“ For cut-throats, we're sure, can be never secure,
And ‘ History's Muse,’ still to prove it her pen holds,
As you'll see if you look in a rather scarce book,
‘ God's Revenge against Murder,’ by one Mr. Reynolds.”

And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones !”

After the midnight interment scene in *Woodstock*, “Methinks the very night winds among the leaves,” says Joceline, “will tell of what we have been doing—methinks the very trees themselves will say, ‘there is a dead corpse lies among our roots.’ Witnesses are soon found when blood hath been spilled.” And readers of Scott may call to mind how the hero of another of his stories is set a-musing on the mysterious tales on record of the mode of discovery of strange deeds of blood—the discovery and the avenging: how animals, irrational animals, had told the secret, and birds of the air had carried the matter: how the elements had seemed to betray the deed which had polluted them—how earth had ceased to support the murderer’s steps, fire to warm his frozen limbs, water to refresh his parched lips, air to relieve his gasping lungs: how all, in short, bore evidence to the homicide’s guilt; while, in other circumstances, the criminal’s own awakened conscience pursued and brought him to justice, and in some narratives the grave was said to have yawned, that the ghost of the sufferer might call for revenge.¹

¹ Lord Eldon was fond of reciting instances of “Murder will out.” In one case where he was counsel, the evidence did not, for a long while, appear to touch the prisoner at all, and the man looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. “At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gunshot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared, the wadding of the gun, which proved to be the half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man’s pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.”

Here again is a passage of recorded dialogue between the old judge and his niece, Miss Forster:

“*Ellen*. I have always thought it very extraordinary, uncle, the discovery of murders many years after the deed had been committed.

“*Lord Eldon*. Yes, very. I remember one man taken up twelve years after the deed. He had made his escape; and though every search was made, he could not be found. Twelve years afterwards, the brother of the murdered man was in Liverpool in a public house. He fell asleep, and was awoke by some one picking his pocket: he started, exclaiming, with an adjuration,—‘the man that killed my brother twelve years ago!’

Hesperus, in the *Brides' Tragedy*, moots the hypothesis :

"Yet say it were so, I but say suppose,
That I had foully slain some kindred creature ;
Could not I wash the tokens of my guilt
From this outside, and show a hand as clean
As he who fingers first the air ?

Attendant. You might,
Till heaven's justice blasted you, be hid."

The plain answer of a plain man, no way disposed to share Mr. Thackeray's scepticism, as expressed in one of the *Round-about Papers*, where, in no roundabout way, he says, (on the subject of Being Found Out,)—"They talk of murderers being pretty certainly found out. Psha ! I have heard an authority awfully competent vow and declare that scores and hundreds of murders are committed, and nobody is the wiser. That terrible man mentioned one or two ways of committing murder, which he maintained were quite common, and were scarcely ever found out." More in consonance with the prepossessions, not to say prejudices, of the *sensus communis*, is what the old playwright, John Webster, makes Bosola exclaim :

"Other sins only speak ; murder shrieks out :
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens."¹

Assistance came to him : the man was secured, tried, and condemned. He had enlisted as a soldier and gone to India, immediately after the deed was committed ; and he had just landed at Liverpool on his return, where his first act was to pick the pocket of the brother of the man he had murdered twelve years before. It was very extraordinary that the man waking out of sleep should so instantly know him."—Twiss's *Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon*.

¹ Compare what passes between guilty agent and guilty employer in the same scene :

"*Bosola.* Who shall dare to reveal this ?
Ferdinand. Oh, I'll tell thee !
The wolf shall find her grave and scrape it up,
Not to devour the corpse, but to discover
The horrid murder."

PRESENCE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

2 JOHN 12; 3 JOHN 13, 14.

HAVING many things to write unto the elect lady and her children, whom he loved in the truth, the elder—as he wills to call himself—willed not to write with paper and ink; but trusted to come in person and speak face to face, or mouth to mouth, that their joy might be full. So again to the well beloved Gaius writes the same elder, in quite the same spirit, and almost the same words: “I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee; but I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face.” Joy there might be, and must be, in receiving a letter from a penman such as this. But for the fulness of joy there must be his personal presence; and in person he trusted to be with his correspondents soon, and to prove what a different meaning “face to face” has from pen, ink, and paper; that in realizing the depth of that difference their joy might be full.

It has been said that for anything like real friendship there must at one period have been constant and free conversation. “Letters are all very well”; and the correspondence of close friends is a comparative good in default of a positive better; but a shrewd as well as genial authority owns to having not much faith in that friendship which is content with letters, and does not make constant efforts for the more cordial and the closer encounter of hand and eye, of actual face to face. “Without this there may be kind feeling and preference; but warmth is wanting, and warmth is essential to friendship.”

Schleiermacher dilates on the grave difference between the effect produced upon him by a letter and that by a conversation. “How often,” he writes to one pretty constant correspondent, “have I not gone to work immediately after deeply interesting conversations with you”; but “after the receipt of a letter, even of the most delightful letter, imagination and aspiration require more time for the exercise of their functions.” It seems he had to “take in leisurely the contents of a letter.”¹

¹ On this account he might perhaps have been unable to adopt Horace

Those were not penny post days, much less halfpenny post-card days ; and the world did not live quite so fast as now, though it was quickening its pace and its postal service from the rate commemorated in *The Doctor's* memoir of Leonard and Margaret, when there was as yet "no mail coach to waft a sigh across the country at the rate of eight miles an hour. Letters came slowly and with long intervals between ; but when they came, the happiness which they imparted to Leonard and Margaret lasted during the interval, however long." To Leonard it was an exhilarant and a cordial which rejoiced and strengthened him : he is described as treading the earth with a lighter and more elated movement on the day when he received a letter from Margaret ; while to her his letters were like summer dew upon the herb that thirsts for such refreshment. Bound for Rome, Leonatus bids Imogen

" . . . thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall."

And when Imogen in Britain receives a letter from Leonatus at Rome, she turns from thinking on the grief of being sundered to this parenthesis of solace :

"Some griefs are med'cinable ; this is one of them,
For it doth physic love."

And how greets hearty old Menenius Agrippa a letter from Caius Marcius ? In his heartiest way. "A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of seven years' health, in which time I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and to *this* preservative of no

Walpole's style when he tells his faithful Florentine correspondent : "I am angry at your thinking that I can dislike to receive two or three of your letters at once. Do you take me for a child, and imagine that, though I like one plum tart, two may make me sick ?" Walpole was used to receive the like compliments from others ; and it was not mere compliment on the part of Richard West, when he, for instance, asked : "Do you never write folios as well as quartos ? You know I am a *helluo* of everything of that kind, and I am never so happy as when *verbosa et grandis epistola venit*." "Your letter, like the scriptural oil, has made my face to shine," writes John Sterling to Thomas Carlyle.

better report than a horse-drench." But Shakspeare must not tempt us further in illustrations of the value set by a warm heart on a kind letter, failing the grasp of the living hand that wrote it.

It was a mere whim, a sheer freak of fancy, that made Madame de Staël and her guests at the farm called *Fossé* sit round a table after dinner, and write letters to each other instead of conversing. These varied and multiplied *communiqués*, by her account, interested them so much, that they, great conversers though they were—some of them, if not all—were impatient to stop the after dinner talk in order to begin the written correspondence. "When any stranger came in we could not bear the interruption of our habits; and our *penny post* always went its round." Did none of them sometimes feel what the Duchess of Queensberry felt in writing to Swift: "Though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss"? Pope, again, writes to Swift: "If it be the least pleasure to you I will write once a week most gladly: but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart I cannot." Moore writes to Byron: "I long to be near you, that I might know how you really look and feel; for these letters tell nothing, and one word, *a quattr'occhi*, is worth whole reams of correspondence." And yet, as Landor's Boccaccio has it,

" . . . frequent correspondence
Retains the features, nay, brings back the voice;
The very shoe creaks, when the letter opens."

One of the most skilled and famous of letter writers, James Howell, of the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*, arguing that we should write as we speak, pronounces that to be a true familiar letter which expresses one's mind, "as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in short and succinct terms." The tongue and the pen, he adds, are both interpreters of the mind,

but he holds the pen to be the more faithful of the two. "The tongue, *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen, having the greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error." A masterly correspondent, Howell magnified his office. But his presence must have been better still than his correspondence, so manifest are the marks his pen makes of a manly, genial, attached and attaching nature.

Immense as is the distance between a letter and an interview, writes Madame d'Arblay to her father from abroad, "where the dearer is unattainable, its *succedaneum* becomes more precious than those who enjoy both can believe, or even conceive. O my dearest father, let no possible conveyance pass without giving me the sight of your hand, if it be but by your signature." Between the sight of a hand and the warm grasp of one the difference is indeed most real. One of the Cranford worthies describes correspondence as bearing much the same relation to personal intercourse that the *hortus siccus*, or book of dried plants, does to the living and fresh flowers in the lanes and meadows. "Writing winna do it," says Jeanie Deans, when scheming how to procure her sister's pardon from the Crown, "a letter canna look, and pray, and beg, and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter's like the music that the ladies have for their spinnets—naething but black scores, compared to the same tune played or sung. It's word o' mouth maun do it, or naething, Reuben." The section next ensuing will treat of the animating power of personal communication, from the standpoint of another text.



AS IRON SHARPENETH IRON.

PROVERBS xxvii. 17.

THE proverb of Solomon, that as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the face of his friend," is described by Edward Irving as forcibly expressing the effect of religious

converse and communion by a beautiful figure, which also not inaptly represents the way in which the effect is produced. Iron, he reminds us, sharpeneth iron by removing the rust which has been contracted from their lying apart ; so intercourse between friend and friend rubs down the prejudices which they have contracted in their separate state. And as the iron, having removed the rust which ate into the good stuff of the blade, and hindered its employment for husbandry or war, straightway applies itself to the metallic substance, brings it to a polish and to an edge, shows its proper temper, and fits it for its proper use ; so, he goes on to say, the intercourse of friends having removed the prejudices which were foreign to the nature and good condition of each, and which, while they remained, did but fester and hurt the good temper of their souls, proceeds in the next place to bring out the slumbering spirit which lay hid, to kindle each other into brightness, and prepare each other for action. "Again, when by hard service and rough handling the iron hath lost its edge, and grown unfit for further use, if you bring it again to its former companion, though equally disabled, they again prepare each other for action ; and again and again, until the substance of both be well-nigh worn away. . . . So when friend, by intercourse with friend, being polished and hardened, goes forth into active life, and, after various rough adversities or hard encounters, grows weary or disabled, and revisits the former companion of his soul, haply as much belaboured by toil and trouble, (for who, in this world of care escapeth it ?) then the two, exchanging their various experiences, recounting their dangers past, and their present condition, are refreshed again ; they open up their schemes to one another, their difficulties and their fears ; and, before the good countenance and encouragement of our friend, our difficulties, like the great mountain before Zerubbabel, become a plain ; we feel like new men again ; our countenance is renewed, and we go forth to renew the struggle in the sea of difficulties wherewith we are encompassed."

So testifies he of whom Mr. Carlyle bears record that "but for Irving, I had never known what communion of man

with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with." It was iron-sharpened iron, diamond-cut diamond, when these two Annandale associates met; true as steel, if not as polished, both. Each sharpened the face of the other,¹ and lit it up with sparks and sparkles as of a light that never was on sea or shore.

Adam Smith elaborates his argument that the mind is rarely so disturbed, but that the company of a friend will restore it to some degree of tranquillity and sedateness; the breast being, in some measure, calmed and composed the moment we come into his presence; for we are immediately put in mind of the light in which he will view our situation, and we begin to view it ourselves in the same light—so instantaneous is the effect of sympathy. Society and conversation are declared to be "the most powerful remedies for restoring the mind to its tranquillity, if, at any time, it has unfortunately lost it; as well as the best preservatives of that equal and happy temper which is so necessary to self satisfaction and enjoyment. Men of retirement and speculation, who are apt to sit brooding at home over either grief or resentment, though they may often have more humanity, more generosity, and a nicer sense of honour, yet seldom possess that equality of temper which is so common among men of the world."

The late excellent Bishop Lonsdale (*clarum et venerabile nomen*), arguing in favour of personal intercourse in the form of church congresses, very shortly before his death, rejected the suggestion that intercommunication of studies, feelings, thoughts, and experience may be accomplished not less efficiently through the medium of the press. We all know, he said, the constant and ever increasing facilities which the

¹ "Good ! and your faces brighten, and your eyes
Glitter, as stars do in a good sharp wind.
Sharp ? why, what else should be the atmosphere
Of vigorous spirits ?"

press affords for this ; but “we know also, and we feel too, that there is a life in personal communication which cannot otherwise be generated.” Apply the words of Goethe’s Tasso, in connection with the iron-wrought similitude of Solomon :

“As with mysterious power the magnet binds
Iron with iron, so do kindred aims
Unite the souls”

of those who cherish and pursue them. Shall iron break the northern iron and the steel? is a question put in the prophecies of Jeremiah, to which an applied answer again in Solomon’s sense may be essayed. Another of Goethe’s discourers vents the exclamation :

“How dear the counsel of a present friend,
Lacking whose godlike power the lonely one
In silence droops ! for, locked within his breast,
Slowly are ripened purpose and resolve,
Which friendship’s genial warmth had soon matured.”

Treating of tonics, mental and material, as force pumps which exhaust the strength they pretend to supply, an American essayist contends that, of all known cordials, the best, safest, and most exhilarating is good fellowship. If men are less when together than when they are alone, they are also, he urges, in some respects enlarged ; they kindle each other. “What are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such. . . . How the countenance of our friend still left some light after he had gone !” Summing up, however, the obvious pleasures and values of good companionship, the author of *Society and Solitude* does not forget that Nature being very much in earnest, her great gifts have something serious and stern ; and that when we look for the highest benefits of conversation the Spartan rule of one to one is usually enforced. So face answereth to face, and deep calleth to deep, and the iron that sharpeneth for good uses, *that* iron enters into the soul, and so sharpeneth the face of a friend,—both faces indeed of both friends.

One of the Taylor (of Ongar) family, in a letter descriptive of their sequestered course of life in the country, remarks: "We want nothing but a little more society; one congenial family within our reach would be a treasure: for though we do love each other, and enjoy each other's society greatly, yet there are times when we long to recreate our wearied spirits with an intelligent friend." There was a longing for what Thomson calls

". . . the sweet light from mingled minds disclosed,
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire."

Till you enjoy, after long deprivation, observes a Common-place Philosopher, the blessing of converse with a man of high intellect and cultivation, you do not know how much there is in you: your powers are stimulated to produce thought of which you would not have believed yourself capable. "The effect of solitary confinement, we know, upon uneducated prisoners, is to drive them mad." A writer on lunatic asylums tells us that they contain a far larger proportion of rustics than of toilworn artisans from the great manufacturing towns; and that isolation is a greater cause of mental ruin than aggregation—our English fields affording a possible supply of *crétins* as plentiful as the upland valleys of the mountain range, seldom visited by the foot of the traveller; whilst, on the other hand, in the workshop and the public assembly, as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the face of his friend."

That is a significant passage in the Romeward journey of St. Paul, after shipwreck and trials not a few, which tells how the brethren came to meet him as far as Appii Forum and The Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw he thanked God and took courage. That face of his, steadfastly set to see Rome, knowing though he did that bonds and afflictions awaited him there, and surmising as well he might the decease he was one day to accomplish there,—his face was sharpened by the sight of his friends; it was a good sight for sore eyes; and it made him go on his way rejoicing, though the way was to Rome.

You may, says Bacon in his essay on Friendship, "take sarza [sarsaparilla] to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend." And if no receipt so openeth the heart, no other so closes up a wound in it, or allays an aching in it. "Come to my heart, old comrade," exclaims Schiller's downcast hero, already sensibly lighter of heart at the mere sight of his tried associate—

" . . . Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the first days of the first month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour."



QUIETLY WAITING.

LAMENTATIONS iii. 26.

THE man that had seen affliction by the rod of Divine wrath, and whose lament it was that God had led him and brought him into darkness, but not into light,—hedging him about that he could not get free, and making his chain heavy, enclosing his ways with hewn stone, and making his paths crooked,—filling him with bitterness and making him drunken with wormwood,—removing his soul so far off from peace that he forgot prosperity and said, "My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord," remembering, though prosperity might be clean forgotten, remembering his affliction and his misery, the wormwood and the gall;—the man who had thus suffered could yet, and did, put on record the avowal, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." Quietly to wait is often harder than hard work. The poet's incentive appeal to us to be "up and doing, with a heart for any fate," bids us, "still achieving,

still pursuing, learn to labour and to wait.”¹ The lesson to wait unlearnt, often the power to labour is lost, all heart for it is lost.

The one single evidence of strength in the early years of the Saviour, which is offered by F. W. Robertson in a sermon on “The Early Development of Jesus,” is that calm, long waiting of thirty years before He began His work ; during which time all the evils He was to redress were there, provoking indignation, crying for interference ; and during all those years must His soul have burned within Him with a Divine zeal. “A mere *man*—a weak, emotional man of spasmodic feeling—a hot enthusiast, would have spoken out at once, and at once been crushed. The Everlasting Word Incarnate bided His own time—‘Mine hour is not yet come,’ matured His energies, condensed them by repression ; and then went forth to speak and do and suffer. His hour was come. This is strength—the power of a Divine silence, the strong will to keep force

¹ As an American, this poet enforces upon his native land, in one of his prose works, the necessity of waiting, of every man patiently abiding his time—a lesson specially needful he asserts, in a country where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, and where the national character wants the dignity of repose. He would have every man bide his time—“not in listless idleness,—not in useless pastime,—not in querulous dejection ; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion.”

Says Earl Stanhope of Pitt,—when, on the rejection of his India Bill in 1784, the young statesman was pressed by king and by colleagues to appeal to the people, but stood firm against both these solicitations and parliamentary attacks,—“He practised that hardest of all lessons to an eager mind in a hard-run contest—to wait.”

The error of the most ardent reformers, according to Mr. Buckle, has always been, that, in their eagerness to effect their purpose, they let the political movement outstrip the intellectual one, thus inverting the natural order, and defeating their design. “And this happens merely because men will not bide their time, but will insist on precipitating the march of affairs.” A very different historian observes of Russia and its rulers that, although constantly actuated by the lust of conquest, they never precipitate the moment of attack ; that, conscious of their strength, they await calmly the moment of action, and then act out their will. Austria’s necessity was Italy’s opportunity, said a reviewer of the events of 1860 ; and that necessity the Italian statesmen knew well must some day come to pass, if they could only induce the Italians to wait for it in patience.

till it is wanted, the power to wait God's time. 'He that believeth,' said the prophet, 'shall not make haste.'"

Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until it receive the early and latter rain. "Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." "My soul," said the psalmist, "truly waiteth still upon God, for of Him cometh my salvation"; and though offences abound, and not only the ways but the means of transgressors are hard, "Nevertheless, my soul, wait thou still upon God; for my hope is in Him." In the day predicted by the prophet when He shall swallow up death in victory, and wipe away tears from off all faces, in that day shall it be said, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us; this is the Lord: we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation." The apostle to the Hebrews admonished them that they had need of patience, that after they had done the will of God they might receive the promise: for yet a little while, and He that should come would come, and would not tarry. The psalmist again avows that he should utterly have fainted, but that he believed verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. But his next utterance is: "O tarry thou the Lord's leisure: be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart; and put thou thy trust in the Lord."

The Caxtonian essayist, treating of the alleged existence of an intellectual as well as a moral conscience, of both of which the content is serene and full in proportion as the attraction to things evanescent is counteracted by the attraction towards objects that endure, adds this remark: "Hence genius is patient as well as virtue, and patience is at once an anodyne and a tonic—nay, more, it is the only stimulant which always benefits and never harms." It has been observed of the processes and analogies of physical science (which alone claims, and within

its own limits legitimately claims, the possession of increasing certainty), that whether they can be transferred to the sphere of morals, and to the life of man, is at present a question perfectly open. "We must learn to wait; but undoubtedly this attitude of waiting, taken in conjunction with the influences of scientific study, exacts and inculcates mental habits [such as toleration and exactitude] of the greatest importance."¹ Wait, is the counsel in the laureate's *Love and Duty*:

" . . . Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit
Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end."

So again, the same poet's wavering listener to the Two Voices sees and says that all the years invent; each month is various to present the world with some development. Therefore,—

"Were this not well, to bide mine hour,
Though watching from a ruined tower
How grows the day of human power?"

Blind Margaret's counsel to Mary Barton is equally emphatic and discreet, when—changing her tone from the somewhat hard way in which sensible people too often speak, to the soft accents of tenderness which come with such peculiar grace from them,—she tells her: "You must just wait and be patient. You may depend upon it, all will end well, and better than if you meddled in it now." "But it is so hard to be patient," Mary pleads. "Ay, dear," the other rejoins; "being patient is the hardest work we, any on us, have to do through life, I take it. Waiting is far more difficult than doing." Margaret has known that about her sight, and many a one, she adds, has known it

¹ Sir Charles Lyell describes the founding of the Geological Society in 1807, as conducing greatly to the attainment of a then urgent desideratum, new data in large masses. "To multiply and record observations, and patiently to await the result at some future period, was the object proposed by them; and it was their favourite maxim that the time was not yet come for a general system of geology, but that all must be content for many years to be exclusively engaged in furnishing materials for future generalizations."—Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, p. 59.

in watching the sick ; but it's one of God's lessons we all must learn, one way or another. Anon, Mary Barton comes across a harassed mother, pining for news of her son. No letters again ! "I must just wait another day to hear frae my lad. It's very dree work, waiting," says Alice. And Margaret's words recur to Mary's mind. "Every one has their time and kind of waiting." A day comes when Mary Barton hovers, in a long illness, between life and death ; and of the male friend most interested in her recovery we read, that now he found the difficulty which every one who has watched by a sick bed knows full well, and which is perhaps more insurmountable to men than it is to women : "the difficulty of being patient, and trying not to expect any visible change for long, long hours of sad monotony." The mind masculine is perhaps sexually typified in Will Belton,¹ who hates waiting. It is noted, however, by the historian of *Athens: its Rise and Fall*, that men who become the leaders of the public less by the spur of passion than by previous study and conscious talent,—men whom thought and letters prepare for enterprise,—are rarely eager to advance themselves too soon. Making politics a science, he goes on to say of them, they are even fastidiously alive to the qualities and the experience demanded for great success ; their very self esteem renders them seemingly modest : they rely upon time and upon occasion ; and, pushed forward rather by circumstances than their own exertions, it is long before their ambition and their resources are fully developed. Thus, despite all his advantages, the rise of Pericles was slow. Plutarch significantly affirms of Brutus, that it is extremely probable he would have been the first man in Rome, could he have had patience awhile to be the second, and have waited till time had wasted the power of Cæsar and dimmed the lustre of his achievements.

¹ "If you can be content to wait awhile, you will succeed," his sister tells him at a juncture of moment ; "but when were you ever content to wait for anything?" "If there is anything I hate, it is waiting," is Will's reply.—*The Belton Estate*, chap. xxx.

"It well beseemeth kings, all mortals it beseemeth well,
To possess their souls in patience, and await what can betide."

One of Hildebrand's biographers pictures that pontiff directing his prescient gaze to the distant conflicts and the coming glories in which the Normans, his potent liegemen, were to minister to his vast designs. "The auspicious hour was not yet come. His self command tranquilly abided the approach of it."¹ Writing of Loyola in mid career, Sir James Stephen says, that impetuous as had been the temper of Ignatius in early life, he had now learnt to be patient of the tardy growth of great designs. An anonymous essayist on the subject of social patience calls attention to the fact, too frequently ignored, that the power of a positive institution, like the force of naked reason, depends very materially on the character of the persons to whom you present it, and on whom you expect it to operate. Rash the man is therefore called who thinks he has only to give people a good institution, and it is sure to take effect, experience soon proving how vain is the expectation. The most superficial observation of the ordinary history of human action, it is contended, might teach a wisdom beyond this. "Send the most judicious, intrepid, and zealous of missionaries among savages, send them in successive relays for half a century, or a couple of generations," will not the whole community have been civilized, to say the least, by the end of that time? On the contrary, "all experience in such matters has shown that an indefinite quantity of time is needed before any impression whatever, worth calling an impression, is made, under the most favourable circumstances, and where the influence of the civilizing force is least disturbed."

Washington Irving bids those who are disposed to faint

¹ So again Dean Milman begins a paragraph on the conduct of Hildebrand at the death of Nicholas II., with the remark, that he knew his time was not yet come; adding, that of all the great qualifications of this lofty churchman, nothing is more extraordinary than his suppression of his personal ambition, and the patience with which he was content to work in a subordinate station, to be the first in influence without being the first in worldly dignity.

under difficulties, in the prosecution of any great and worthy undertaking, to remember that eighteen years elapsed after the time that Columbus conceived his enterprise before he was enabled to carry it into effect; that the greater part of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitation, amidst poverty, neglect, and taunting ridicule; that the prime of his life had wasted away in the struggle; and that when his perseverance was finally crowned with success, he was in his fifty-sixth year: altogether an example that should encourage the enterprising never to despair.

Lamartine's portraiture of Louis Philippe is of a man the whole of whose policy was, to perform that skilfully which the exigency of the moment required, and to trust to the future for the rest. "His star never lighted him but a few steps in advance, and he neither wished nor asked of it more lustre, for his only ambition was to learn to wait. Time was his providence." Sir Samuel Romilly pointedly remarks, from personal observation, of the orators and busybodies of the National Assembly in 1791, that, as might naturally be supposed, the most superficial men were the most in haste to speak. "Men who are conscious of their own superiority are not so impatient to discover it; they wait for some occasion worthy of them, and willingly forego a little reputation, which they are sure of reaping at some time or other in the greatest abundance." Such is the placid practical philosophy of Mr. Disraeli's Beckendorff, over whose head more than thirty years had passed ere the world felt his power, or was even conscious of his existence. "A deep student, not only of man in detail but of man in groups, not only of individuals but of nations, Beckendorff had hived up his ample knowledge of all subjects which could interest his fellow creatures; and when the opportunity, which in this world occurs to all men, occurred to Beckendorff, he was prepared." *Il mondo è di chi ha pazienza*, says the Italian proverb: the world is his who has patience. Remember the old rustic chair (and who sat in it) of Ser Federigo:

"High perched upon the back of which there stood
The image of a falcon carved in wood,

And underneath the inscription, with a date,
 ‘All things come round to him who will but wait.’”

The desolate daughter and sister in Wordsworth’s *White Doe of Rylstone* is sorely tempted to disregard the injunction laid upon her, to remain patiently at home and await the issues of mortal strife without. But she successfully resists the temptation, and with this result—the italics and the capitals being the poet’s very own:—

“*Her duty is to stand and wait ;*
 In resignation to abide
 The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
 O’ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.”

It is into the mouth of a Divine Speaker that Milton puts the line,

“Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting.”

Nameless is the expectant, but exemplary is the attitude of expectancy, in Chauncy Hare Townshend’s little poem :

“I have prayed, and now I wait ;
 What I ask may come full late,
 But come it will !
 Not yet have I found the clue,
 But the inner voice is true ;
 Then, heart, be still !”

—o—

DECEIVING AND DECEIVED.

2 TIMOTHY iii. 13.

“EVIL men and seducers,” the apostle predicted, when himself ready to be offered, and the time of his departure at hand, should “wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived.” There is a satisfaction to the sense of what is called poetical justice, in this kind of retributive reciprocity. Meet it seems that the cheater be himself cheated, the deceiver deceived. The prophet proclaims woe to the treacherous dealer, who had not been treacherously dealt withal. The immunity

was not to be lasting ; the betrayer's time would come, the hour of betrayal, and the man to betray. "When thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee." Πλανῶντες καὶ πλανώμενοι, deceiving and being deceived.

The sense of poetical justice, or of ethical retribution, is always more or less gratified at every instance in history of the beguiler being beguiled, the cheater cheated, the biter bit. As where Lord Grey, the English commander in Scotland, accomplished his purpose of taking the castle of Dalkeith, by imitating the cunning of the "crafty and able" master of that stronghold, George Douglas ; who, "after his old fashion," says Tytler, represented himself as favourably inclined to England. "To be thus overreached and entrapped in his own devices was peculiarly mortifying to this long practised intriguer," and seems, by the historian's account, to have sunk deeper into his spirit than the loss of either his wife or his castle. Or as where Babington, the conspirator, offered himself as a spy to Walsingham, hoping by this means to become acquainted with all the secret purposes of that astute minister, who was, however, too old a diplomatist to be thus taken in. Walsingham took Babington in, in more senses than one ; accepted his services, and turned them to his own use. As with the policy expressed by Racine's Mithridate,

" Feignons ; et de son cœur, d'un vain espoir flatté,
Par un mensonge adroit tirons la vérité."

Or again, to apply the exultant terms of the same author's Roxane :

". . . Ah ! ma joie est extrême
Que le traître, une fois, se soit trahi lui-même."

If one's joy is not extreme, at any rate one's bile is not stirred, at finding the cheap John who, in "London Labour and the London Poor," bought as stolen goods an apparent packet of Sheffield cutlery, with a knife tied to the outside paper, exasperated by the discovery of the actual cubic contents, a solitary brick. In another section of that book we have this remark from one of the street-sellers of rings and sovereigns

for wagers, concerning those who are foolish enough to buy : "It's some satisfaction to know they think they are a-taking you in, for they give you only a shilling or two for an article which, if really gold, would be worth eight or ten." An æsthetic critic remarks on the peculiar influences exerted on architecture and architects by the fact that when what he calls "a spry Yankee" wishes to build a house, he very generally thinks to overreach his architect and builder by pretending that he wants much less accommodation than he is resolved to have ; thinking that, the contract once made and begun to be executed, he will be able to squeeze more work out for the same price. "It is gratifying to know that in such cases he usually meets his match, and has to pay smartly." But how lamentable, adds the critic, that the exercise of a noble art should ever be degraded into a conflict between a couple of rogues, each trying to outwit the other ! Impartial lookers on incline to indulge the feeling which prompted Young's lines on "two state rooks" playing the game of faces on each other, in foolish hope to steal each other's trust,—

"Both cheating, both exulting, both deceived ;
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice !) undone."

Schiller's Mortimer utters, or mutters, this valedictory, or maledictory, passage as he listens to the receding footfall of one female sovereign who has just engaged him, as she believes, to rid her of another :

"Go, false, deceitful queen ! As thou deludest
The world, e'en so I cozen thee. 'T is right
Thus to betray thee ; 't is a worthy deed."

Mr. Motley's analysis of the duplicity of Alexander Farnese does justice to the stress laid by his highness on the immense advantage to be obtained by the deception practised upon an enemy whose own object was to deceive. It was perfectly understood indeed, between Philip II. and his confidential advisers, that they were always to deceive every one, upon every occasion. "Only let them be false, and it was impossible to be wholly wrong ; but grave mistakes might occur from

occasional deviations into sincerity." Philip was inclined to think that the English allies of the Dutch revoltors "had been influenced by knavish and deceitful motives from the beginning. He enjoined it upon Parma, therefore, to proceed with equal knavery." The historian describes the great drama of negotiation which, in 1607, was to follow a forty years' tragedy, as wearing the aspect of a solemn comedy—there being a secret disposition on the part of each leading personage, with a few exceptions, to make dupes of all the rest.

"To cheat the cheater, was no cheat, but justice,

as Father Pennyboy sententiously words it, in Jonson's *Staple of News*. Or as Mosca, in *The Fox*,—

"To cozen him of all, were but a cheat

Well placed ; no man would construe it a sin."¹

Or as Subtle, in *The Alchemist*, bidding a cozener cozen all he can : "To deceive him is no deceit but justice." So Cicero, in the same playwright's *Catiline*, instructing the Gaulish envoys to dissemble with the conspirators, and thus enmesh and ruin them ; for, "Ill deeds are well turned back upon their authors, and 'gainst an injurer the return is just." Just as Milton's *Agonistes* makes it his boast, that on his enemies, wherever he

¹ Says Edie Ochiltree, apologetically, in Scott's *Antiquary*, "I canna think it an unlawfu' thing to pit a bit trick on sic a laud-louping scoundrel, that just lives by tricking honest folk,"—Dousterswivel, the "adept," being the scoundrel in question, concerning whom the Antiquary himself, also apologetically on Edie's behalf, in a subsequent chapter suggests, that he must have been about some roguery, and caught in a trap of his own setting. *Nex lex justitior ulla*.—"I niver cheat anybody as doesn't want to cheat me, miss," declares the packman to Maggie Tulliver, in *The Mill on the Floss*.—"Now, isn't it a moral obligation on a man to cheat such a rascal !" exclaims Smoke, of Spreadweasel, in Jerrold's comedy. So Johnson, of Jermyn, in George Eliot's *Felix Holt* : to act with doubleness towards a man whose own conduct was double, was to him so near an approach to virtue that it deserved to be called by no meaner name than diplomacy.—"Contrivance ! what, to cheat me ? to cheat your father ?" cries Sir Sampson, in the old play. "Indeed, I thought, sir," answers Valentine, "when the father endeavoured to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature." One of Mr. Trollope's shady clergymen is described as playing an intricate game, and knowing it—knowing that "all was not on the square ; but he thought that the enemy was playing him false, and that falsehood in return was therefore fair."

chanced, he used hostility, and took their spoil, to pay his underminers in their coin. Estifania cozens the copper captain that was intent on cozening Estifania ; and the moral drawn by the latter is, that

“Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.”

There is indeed no source of dramatic effect more complete, says Hazlitt, than that species of practical satire by which one character in the piece is made a fool of and turned into ridicule to his face, by the very person whom he is trying to overreach. Even so upright and downright and outright an honest fellow as the Deerslayer of Cooper finds irresistible the temptation to out-trick a circumventing Mingo. “Ah’s me ! Desait and a false tongue are evil things, and altogether onbecoming our colour, Hetty ; but it *is* a pleasure and a satisfaction to outdo the contrivances of a redskin.” In another story of the series, the scout, by this time an older and a sadder man, in warning a British officer against the devices of the Hurons, adds : “I say, young gentleman, may Providence bless our undertaking, which is altogether for good ; and remember that, to outwit the knaves, it is lawful to practise things that may not be naturally the gift of a white skin.” “I have a conscience,” says the autobiographer in one of Marryat’s fictions, “and own that I have been playing what may be called an unworthy game ; but when it is considered how long I have been defrauded of my rights by the duplicity of others, I think I may be excused if I have beat them at their own weapons.” He who so excuses himself is self-accused ; but the world is apt in such cases to endorse the excuse, with a will. As with Shakspeare’s fair Florentine :

“Only, in this disguise, I think’t no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win.”

Plutarch tells how the Carthaginians at Rhegium, upon the breaking up of the assembly, seeing that Timoleon was gone, chafed and fretted¹ to find themselves outwitted ; “and it

¹ Compare the resentment of the French in 1806, at Blucher’s escaping them by dint of affirming that an armistice had been concluded. Alison

afforded no small diversion to the Rhegians, that Phœnicians should complain of anything effected by guile." For was not *fidēs Punica* a proverb, a byword, all the civilized world over? Gibbon relates, with implicit approval, how "the policy of Julian condescended to surprise the prince of the Allemanni by his own arts." Dean Milman describes the wager of battle between Peter of Arragon and Charles of Anjou, with all its solemn preliminaries, as ending in a pitiful comedy, in which Charles had the ignominy of practising base and disloyal designs against his adversary; Peter, that of eluding the contest by craft, "justifiable only as his mistrust of his adversary was well or ill grounded, but much too cunning for a frank and generous knight." Rienzi grounded his apology for free resort to tricksome tactics, on the fact that, in taking up "the cause of the people against their worst tyrants," he had to deal with no frank and open antagonists, but with "men of shifts and wiles the subtlest and most deceitful." Among the extant verses attributed to Cato, is this distich :

"Qui simulat verbis, nec corde est fidus amicus ;
Tu quoque fac simile, et sic ars deluditur arte."

Many an antique Roman was a proficient in that art, and in the *ars celandi* that *artem*. Sulla was so proud of having out-manceuvred Jugurtha—for that Numidian king was the type of accomplished craft—that he had a seal ring made *in memoriam*, and used it to the end of his days.

Æsop's fable of the horse and the lion closes with the jubilant trotting away of the former, in highest glee at the success of a trick (with his heels) by which he had defeated

reminds the French historians who inveigh most severely against this unworthy *ruse de guerre*, of their own General Lecourbe's escaping destruction in 1799, at the hands of the Austrians, solely by the mendacious assertion that a negotiation for peace was commenced; and again of Lannes and Murat, in the campaign of Austerlitz, who won the bridge of Vienna by declaring that an armistice had been concluded, which they well knew was not the case; and, a few days later, of Murat's trying a similar piece of deceit with the Russian Kutusoff, and being only foiled by the superior *finesse* of that astute commander.

the device of his would-be destroyer. *Car c'est double plaisir de tromper le trompeur*, is the terminus *ad quem* of La Fontaine's cock and fox fable; and his one line "moral," annexed to the gravedigger and his mate is, *Il n'est pas malaisé de tromper un trompeur*. Sometimes it is a third "party" that effects the trick and enjoys the profit, as with Pope's Sir Balaam at one stage of his progress, or rather, his facile descent to Avernus :

"Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away :
He pledged it to the knight ; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit."



HARD SAYING, EASY CURE.

2 KINGS v. 11-14.

THE lines had fallen to Naaman in pleasant places; captain of the host, he was a great man with his master, the king of Syria, and honourable, and recognised as a power in the state, and renowned throughout the region of Abana and Pharpar as a mighty man in valour; *but*—he was a leper. The *but* is not verbally in the Hebrew, as the italics in our version indicate. Yet, if not present in the letter, how very present is it in spirit—even, as the phrase goes, conspicuous by its absence. Always there is a *but* in mortal prosperity, be the but in italics, or common type, or emphasized capitals. Always there is a crook in the lot, a fly in the ointment, a flaw in the crystal. Always, in the words of a latter day moralist, "there is a black spot on our sunshine." The black spot on Haman's sunshine, as that well-to-do courtier sunned himself at palace porch, was the shadow of a Jew that sat at the king's gate: a chilling presence that was not to be put by. The spot in Naaman's case was the loathsome one of leprosy. Great, valiant, influential, the observed of all observers at court,

but a leper. Wealth and titles flowing in upon him, but leprosy cleaving to him all the same, as to one "in whom is the plague of leprosy, whose hand is not able to get that which pertaineth to his cleansing" (Lev. xiv. 32). Can the leper, any more than the leopard, change his spots? Naaman cannot, except by resort to the prophet in Israel, and by a sevenfold baptism in the stream that great captain holds so cheap. The prophet's saying is a hard saying to him; so easy seems the cure, so undignified the simplicity of the prescription, so void the remedy of pomp, circumstance, or cost.

Great expectations had the Syrian generalissimo been led to form concerning the prophet that was in Samaria, and his alleged power to cure a leper even as white as snow; nor were those expectations disappointed. But great were the expectations he had also formed concerning the mode of cure; and in these disappointed he was, most signally. The prophet from afar prescribed for the leper; and when the leper came to know the prescription, how simple it was! He turned, and went away in a rage. Wash in Jordan seven times—was that all? Without even a personal interview with the prophet, to go and dip in a little foreign stream, and hope for cleansing by such means as that? Jordan, forsooth! when Abana and Pharpar were nearer at hand—rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel. If the prophet had bidden him do some great thing, confessedly and eagerly he would have done it; but such a prescription as merely "Wash and be clean" seemed a trifling with his disease, if not a deliberate insult to himself.

Jordan! The proud Syrian's scorn for the petty stream was well-nigh as magnificent as that of behemoth, who trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth. Abana and Pharpar were quite another matter. Toward them he might easily have been induced to feel much as the prince in Plutarch to that river Choaspes, whose water alone he could drink; or as the queen in Euripides to that river Ismenus, whose water was not, she so bitterly complained, in use at her son's wedding. Hebrew bards might, then or afterwards, speak of the swellings

of Jordan; but that must be a poetical licence, in Naaman's estimate of so small a watercourse; and what had he to do with the swellings of Jordan? The pride of Jordan was to be spoiled by the pride of the Syrian leper. Could any good thing come out of Jordan? He that in after ages asked, could any good thing come out of Nazareth? was bid come and see. And Naaman too was at last induced to come and see. He came, saw, and was conquered.

The scorn for simple remedies is of common occurrence. Physicians in all ages have had to deal with patients of the Naaman sort,—impatient of a too easy cure, and resenting the promise of one as a hard saying. John Selden says of a supposed case of a man with a sore leg, that should he go to “an honest judicious chirurgeon, and he should only bid him keep it warm, and anoint with such an oil, an oil well known, that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine.” But if he should go to some portentous leech who should at once magnify the nature of the malady, and be magniloquently mysterious touching the elaborate agencies indispensable for a cure,—“what listening there would be to this man!” Sir Henry Holland, after describing an efficacious but simple course of practice in dealing with a generally obstinate complaint, adds the remark that here unhappily, as in so many other cases, the simplicity of the means forms a hindrance to their sufficient application. A shrewd clerical observer says of country patients, that, when seriously ill, the one thing they insist upon is a good drastic treatment; gentle measures they are inclined to resent as an imputation on the gravity of the case. “They have a good deal of the Abana and Pharpar philosophy in their composition, and will not believe they have been effectually cured till they have been very nearly disembowelled.” In ancient medical phraseology, one of the brothers Hare reminds us, herbs possessed of healing natures were called simples: “In God's laboratory all things that heal are simple—all natural enjoyments, all the deepest, are simple too.”

MANY THAT ARE FIRST, LAST; AND THE LAST FIRST.

ST. MATTHEW xix. 30.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, in his *Christian Morals*, bids himself look contentedly upon the scattered difference of things, and not expect equality in lustre, dignity, or perfection, in regions or persons here below, where large numbers must be content to stand like lacteous or nebulous stars, little taken notice of, or dim in their generations. All which, he goes on to say, may be contentedly allowable in the affairs and ends of this world, and in suspension unto what will be in the order of things hereafter, and the new system of mankind which will be in the world to come; when "the last may be the first, and the first the last; when Lazarus may sit above Cæsar, and the just obscure on earth shall shine like the sun in heaven; when personations shall cease, and histrionism of happiness be over; when reality shall rule, and all shall be as they shall be for ever."

Divine is the voice, as divine the strain, which Dante hears and records in *Il Paradiso*:

" But lo ! of those
Who call ' Christ, Christ,' there shall be many found
In judgment, farther off from Him by far
Than such to whom His name was never known."

And, some half-dozen cantos previously, Dante suggestively relates how he has seen

" The thorn frown rudely all the winter long,
And after bear the rose upon its top;
And bark, that all her way across the sea
Ran straight and speedy, perish at the last
E'en in the haven's mouth."

Leslie, the painter, tells us of his hearing the preference expressed by Rogers for seats in churches without pews, opposed by "a gentleman who preferred pews, and said, 'If there were seats only, I might find myself sitting by my coachman.'"

Rogers replied, "And perhaps you may be glad to find yourself beside him in the next world."

John Newton once said, in his familiar table-talk, that if an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poorhouse, whom the parish wish dead, and humbled before God with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him.

We may apply, in the letter, not the spirit, the words of Horace about making foremost hindmost,¹ and hindmost foremost: *Quod prius ordine . . . est, Posterius facias, præponens ultima primis.*

Mr. Arthur Helps's *Realmah* has a curious story of how a poor man, who in distant ages had stood aloof from the sacrifices to Varoona, the goddess of the waters, had yet been eventually signalised by her as her most devoted worshipper—his omission to join in a certain rite having only arisen from

¹ Mr. Dallas, in the second volume of his dissertation on the Science of Criticism, dilates on the fact that in an age like ours, of self culture, the individual is at once pampered and withers; he is pampered with knowledge and many attentions, but in the sense of the poet he withers, and is of less account than ever. "Here, if anywhere, is the saying good that the first shall be last, and the last first"—the individual rising into greater importance, but such an individual as would be least expected, according to the traditions of art, to be treated with so much honour. But the lesson is identical with that learnt from the story-books that amused us in childhood; that most frequently being, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and that he who is worth most is not he who seems most. So, in current literature, we are said to find ourselves in an inverted world, where the halt and the maimed and the blind are the magnates of our kingdom; where heroes are made of the sick, and pets of the stupid, and merit of the weak man's nothingness. "Whether the disorder be real or not, is another question. It may or may not be a sign of disorder in our minds that the first should be last, and the last first—that we should exalt the small private man in our regards, and lower the great public hero." (E. S. Dallas: *The Ethical Current.*)

Pertinent and weighty are the words of Eliphaz the Temanite: "When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, there is lifting up; and He shall save the humble person." A parallel passage is that where Hannah, in her song of praise, exults in the favour of One who bringeth low and lifteth up; who raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory. And so again is that of Mary's *Magnificat*, in praise of Him who putteth down the mighty from their seats, and exalteth them of low degree.

the intensity of his heartfelt adoration. The moral is at one with that of Gay's fable,

"For Jove the heart alone regards ;
He punishes what man rewards."

Shakspeare's Laertes gives passionate utterance to a like persuasion, in the burial scene of his sister :

" I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling."

Hysterology is in rhetoric a figure of speech by which the ordinary course of thought is inverted in expression, and the last put first—*ὑστερον πρότερον*. But in the realism or reality of things it is oftentimes no figure of speech.



AGUR'S PRAYER FOR THE GOLDEN MEAN.

PROVERBS xxx. 8, 9.

"GIVE me neither poverty nor riches," was Agur's petition ; "feed me with food convenient for me." Addison had Agur in mind when he discoursed on the relative advantages and disadvantages of poverty and wealth : humility and patience for example, industry and temperance, being very often the good qualities of a poor man ; while humanity and good nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the other hand, poverty, as the Spectator goes on to show, is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance : poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmurs, and discontent ; while riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, "the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue ; as . . . it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which, for

the wisdom of it, is recorded in holy writ. 'Two things have I required of Thee; deny me them not before I die: remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'

La Bruyère adverts with a sort of shudder to certain miseries in the world which the heart is literally pained to hear of—the privations of absolute penury, the lack of daily bread to those who eye the approach of winter with alarm. Meanwhile, poor men are employed to force the earth to yield her fruits out of season, for the demands of the luxurious; and mere traders, *de simples bourgeois*, merely because they have purses long enough, and are purse proud, will swallow at a meal what would have supplied ample food to a hundred families. Let whoso will, exclaims the French philosopher, cope with extremities so great: "my desire is to be, if I may, neither altogether miserable nor altogether prosperous: I cast myself upon the middle state, and there take refuge." *Multa petentibus desunt multa. Bene est cui Deus obtulit parcâ quod satis est manu.* "The middle of humanity thou never knewest," says Apemantus to Timon, in his savage sequesterment, "but the extremity of both ends." Such extremes, like other extremes, meet; in misfortune. La Bruyère's *Je ne veux être, si je le puis, ni malheureux, ni heureux*, has about it the flavour of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's reply, or replies, to Hamlet's greeting, "Good lads, how do ye both?"

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord."

Most of us, as Charles Lamb says, have cause to be thankful for that which is bestowed; but we have all probably reason to be still more grateful for that which is withheld, and more especially for our being denied the sudden possession of riches. In the Litany indeed, he reminds us, we call upon

the Lord to deliver us "in all time of our wealth"; but how few of us are sincere in deprecating such a calamity! And he refers to Massinger's Luke, and Ben Jonson's Epicure Mammon, and Pope's Sir Balaam, and our own daily observation, to prove that the devil "now tempts by making rich, not making poor." But the tempter *can* tempt either way; and from either kind of temptation it was that Agur prayed to be delivered; prayed, not to be led into that temptation, but to be delivered from either evil. That God would therefore vouchsafe to give him day by day his daily bread, was in effect another clause in his petition to be fed with food convenient for him.

When Rasselas and the princess his sister divide between them the work of observation they have agreed upon, his part it is to try what is to be found in the splendour of courts, and hers to range the shades of humbler life. "Perhaps," surmises Nekayah, "command and authority may be the supreme blessings, as they afford most opportunities of doing good; or, perhaps, what this world can give may be found in the modest habitations of middle fortune; too low for great designs, and too high for penury and distress." Horace might not have discouraged such a quest, but he would have been prompt to affirm the issue:—

" Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti; caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ."

It was in the neighbourhood of Vevey and Clarens that Hazlitt, on his Alpine tour, penned this passage of an optative mood: "This kind of retreat, where there is nothing to surprise, nothing to disgust, uniting the advantages of society and solitude, of simplicity and elegance, . . . is the only one which I should never feel a wish to quit. The *golden mean* is, indeed, an exact description of the mode of life I should like to lead," and, he adds, "of the style I should like to write; but alas! I am afraid I shall never succeed in either object of my ambition." Some one has said of Beckford—whose coffers

were as overflowing as Hazlitt's were empty (if at least Hazlitt could be supposed to have had coffers)—that he was the victim of riches, from the day when Chatham's proxy stood for him at the font till the day when he was laid in his pink granite sarcophagus ; and that, had this victim of riches had only £5000 a year, and been sent to Eton, he might have been one of the foremost men of his time, and have been as useful in his generation as, under his unhappy circumstances, he was useless.

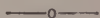
M. Guizot, in his idea of the requisites to form an impartial historian, assigns the first place to a passionless temperament, habits of moderation, and "that middle station in life, where ambition is dormant and the pressure of want unknown." In this point of view none could be better fitted for the office than Gibbon. Gibbon says, in his Autobiography, "My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant ; nor can I reflect without pleasure [he does not say, thankfulness] on the bounty of nature [he does not say, God], which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune." The *aurea mediocritas*, the golden mean, of that fortune was happiness to him, since he was placed by it in the circumstances most favourable, on M. Guizot's showing, for acquiring a noble fame. "My spirit," he said, "would have been broken by poverty and contempt, and my industry might have been relaxed," as Beckford's was, "in the labour and luxury of a superfluous fortune." To be the son of a peer whose prosperity, as Southey puts it, had found many admirers but few parallels, and not to be his eldest son, was to "the excellent Mr. Boyle" a happiness that he used to mention with great expressions of gratitude ; his birth, he said, "so suiting his inclinations and designs, that, had he been permitted an election, his choice would scarce have altered God's judgment. For as, on the one side, a lower birth would have too much exposed him to the inconveniences of a mean descent, . . . so, on the other side, . . . the being heir to a great family is but a glittering kind of slavery, while obliging him to a public entangled course of

life," etc. According to George the Third, the happiest condition in which an Englishman could be placed was just below that wherein it would have been necessary for him to act as a justice of the peace, and above that which would have rendered him liable to parochial duties. When Lord Shelburne asked Mrs. Priestley, after her return from a brief experience of high life under circumstances of excitement, how she enjoyed it, "Indeed, my lord," she replied, "I find the conduct of the upper so exactly like that of the lowest classes, that I am thankful I was born in middle life." Mr. de Quincey congratulated himself on standing, as regards his personal household, on the very happiest tier in the social scaffolding for all good influences. The prayer of Agur was, he expressly says, realised for him, his brothers, and sisters: "that blessing we had, being neither too high nor too low."¹ Grateful, to the hour of inditing his *Autobiographic Sketches*, he declared himself to be, that, amid luxuries in all things else, they were trained to a Spartan simplicity of diet, that they fared in fact very much less sumptuously than the servants. "And if, (after the model of the emperor Marcus Aurelius,) I should return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, these four I would single out as worthy of special commemoration—that I lived in a rustic solitude, that this solitude was in England, that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters, . . . and that I and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent church." With this compare,—not to say contrast,—a parallel passage (for antagonistic it is not) from a discourse of Edward Irving's; where he avers that, if called upon to fix on the con-

¹ "High enough we were to see models of good manners, of self respect, and of simple dignity; obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes. Amply furnished with all the nobler benefits of wealth, with *extra* means of health, of intellectual culture, and of elegant enjoyment, on the other hand we knew nothing of its social distinctions. Not depressed by the consciousness of privations too sordid, not tempted into restlessness by the consciousness of privileges too aspiring, we had no motives for shame, we had none for pride." De Quincey's *Autobiographic Sketches*, vol. i., p. 5.

dition, in the moral map of the world, from the king of England downwards, in which he would prefer to be born, for the intellectual, moral, and spiritual advantages thereof, he would say: "Let me be born in Scotland, with the rank of the farmer, and take my place with the multitude, and my chance with the multitude. . . . For I should find there industry and economy, patience under privations, a greater desire of helping than of being helped, the fear of God, and the reverence of His ordinances; a well ordered household, affectionate and faithful parents, and strongly cemented brotherhood." Stands Scotland where it did?

Quaintly suggestive is what an old writer says, that a flat sole walks more surely than a high heeled shoe, though it takes from the gracefulness of the wearer; "yet, being too low, it is apt to bemire the foot. A little elevation is the best mediocrity; it is both raised from the earth, and sure." The old Scottish toast is conceived in the same spirit: "May poortith ne'er throw us in the dirt, nor gould into the high saddle." *In medio tutissimus ibis.*



EXPRESSIVE SILENCE.

HABAKKUK ii. 22.

"THE Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him." Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise. When the seventh apocalyptic seal was opened, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour: all the more impressive that silence to a listener who heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.

Addison professes to have been wonderfully delighted with a masterpiece of music, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts.

"Methought this short interval of silence has had more music in it than any one same space of time before or after it." And he goes on to cite from Homer and from Virgil two instances of silence, "which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their whole works."

The praise of silence has, in this talkative age, its preeminent advocate in Mr. Carlyle. No one else has composed so many variations on the theme of speech being silvern, silence golden. An altar might, he declares—were this an altar building time—be raised to Silence, for universal worship. Silence he calls the element in which great things fashion themselves together. "Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but hold thy tongue for one day : on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties ; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out!" That is in *Sartor Resartus*. So in *Heroes and Hero-worship* he bids us, looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, reflect on the great empire of Silence : "higher than the stars ; deeper than the kingdoms of death. It alone is great ; all else is small. I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*." That hope is repeated in his *Past and Present*, with a tribute of homage to the ancient Romans, who excelled in the same "grand gift" ; and with an assertion that, in these loud babbling days, "even Triviality, Imbecility, that can sit silent," is greatly more respectable. A contemporary poet says, for his part—

" I yield due praise
Unto your bellowing orator. And yet—
How grand is Silence ! In her tranquil deeps
What mighty things are born ! "

And born, these mighty things are best appreciated by the silent regard of devout students, stirred though be the "tranquil deeps" of their minds the while. In Racine's words :—

" Il faut, pour en bien révéler
Les augustes merveilles,
Et les taire et les adorer."

Or in Keble's, referring to an event of momentous issue for all times : " Thought has not colours half so fair, That she to paint that hour may dare, In silence best adored." Mrs. Browning aptly appends to her fine translation of a hymn prayer of John of Damascus the avowal : " After this deep pathos of Christianity, we dare not say a word ; we dare not even praise it as poetry ; our heart is stirred, and not ' idly.' The only sound which can fitly succeed the cry of the contrite soul is that of Divine condonation or of angelic rejoicing. Let us who are sorrowful still be silent too."

It is suggestively told us of Hilda, in Hawthorne's *Transformation*, that she never had much to say about what she most profoundly admired ; but that even her silent sympathy was so powerful that it drew your own along with it, endowing you with a second sight that enabled you to see excellencies with almost the depth and delicacy of her own perceptions. Shelley commemorates the

" silence which doth follow talk, that causes
The baffled heart to speak with sighs and tears,
When wildering passion swalloweth up the pauses
Of inexpressive speech."

Expressive silence is the supplement and complement of inexpressive speech ; says much more, and means all it says. Eloquent dumb truths—the phrase may be a paradox, but paradoxes only study appearances.

On the new monument erected by the conqueror of Marignan to the memory of Madonna Laura, an epitaph was inscribed, which contained these lines :

" O gentille ame, estant fort estimée,
Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant ?
Car la parole est toujoursre primée,
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant."

And as with dead womanhood, so with living. Lord Brooke, in the celebrated imaginary dialogue with Sir Philip Sidney, playfully upbraids the tendency of womankind to " have no favour or mercy for the silence their charms impose on us.

Little are they aware of the devotion we are offering to them, in that state whereinto the true lover is ever prone to fall, and which appears to them inattention, indifference, or moroseness. We must chirp before them eternally, or they will not moisten our beaks in our cages."

In the imaginary conversation on Milton, between Southey and Landor, the latter says, after they have devoutly discussed together a grand passage that Southey has read from him: "Will you go on, after a minute or two, for I am inclined to silence?" What better could Milton have asked? To be inclined to silence; to be constrained to silence; listeners in this way best recognise the sway of genius, and genius in this way best asserts its power over them. Take Burns for instance, at St. Mary's Isle, asked to recite his ballad of "Lord Gregory." "He did recite it; and such was the effect that a dead silence ensued." It was such a silence, explains one who was present, as a mind of feeling naturally produces, when touched with that enthusiasm which banishes every other thought but the contemplation and indulgence of the sympathy evoked. And what homage so eloquent, *because* dumb, to music, as rapt enraptured silence? A popular author happily illustrates this, in his description of the effect produced on a throng of German listeners by a masterly minstrel. Every ear was struggling, he tells us, that no softest sound might escape unheard; and when at last the instrument was silent, no one could have marked the moment when it had ceased to sing. "For a few moments there was perfect silence in the room, and the musician still kept his seat with his face turned upon his instrument. He knew well that he had succeeded, that his triumph had been complete, and every moment that the applause was suspended was an added jewel to his crown." *Il piu grand'omaggio alla musica sta nel silenzio.*

Campbell never wrote anything more spirited than the Battle of the Baltic; nor is there a more telling passage in it—nor perhaps, of its kind, in universal literature—than that noble picture of the British fleet in line for action, and the Danes that confronted and defied them:

"It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was *silence deep as death* ;
And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time . . . "

Shakspeare's description—purposely high wrought and rhetorical (for it is mouthed by a professional player, declaiming to order)—of Pyrrhus suddenly arrested in his onset against reverend Priam, contains an image of those intervals of hushed suspense in nature, when, as Virgil puts it, *simul ipsa silentia terrent*, the very silence is dreadful :

"But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack¹ stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region: so, after Pyrrhus' pause."

In one of Dryden's paraphrased translations from Boccace, an "awful pause" occurs, on the onrush of the grisly sprite to seize and slay the visionary maid: "The pale assistants," we read (an instance of the use, by our old writers, of the word *assist* in what is sometimes assumed to be an exclusively French sense):

"The pale assistants on each other stared,
 With gaping mouths for issuing words prepared ;
 The stillborn sounds upon the palate hung,
 And died imperfect on the faltering tongue :"

a silence perhaps the more shocking for the bootless effort to break it, in fragmentary spasms of inarticulate speech. And it is the more a silence that (like the Egyptian darkness) may be felt, because of the immediate antecedent of an outburst of cries—the shrieks of women, mingled with the hoarse baying of the wild huntsman's hounds.

Byron makes this sort of silence audible to us in a well known stanza :

"Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo, the signal falls,
 The den expands, and expectation mute
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls."

¹ Light clouds.

So does Scott, in the brawl at bridal feast :

“ While thus for blows and death prepared,
Each heart was up, each weapon bared,
Each foot advanced,—a surly pause
Still revered hospitable laws.
All menaced violence, but alike
Reluctant each the first to strike
Thus threat and murmur died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay
Such silence as the deadly still
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill.”

And he opens the next canto with this note of interrogation :

“ Hast thou not marked, when o’er thy startled head
Sudden and deep the thunder peal has roll’d,
How, when its echoes fell, *a silence dead*
Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold ?

* * * *

Artornish ! such a silence sunk
Upon thy halls, when that grey monk
His prophet speech had spoke ;
And his obedient brethren’s sail
Was stretch’d to meet the southern gale
Before a whisper woke :
Then murmuring sounds of doubt and fear,
Close poured in many an anxious ear,
The solemn stillness broke.”

Snatches of festive silence, so to speak, are interspersed here and there through a banquet scene in Leigh Hunt’s poem of the Palfrey ; as where the king suddenly calls out the name of Sir Guy de Paul,—whereat

“ The music stopped with awe and wonder,
Like discourse when speaks the thunder ;
And the feasters, one and all,
Gazed upon Sir Guy de Paul.”

Anon the revelry is renewed, and laughter runs riot in tumultuating excess, until of a sudden again

“ Out spoke the king with wrathful breath,
Smiting the noise as still as death.”

Can aught be stiller than that ? The poet implies as much,

affirms as much, when presently a new spectacle attracts all gazers,

“And, as the king had given command,
In rode a couple, hand in hand,
Who made the stillness stiller.”

Plutarch works up the scene of Numa's election to be king of Rome with a critical hush on the part of an expectant crowd. The chief of the augurs covered Numa's head, and stood behind him, praying, and watching for flight of birds or other signal from the gods. “An incredible silence reigned among the people, anxious for the event, and lost in suspense, till the auspicious birds appeared and passed on the right hand.” Whereupon the people burst from silence into tumultuous shouting, and hailed the Sabine king.

Dr. Blair, that very modern Longinus, was captivated exceedingly by the famous image in Tacitus, *quale magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium est*; a passage which competent classical criticism has allowed to be well and fully represented in the latest of English translations: it is descriptive of Galba being hurried to and fro with every movement of the surging crowd, the halls and temples all around being thronged with spectators of this dismal sight: “Not a voice was heard from the people or even from the rabble. Everywhere were terror-stricken countenances, and ears turned to catch every sound. It was a scene neither of agitation nor of repose, but there reigned the silence of profound alarm and profound indignation.” *Magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium*—for a while.

Gibbon's description of the excitement in Rome on the night of the assassination of the emperor Commodus, vilest of the vile, includes this passage on the demeanour of the senate, called together on a sudden before the break of day, to meet the guards, and ratify the election of a new emperor (Pertinax). “For a few minutes they sat in silent suspense,” occasioned by doubt as to the reality—too good to be true?—of their unexpected deliverance, and by suspicion of Commodus only playing them some cruel trick. No sooner, however, were the conscript fathers assured that the tyrant was no more, than

they "resigned themselves to all the transports of joy and indignation."¹

In the song that Moses and the children of Israel sang, when the Egyptian horse and his rider, their pursuers, had been thrown into the sea, exulting notes were struck on the dread that should take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina. To Him that had delivered and would yet deliver Israel was this song sung, and to the confusion of His foes: Fear and dread should fall upon *them*: by the greatness of His arm they should be as still as a stone, till His people passed over, till the people passed over which He had purchased. *Utrumque SACRO digna SILENTIO Mirantur umbræ dicere*, says Horace, adverting to the profound silence enforced at ancient rites, whence the phrase "sacred silence" became equivalent to silence the deepest.

Thucydides may be said to have immortalised the "solemn and touching moment," as Mr. Grote calls it, of silence—profound, intensified, wistful silence—of the whole population of Athens, assembled on the shores of Piræus, to see the Sicilian expedition off. That the silence was followed by a burst of "prayer and praise," from the voices of crews and spectators alike, only enhances the original effect.

When Francis Xavier inspired the dismayed people of Malacca to resist the Moslem, his life was for a time in instant jeopardy; for he, the idol of the preceding hour, as Sir James Stephen says, was now the object of popular fury. As he knelt before the altar, the menacing crowd were "scarcely restrained by the sanctity of the place from immolating him there as a victim to his own disastrous counsels." Still he knelt and prayed, with mien and in tones of passionate fervour. So fervid and so impassioned indeed that a solemn pause ensued: "one half hour of deep and agonising silence held the awe-stricken assembly in breathless expectation," when, bounding to his feet, his countenance radiant with joy and his voice clear

¹ Wenck, citing Dion, calls Gibbon's picture of the "silent suspense" more imaginary than historical.

and ringing as with the swelling notes of the trumpet, he exclaimed that Christ had conquered, and that at that very moment His invading foes were being slaughtered and put to shame.

It was when the same apostle of the Indies, bound for China, passed through the gates of Malacca to the beach, followed by a grateful and admiring people, that, as he fell on his face on the earth, and as he there "poured forth a passionate, though silent prayer," his body heaving and shaking with the throes of inward conflict, a contagious terror is said to have passed from eye to eye, but every voice was hushed. "It was as the calm preceding the first thunder peal which is to rend the firmament." For when he arose it was to vent sacred indignation, expressed with vehement action, against the devoted city.

On the return of Cortes to Mexico, on Midsummer day, 1520, the historian specially notes the difference the scene presented from that of his former entrance. "A deathlike stillness brooded over the scene," as the Spanish general rode moodily on at the head of his battalions; "a stillness that spoke louder to the heart than the acclamations of multitudes."

When Montezuma finally consented to interpose with his infuriated subjects on behalf of the Spaniards, his presence was instantly recognised by the people, and, as the royal retinue advanced along the battlements, a change, we are told, as if by magic, came over the scene. "The clang of instruments, the fierce cries of the assailants were hushed, and a deathlike stillness pervaded the whole assembly, so fiercely agitated but a few moments before by the wild tumult of war."

On that 20th of September, on the Alma, likened by Mr. Kinglake to some remembered day of June in England, for the sun was unclouded, and the soft breeze of the morning had lulled to a breath at noontide, and was creeping faintly along the hills, then it was that "in the Allied armies there occurred a singular pause of sound : a pause so general as to have been observed and remembered by many in remote parts of the ground, and so marked that its interruption by the mere

neighing of an angry horse seized the attention of thousands ; and although this strange silence was the mere result of weariness and chance, it seemed to carry a meaning, for it was now that, after near forty years of peace, the great nations of Europe were once more meeting for battle."

At Trafalgar, when a shot from Villeneuve's flagship, the *Bucentaure*, at length went through the *Victory's* maintop-gallant-sail, affording to the enemy the first visible proof that his shot would reach—and that indeed already it had told on Nelson's own ship—we read that "a minute or two of awful silence ensued," before the whole van of the French fleet opened a crashing fire on that one vessel, which for forty minutes, and notwithstanding the loss of fifty men, attempted no return.

Wordsworth, in one of his sonnets on the anabasis and katabasis of the French army in Russia, thus commemorates an incident on the heights of Hochheim :—

"Abruptly paused the strife ; the field throughout
Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening scout."

When Canaris sent, or rather took, the fireships into the Turkish fleet off Chios, in 1822, profound was the consternation of the Turks who watched the event from the town. The Capitan Pacha's three decker was ablaze, and several others, and not a vessel in the fleet but was distinctly to be seen that night in the glare of that dread conflagration. When the admiral's ship blew up at last, it was with "an explosion so tremendous that every house for miles around was shaken to its foundation, every ship in the straits rocked as in a tempest ; and the awful silence which immediately ensued was broken, as in an eruption of Vesuvius, by the clatter of the spars and masts which fell upon the fleet."

On the evening of the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, which must be carried, Wellington said, at seven o'clock, the trenches of the British lines were crowded with armed men, among whom not a whisper was to be heard ; so completely, says Alison, had the absorbing anxiety of the moment stilled

every dauntless heart. The pages of this historian are indeed rife with illustrations of bated breath, from causes military, maritime, and miscellaneous. At one time it is when all Paris is listening, in 1810, for the number of discharges from the cannon's mouth, to know whether 'tis son or daughter that is born to the emperor. "At the first report, the whole inhabitants¹ of Paris awakened, and the discharges were counted with intense interest, till, when the twenty-first gun had gone off, the anxiety of all classes had risen to an unbearable pitch. The gunners delayed an instant before the next piece was discharged, and some hundred thousand persons held their breath." At another time it is when Moscow in flames is described: "while even the bravest hearts, subdued by the sublimity of the scene, and the feeling of human impotence in the midst of such elemental strife, sank, and trembled in silence." At another it is just before the battle of Dresden, 1813, when "a silence more terrible than the roar of artillery bespoke the awful moments of suspense which preceded the commencement of the fight." Or again, just before the conflict at Etoges, 1814, when the Prussians all at once beheld Grouchy's horsemen drawn up in array before them, seemingly an impassable barrier: "At this appalling sight, the boldest in the Allied ranks held his breath; total defeat appeared to be inevitable." Or again, just before the battle of Arcis sur-Aube, 1814, when, as one army confronted the other, "not a sound was to be heard" in either: "not a voice was raised; it seemed as if both hosts, impressed with the solemnity of the moment which was to decide the conflict of twenty years, were too deeply affected to disturb the stillness of the scene." Or, once more, at the battle of Chippewa, in another hemisphere but the same year, when, "from pure mutual exhaustion," the combatants sank to rest for awhile, and the "loud roar of battle was succeeded by silence so profound, that the dull roar of the falls of Niagara, interrupted at intervals by the groans of the wounded, was distinctly heard."

¹ One of those incurable Scotticisms in which Sir Archibald abounds.

accustomed to face the balls of the enemy." Then taking off his hat with his left hand, and placing his right upon his heart, he too said in a loud voice, fronting the soldiers, "My comrades, fire on me." Murat fell in a like manner, after a like request,—but gazing to the last on a medallion which contained portraits of his wife and four children.

What mainly tends to pile up the agony of Goisvintha, in the historical romance of "*Antonina*," when alone in the vaults with the madman *Ulpius*, is the distracting absence of light. "Bewildered and daunted by the darkness and mystery around her, she vainly strained her eyes to look through the obscurity, as *Ulpius* drew her on into the recess. . . . Suddenly he heard her pause, as if panic-stricken in the darkness, and her voice ascended to him, groaning, 'Light! light! oh, where is the light?'" She is held forth at this crisis, as a terrible evidence of the debasing power of crime, as she now stands, enfeebled by the weight of her own avenging guilt, and "by the agency of darkness, whose perils the innocent and the weak have been known to brave." It is only your melodramatic villain that flings forth his flourish in the style of *Velasquez* in "*Braganza*,"—addressing the duke, his judge:—

"Yes, in your gloomiest dungeons plunge me down.

Welcome, congenial darkness! horrors, hail!

No more these loathing eyes shall see that sun

Whose irksome beams light up thy pageant triumph."

And thus Sir Walter Scott has full warranty for proving the exceptional courage of his captive Englishman, when subjected to a midnight trial in the vaults of the *Vehmgericht*, by showing him unappalled by even the utter darkness of that terrible court. "Even in these agitating circumstances, the mind of the undaunted Englishman remained unshaken, and his eyelid did not quiver nor his heart beat quicker, though he seemed, according to the expression of Scripture, to be a pilgrim in the valley of the shadow of death, beset by numerous snares, and encompassed by total darkness, where light was most necessary for safety." It is only in an oblique sense that what Euripides

hearken to the defence which he made now unto them. And when they heard that he spake in the Hebrew tongue to them, although there was already a great silence, it is written that they kept the more silence.

The silence for prayer at a Quakers' meeting has often been admired, in passing, by writers and talkers not in the main over friendly to Friends.

The Baroness Tautphœus graphically describes the effect of tolling the evening prayer bell in certain Alpine regions. The tolling occurs at supper time, and the clatter of knives and forks and tongues ceases on the instant, and an awful stillness takes place, unbroken by word or movement until the last sound of the bell has died away. "It had always struck Hamilton as something very Mahometan-like, this sudden call to prayer."

Hartley Coleridge thinks that the practice of the old church, ("for the Church of Rome *did* understand these things,") the solemn opening of the text, the call to prayer, the interval of silence, broken only by the dropping of the beads, the occupation of priest and people in one act of mute adoration, must have been exceedingly impressive.

More so in its way, at any rate, than embarrassed silence occurring after prayers, of the kind commemorated by D'Ewes in the annals of the Long Parliament; when, "prayers being ended, a silence ensued for awhile," which was only terminated by the shrewd suggestion of D'Ewes, "that somebody must break off our silence, because else our delay by silence would be as dangerous as our unnecessary disputes." Strafford's fate being *adhuc sub judice*, no wonder the *judex* held his breath for awhile, now and then.

It was after "an awful silence of a few minutes" that Maria Theresa, in her great strait, perplexed in the extreme, came forward from the tribune, and appealed to her Hungarians, in words that, although in Latin, roused them to shout, till the welkin rang, the enthusiastic response and resolve, *Moriamur pro rege nostro Mariâ Theresâ!*

*TO EVERY STAR A NAME, TO EVERY HAIR A
NUMBER.*

PSALM cxlvii. 4; ST. LUKE xii. 6, 7.

INTERMEDIATELY and yet immediately between the psalmist's declaration that great is the Lord and of great power, and His wisdom infinite; and that He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds, or giveth medicine to heal their sickness; there stands the verse, "He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names." Anon we read how He feedeth the young ravens which call upon Him. That reminds us of a later revelation of Him who, in these last days, hath spoken unto us by His Son: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." "Lift up your eyes," He had said, in those earlier times when in divers manners He spake to the fathers by the prophets, and while speaking of the heavens He had stretched out as a curtain: "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created all these things, that bringeth out their host by number; He calleth them all by names." Known to Him are all His works, known severally, known individually, and as such cared for. To every star in illimitable space He has given a name, and to every hair on a man's head its number. In this kind of way is Scripture apt to draw a broad deep line of demarcation between pantheism and a personal God.

Recognition by name is ever a matter of interest, and sometimes of grateful wonder, to the flattered object of it. We seem to hear a Nathanael exclaim, in pleased perplexity, Whence knowest Thou me? The Good Shepherd calleth His own sheep by name.

There are forty feeding like one, says the poet, of cattle in a meadow; and to the undiscerning gaze of an indifferent passer by, the forty are as one. But to the herdsman they are forty times one,—each with a form, and perhaps a character, distinct from those of the other thirty-nine.

Endowed with a range of faculties above his fellows is that

man held to be, who, like Cæsar with his soldiery, has the gift of for ever remembering the name once heard of every face once seen. To his fellows, by courtesy (to them) so called, he seems more or less godlike; or at lowest, but a very little lower than the angels.

It is beyond the power of human capacity, says Locke, in his chapter on General Terms, to frame and retain distinct ideas of all the particular things we meet with; every bird and beast men saw, every tree and plant that affected the senses, could not find a place in the most capacious understanding. "If it be looked on as an instance of a prodigious memory, that some generals have been able to call every soldier in their army by his proper name, we may easily find a reason why men have never attempted to give names to each sheep in their flock, or crow that flies over their heads; much less to call every leaf of plants, or grain of sand, that came in their way, by a peculiar name." Readers of Plutarch will be reminded of this passage by the often mention that biographer makes of the skill shown by some of his heroes, and by them assiduously cultivated, of identifying a mass of men individually by name. Not a little, by his account, it made doubly sure the already assured popularity of Themistocles, that he succeeded in charging his memory with the names of the citizens, so as readily to call each Athenian by his own. Of Crassus again Plutarch tells us that there was not a Roman, however mean and insignificant, whom he did not salute, or whose salutation he did not return, by name. Of Cato (Uticensis), that when a law was made forbidding any man who solicited office, to take *nomenclators*¹ with

¹ When the Romans stood candidates for any office, and wanted to ingratiate themselves with the people, they would take with them a so called *nomenclator*, a slave, whose business it was to learn the names and conditions of the citizens, and secretly inform his master, that the latter might know how to salute them by their proper names. So Butler, in his Satire on the Abuse of Human Learning:

"As Roman noblemen were wont to greet
And compliment the rabble in the street,
Had nomenclators in their train, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name;

him, he was the only one that obeyed it, for he had mastered already the names of all the citizens. And of Cicero, that he made a point of committing to memory not only their names, but those of their kith and kin.

Cyrus is historically, or by historical courtesy, credited with the power of repeating the name of every man in his great army.¹ Wonderful, says De Quincey, is the effect upon soldiers of such enduring and separate remembrance, which operates always as the most touching kind of personal flattery, and which, in every age of the world since the social sensibilities of men have been much developed, military commanders are found to have played upon as the most effectual chord in the great system which they

And by so mean contemptible a bribe
Trepanned the suffrages of every tribe."

It augured but poorly for Sir T. F. Buxton's success as a candidate for parliamentary honours, when he had to write, from Weymouth: "The worst of it is, I do not know above a third of their faces, and the names of about one in a hundred; so I am in momentary [*sic*] danger of grasping the hand, and inquiring with the kindest solicitude after the welfare of the wife and family, of a man who never saw Weymouth before in his life."

Macaulay is careful to tell us of Thomas Wharton, in his elaborate portraiture of that unscrupulous statesman, that, as a candidate, he was irresistible; for he never forgot a face that he had once seen; nay, in the towns in which he sought to establish an interest, he remembered, not only the voters, but their families. "His opponents were confounded by the strength of his memory and the affability of his deportment, and owned that it was impossible to contend against a great man who called the shoemaker by his Christian name, who was sure that the butcher's daughter must be growing a fine girl, and who was anxious to know whether the blacksmith's youngest boy was breeched."—*History of England*, iv. 458.

¹ In reference to which capacity, an essayist on the subject of long memories, who denies the fact of a man being gifted with extraordinary mnemonic powers to be by possibility a source of high gratification to any one but himself and his creditors, and who affirms that to the man's friends the endowment may be a cause of positive annoyance,—makes the remark, how stupendous must have been the bore if Cyrus frequently indulged his generals with a display of the accomplishment!

Contrast this capacity of the Cyruses and Caesars with the conspicuous absence of it in such dandy officers as Beau Brummell, who once served in the 10th Hussars, the Prince Regent being then colonel of that regiment, and who is said to have known the troop he commanded only by the peculiar nose of one of the men; inasmuch that, a transfer of men having once been made, he rode up to the wrong troop, and, to prove himself right—the only proof he could offer—pointed to the nose in question. It was his north star, a guiding light to him, even as was Bardolph's, as Falstaff mockingly, merrily maintained, to Falstaff.

modulated ; some few, by a rare endowment of nature ; others, as Napoleon Buonaparte, by elaborate mimicries of pantomimic art.

La Bruyère reckons among the gifts of heaven needful to a reigning power, *une mémoire heureuse et très-présente, qui rappelle les besoins des sujets, leurs visages, leurs noms.* The Absalom of Dryden's poem, fawning on the populace, is pictured

“ On each side bowing popularly low :
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.”

Our Henry the Second is said to have always known again those he once saw. Michelet says of Lewis the Eleventh that he seemed to know every one, to know the whole kingdom, man by man ; which, in his instance however, was (*pour cause*) matter rather for fear than gratulation. Montezuma, monarch of unhappy renown in the annals of Mexico, knew the name of every man in the army, and was careful to discriminate his proper rank. Wallenstein's assiduous cultivation of the art is turned to account by Schiller, at the review of the cuirassiers by the Duke of Friedland, who says to one of them :

“ I know thee well. Thou art from Brüggem in Flanders. Thy name is Henry Mercy.¹ Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

Cuirass. 'T was even so, general !

Wallen. (to another.) Thou wert among the volunteers that seized the Swedish booty at Altenberg.

2nd Cuir. Yes, general !

Wallen. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words.”

¹ Carnot took the utmost pains to make himself acquainted with the names and characters of the soldiers for whom he “organised victory” ; and such is said to have been the extent of his information, that it was rare for even a simple private of merit to escape his ken. Napoleon, than whom no one knew better, says Alison, how to win the affections of his men, would enhance the effect of his naturally retentive memory by inquiring privately of the officers who were the veterans of Egypt or Italy in their regiments ; and when he passed them in review, he would stop the man

The proverbial royal memory for names and faces is traced by one philosophic essayist to that peculiar feeling of ownership, which a king has in a sense in which no commoner can have it; every individual in the largest crowd is to the king something, as being his subject. "There are such things as arbitrary memories, which store up everything; but the common experience is that we must establish a relation with a face and a name before we can retain it, and that this connection, even with large numbers, has a surprisingly quickening effect." Thus, when a head master knows his hundreds of boys, and a parson every face of his flock, it is well said to be more a sign of relation to a charge¹ than an exercise of mere memory. The old

who had been previously indicated, and claim old acquaintance with him, and ask after his old father, and remind him of Aboukir or the Alps, and end by throwing a cordon and cross round the fascinated soldier's neck.

¹ Mr. Rogers, in *Human Life*, devotes an emphatic parenthesis, in one line, to a household characteristic of Lord William Russell—

"The lowliest servant calling by his name."

It is a pleasant trait in Myra, of the *Waterdale Neighbours*, that she always took care to learn people's names, and to call them by name, especially when speaking to those poorer than herself. "All manner of commanders—from Marlborough to Claverhouse [though one hardly sees the point of the comprehension, be it chronological or what else it may]—are reported to have secured the favour and affection of their soldiers by always taking care to remember a man's name, and to call him by it." Shakspeare's Faulconbridge satirizes the opposite method, when, on his sudden elevation, he adopts a vapouring style, and rehearses his future treatment of his fellows, *de haut en bas*—

"And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new made honour doth forget men's names;
'T is too respectful, and too sociable,
For your conversion,"

or changed condition. Shakspeare's Coriolanus might have been a more popular candidate, could he have condescended not only to men of low estate, but to a knowledge of their names. It may be taken for an incidental illustration of his haughty neglect of such trivialities, that when he specially requests Cominius to give freedom to a poor man who had used him kindly in Corioli, and the request is at once granted, for the life of him Caius Marcius cannot recall the name of the man in whom he is interested, his sometime host.

"*Lart.* Marcius, his name?

Cor.

By Jupiter, forgot:

I am weary; yea, my memory is tired," etc.

Varnhagen von Ense notes this among other characteristic *memorabilia* of

squire in *Tylney Hall*, who can call over fifty couple of hounds at sight, and have every one of them at the tip of his tongue, and some of them not the easiest to remember, thinks it very strange that of the human acquaintance who crowd in upon him at a family crisis, he can't "give their own names to one half of the pack," for the life of him. The defect is felt to be a serious one; for, in society, to be miscalled is, in most cases, to be more or less slighted, vulgarised, and therefore affronted.

The most congenial of Roger Ascham's biographers, in his account of that Mr. Elmer of whom Lady Jane Grey speaks so affectionately (a "little great man" whose name is variously written Elmer, Aylmer, or, according to his own signature, Ælmer), is scrupulous to style him Ælmer throughout,—“for it is a point of conscience with me to spell good men's names as they chose to spell them themselves.” Chateaubriand said one day to M. de Marcellus, then his secretary in London, “Je ne sache rien qui soit plus désobligeant¹ pour un homme du

Richter: “Jean Paul made us laugh heartily by offering to give me a letter of introduction to one of his dearest friends, at least so he called him, at Stuttgart, but he was obliged to let me go without it, as he could not recollect his friend's name.”

¹ It is all very well for Bishop Percy to say, as he does in a letter to Hume, that “as to the orthography of a name, it is after all not worth a moment's consideration.” This might apply to the days when heterography was less the exception than the rule, and when every man not only spelled his own name as he pleased, but varied the spelling as he pleased. Later days have seen a change; and it has been justly said to be dangerous now to hint to a Mr. Smythe, still more to an East-Saxon Smijth, his identity with Smith; or to have correspondents whose eponymous patriarch bore the name of Philip, when you are sure to make a deadly enemy if you put in an *l* or a *p* too much or too little. The late Bishop Copleston, of Ilandaff, receiving, as he must often have done, a letter in which a second *p* was inserted into his name, made that transgression the text of a little homily to the young friend who was with him at the time,—declaring that he could not recommend a better habit to a young man (like him) entering the world in good society, than to ascertain the exact prefix, spelling, and pronunciation of every man's name with whom he had to do—such, that is, as the man and his family choose habitually to adopt: “Depend upon it, that people in general infer a sort of *ὀλιγωρία* from such lapses; as if you took so little interest in their identity, as to forget the minor characteristics of it.” Dr. Johnson, in his anxiety to escape the common fault of mistaking surnames, when we hear them carelessly uttered for the first time, used not only to pronounce them slowly and distinctly, but to take the trouble of spelling them. In one of his letters to Boswell, he thus refers to little Miss

monde que de mal prononcer et surtout de mal écrire son nom ; car c'est l'humilier dans le fort de sa vanité."¹

That Thessalian minister of whom Pyrrhus testified, saying, that the tongue of Cineas had won him more battles than his own sword, was gifted with a perception so quick, and a memory so keen, that scarcely had he arrived in Rome when he could call every senator by name, and address every one according to his character. It was to the boast of that Appius who piqued himself on knowing all who frequented the Forum by name that Scipio made his celebrated reply, that *he* knew few of his fellow-citizens by name, but had taken care that all should know him.

Veronica : "I hope she knows my name, and does not call me *Johnston*." Mr. Landor, in his *Pentameron*, makes Petrarch beg Boccaccio to be assured that never would he have addressed a high dignitary until he had ascertained his appellation : "for nobody ever quite forgave, except in the low and ignorant, a wrong pronunciation of his name; the humblest being of opinion that they have one of their own, and one both worth having and worth knowing. Even dogs, they observe, are not miscalled." Horace purposely irritates the crusty Arnolphe, in Molière, by blundering over his name; and so does Bacurius with the hectoring Bessus, in Beaumont and Fletcher. "I will be called Grahame," says Nigel to the Templar who is conducting him to Alsatia as a hiding-place; "it was my mother's name." "Grime," repeats the Templar, "will suit Alsatia well enough; both a grim and grimy place of refuge." "I said Grahame, sir, not Grime," interposes Nigel, laying an emphasis on the vowel—for few Scotsmen, by Scott's own testimony, understand raillery upon the subject of their names. He makes his vulgar widow in *St. Ronan's Well* an adept in mispronunciation of proper names: witness the changes rung by Mrs. Blower on Dr. Quackleben's patronymic; Keekerben she miscalls him, and Cocklehen, and Kittleben, and Kickalpin, and Kickleshin,—all at one afternoon's tea. No wonder Mr. Winterblossom thinks the doctor ought to be willing to change (as she seems to wish) the widow's name, for "she has changed *his* name six times in the five minutes that I stood within hearing of them." Nor are her variations yet exhausted; for she styles him Dr. Cacklehen, and Kittlehen, and Kickerben, before she has done with him, or we with her. So is Mrs. Nickleby seized on occasion with a forgetfulness of Smike's real name, and an irresistible tendency to call him, for instance, Mr. Slammons; which fact she explains by the remarkable similarity of the two names in point of sound, both beginning with an S and including an M.

¹ The Mrs. Tomkinson of one of Miss Eden's stories is more than a little affronted by Lord Eskdale's calling her Mrs. Tomkins. "How very uncivil!" she reflects, as soon as he is gone; "I hate to be called out of my name." Nor does she fail to recur to the grievance, and to harp on that one jarring string. There is int he same tale a well practised M.P., who "had the knack of remembering private histories and family connections and who was strong in his recollection of Christian names."

Trajan was studious in learning the names of officers and soldiers in distant garrisons. Hadrian is said to have recalled the well known feat of Miltiades; and throughout his life he never once forgot the face or name of any veteran soldier whom he had ever had occasion to notice, no matter under what remote climate, or under what difference of circumstances.¹

—o—

A RIGHT ROYAL ENDING.

I CHRONICLES xxix. 28.

DAVID the son of Jesse reigned over all Israel, and the time that he reigned was forty years. “And he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour; and Solomon his son reigned in his stead.”

It was a right royal ending for the man after God’s own heart. Surely none the less, but all the more, if it wear an earthly crown and have worn it well, is the hoary head a crown of glory, when found in the way of righteousness. David’s way of life was fallen into the sere and yellow leaf; and he had that “which should accompany old age,—as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.” To lack these is bitter; and the felt want of them constitutes a main part of the common bitterness of old age. Φοβὸν τὸ γῆρας, ὅν γὰρ ἔρχεται μόνον, says

¹ It is the boast of Longfellow’s Captain of Plymouth:

“And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers.”

No great feat, the size of Miles Standish’s army considered. Better entitled to brag is the Roman lieutenant, Petreius, commemorated by Cicero in Ben Jonson, “These thirty years so conversant in the army, As he knows all the soldiers by their names.” Again, the Sejanus of Jonson

“Is heard to court the soldier by his name.”

And to some purpose; witness this outburst of military admiration:—

“2 *Trib.* By Mars, he has my lives,
Were they a million, for this only grace.

Lac. Ay, and to name a man!

Lat. As he did me!

Min. And me!

Lat. Who would not spend his life and fortunes
To purchase but the look of such a lord?”

the Greek proverb : account old age a thing to be dreaded, for it comes not alone. It comes as a negative quantity, bringing all sorts of privations with it. It tends to isolate a man, and make more or less a shelved solitary of him, just when solitude becomes least welcome, unless in exceptional cases, and to exceptional natures. For, in the judgment of one who speaks with authority to and for the mass of mankind, solitude is surely for the young, who have time before them for the execution of schemes, and who can therefore take delight in thinking. "It is hard to conceive that the old, whose thoughts have all been thought out, should ever love to live alone." When the author of the *Last Chronicle of Barsset* pictures poor old Mr. Harding left alone¹ in a large house—he, too, a man who did not love solitude—this compensatory glimpse is allowed us of the meek and venerable ex-warden's grateful review of so long and tranquil a life. Had not the world and all in it been good to him ; had he not children who loved him, who had done him honour, who had been to him a crown of glory, never a mark for reproach ; had not the lines fallen to him in very pleasant places ; was it not his happy fate to go and leave it all amidst the good words and kind loving cares of devoted friends ? "Whose latter days had ever been more blessed than his ? And for the future —— ? It was as he thought of this that that smile came across his face,—as though it were already the face of an angel. And then he muttered to himself a word or two. 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'"

To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of Thales ; Pope's² accomplished St. John was for adding,

¹ "Non qui soletur, non qui lubentia tarde
Tempora narrando fallat, amicus adest."—OVID.

² The *Odysseus* for whom Pope is responsible, comfortably assures his aged sire :

"Age so advanced may some indulgence claim,
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine."

There is a reverend doctor mentioned, not by name, in the *Autobiography*

"with good health: to enjoy but one and a half of these three is hard." Swift tells Gay by letter: "I would fain have you get enough against you grow old to have two or three servants about you, and a convenient house. It is hard to want these *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or not." For the Dean of St. Patrick's was not the man to forget the riches of which David died full, as a leading clause in the *subsidia senectuti*—the things which should accompany old age, and support, sustain, solace it. Not that he underrated the other clauses. He wrote feelingly in his fragment of a History of England, when he said of King Stephen, after the loss of his son Eustace, "He was now in the decline of his age, decayed in his health, forsaken by his friends, who, since the death of Eustace, fell daily from him"; albeit

"Time had not yet so dried that blood of his,
Nor age so eat up his invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of his means,
Nor his bad life reft him so much of friends,
But men should find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit him of them throughly,"

should they either cross him too far or slight him too much.

Happy the moribund monarch that cherishes no faintest envy of his heir. Happy the David that is more than resigned to resign sceptre and sway to a beloved Solomon. For in

of an English Opium-eater, whose "splendid villa of Mendip Lodge" excited the admiring curiosity of his friends. Why should the D.D., then so old a man, spend his time in creating a show box? Well, he answered, precisely because he *was* old. He was naturally of a gloomy turn, and was convinced that we English, constitutionally haunted by melancholy, are apt to encourage it by the gloomy air of the mansions we inhabit. To young Thomas de Quincey he said: "Your fortunate age, my friend, can dispense with such aids: ours require continual influxes of pleasure through the senses, in order to cheat the stealthy advances of old age, and to beguile us of our sadness. Gaiety, the *riant* style in everything, is what we old men need."

fulness of days, or when the days of his reign and of his life are fulfilled, David must go hence and be no more seen, while Solomon his son shall reign in his stead. The king is dead ; long live the king.¹

It is a commonplace in all royal chronicles, from the Books of the Chronicles downward, that, this king dead, this other reigns in his place. It is the old version of the epigrammatic French formula, conventionally a lamentation and a gratulation in one and the same breath, "*Le Roi est mort ; Vive le Roi.*" King David died in a good old age, and Solomon his son reigned in his stead. Anon the time comes for the chronicler to record, that Solomon slept with his fathers, and Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead. Verses with the same scope throng upon the reader. "So Abijah slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city of David ; and Asa his son reigned in his stead." "And Asa slept with his fathers ; . . . and Jehoshaphat his son reigned in his stead." "Now Jehoshaphat slept with his fathers ; . . . and Jehoram his son reigned in his stead." Joash is slain, and Amaziah his son reigns in his stead. Uzziah sleeps with his fathers, and his sceptre is his son's, Jotham. Jotham dead, Ahaz his son is king. Ahaz gone, Hezekiah his son begins to reign. The demise of the crown to Manasseh involves the sway of a king not yet in his teens ; but Manasseh reigns for all his being but twelve years old, and reigns for fifty and five years in Jerusalem. And then the trite sequel has its way : "So Manasseh slept with his fathers ; . . . and Amon his son reigned in his stead." Dead is the king, and gone ; long live the king that is new come !

What Ross adds to Northumberland's news, in Shakspeare's *Richard II.*, aptly expresses the rule of record :

¹ Referring to the celebrated French phrase, Mr. Freeman observes, in one of his historical essays, that it was through the practice of crowning the king's son in his father's lifetime that the French crown became more strictly hereditary than any other. Though one king was dead, there was already another king ready crowned and anointed ; and for more than three hundred years there was always a son thus ready to succeed his father.

“*North.* Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too ; for now his son is duke.”

Or one might apply, with a sufficiently wrenched or wrested meaning, what York says in the same play :

“ Com’st thou to me because the king is hence ?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind.”

Over dying, dying, now dead King John, Salisbury utters the lament, “ But now a king—now thus !” and Prince Henry takes up the moral, and adds, “ Even so must I run on, and even so stop.” The courtier’s moral is set forth by Buckingham in a later tragedy :

“ You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan, . . .

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,

We are to reap the harvest of his son.”

The sun has set, but no night has set in : ‘ *Sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est.* Camden ascribes the flattering phrase to Giraldus, as referring to the succession of Richard on the death of Henry I. It is with a line of kings as with the ten thousand chosen Persians of old time, who were styled the Immortals,¹ because whoever of them died, whether in battle or in bed, had his place immediately supplied ; and thus their number² was invariably the same. Berkeley, in *Hyperion*, quotes the time-tried Italian proverb, “ The king never dies,” and then relates of the court of Naples, that when the dead body of a king lies in state his dinner is carried up to him as usual, the court physician tasting it to see that it is not poisoned ; the servants

¹ Readers of Tasso may remember the so called Immortal Squadron of the *Jerusalem Delivered* :

“ Immortal called is that band of right,
For of that number never wanteth one,
But in his empty place some other knight
Steps in, when any man is dead or gone.”

² So with the Forty of the French Academy, nicknamed the Immortals for the same reason.

So again with the Everlasting Club, celebrated in the *Spectator*. “ It is a maxim in this club that the steward never dies ; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow chair till his successor is in a readiness to fill it,” etc.

then bearing it out again, with the gravely uttered announcement, "The king does not dine to-day." So when the body of the emperor Constantine, adorned, in Gibbon's phrase, "with the vain symbols of greatness, the purple and diadem," was laid on the golden bed in a splendidly furnished and illuminated room,—the forms of the court were strictly maintained; and every day, at the appointed hours, the principal officers of the state, the army, and the household, approaching the person of their sovereign with bended knees and a composed countenance, offered their respectful homage as seriously as if he had been still alive.¹

At the accession of the younger Justin, the proclamation of equal justice is said by Gibbon to have indirectly condemned the partiality of the former reigns. "Ye blues, Justinian is no more ! ye greens, he is still alive !" There is about the proclamation a full-mouthed (and *ore rotundo*) flavour of *Le roi est mort, vive le roi*. The French formality of this verbal enunciation was last observed at the death of Lewis the Eighteenth, when at daybreak the chief physician undrew the curtains to feel his royal patient's pulse, which was just ceasing to beat. Sir Archibald Alison, in his narrative of the incident, does not give us to understand that the pulse had quite done beating,

¹ "From motives of policy, this theatrical representation was for some time continued ; nor could flattery neglect the opportunity of remarking, that Constantine alone, by the peculiar indulgence of Heaven, had reigned after his death."—Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, chap. xviii.

The chief functionary in Thibet, we are told, in theory never dies : his gifted soul passes immediately to his successor,—the favoured gainer by this transmigration being presumably indicated to the priests by a variety of signs.

Not until Lord Elgin had returned to China from Japan did he learn that the Tycoon whom he had supposed himself to be visiting and negotiating with, had, in fact, died about the time of his arrival in Yedo. "Either for the sake of ensuring quiet succession to his successor, or for some other reason of state *convenience* or convenience peculiar to Japan, the Tycoon always disappears *naïve*, or *incognito*, from the scenes of this busy world." And it appears to have been uncertain whether even his plenipotentiaries really knew "under which king" they were treating with Lord Elgin when they apologised for his majesty's indisposition,—the actual date of his decease remaining for years afterwards still a dubious secret, if not so remaining to this day.

when, "The king is dead," said the physician, bowing to the Count of Artois,—“Long live the king!” How often had that formula been more or less formally recited, from the royal demise¹ celebrated by Béranger, downwards —

“Or il meurt, son fils lui succède,²
Et Turpin répète au convoi :
Vite qu'on l'enterre, et vive le roi !”

Lewis the Eighteenth had been himself studious to conceal his most dangerous symptoms from his attendants. *His* view of the case, however, found this verbal expression, which is quite a “various reading” of the *textus receptus* : “A king of

¹ Using that term as not abusing it. The penny-a-liners abuse it sadly; in their hands it has lost its meaning, as so many other words have done, are doing, and will do.

² Of the house of Vipont, as commemorated in a well known fiction, this account is given, that, looking back through ages, it seems as if the house of Vipont were one continuous living idiosyncrasy, having in its progressive development a connected unity of thought and action, so that through all the changes of its outward form it had been moved and guided by the same single spirit. “Le roi est mort—vive le roi! A Vipont dies—live the Vipont!” When Simon the Glover, in Scott’s tale of fair Perth, asks in alarm, “How? is the captain of the Clan Quhele dead?” “The captain of the Clan Quhele never dies,” is the clansman’s answer; “but Gilchrist MacIvan died twenty hours since, and his son Eachin MacIvan is now captain.” The funeral feast is blended with that given at the “inauguration” of the young chief. The barge which has just borne the dead to the grave now conveys the young MacIvan to his new command; and the minstrels send forth the gayest notes to gratulate Eachin’s succession, as they had lately sounded their most doleful dirges when carrying Gilchrist to his grave. From the attendant flotilla ring notes of triumph and jubilee, instead of those yells of lamentation which had so lately disturbed the echoes of Loch Tay; and a thousand voices hail the youthful chieftain, as he stands on the poop, in the flower of early manhood, beauty, and activity, on the very spot where his father’s corpse had so lately been extended, and surrounded by triumphant friends as that had been by desolate mourners.

Barry Cornwall professes to be offering us a faint impression of Hogarth in the narrative poem entitled, after him, the Rake’s Progress, which opens to the tune of *Le pere est mort, vive le fils !*

“The Old Man is dead—toll heavily, ye bells !
The Son, the heir is coming,—hark ! the music how it swells !
The roar and shock of merriment strikes sadly on the heart ;
Joy is here, almost ere death has yet had leisure to depart :
And the last of that dark funeral (the holy rite scarce done)
Cries out—‘The Father’s buried, friends : long life unto the Son !’”

France," said he, "may die, but he is never ill." He put his theory in practice by receiving diplomatists and playing the monarch quite to the last.

Montesquieu, in the *Lettres Persanes*, makes his "Européen assez sensé" discourse upon the faulty habit Asiatic royalty has, of secluding itself from the public gaze,—the result being that any attachment their subjects may cherish towards the throne is impersonal. "Cette puissance invisible qui gouverne est toujours la même pour le peuple. Quoique dix rois, qu'il ne connôit que de nom, se soient égorgés l'un après l'autre, il ne sent aucune différence." The *quoique dix rois* may remind us of Pope's couplet,—

"And when three sovereigns died, could not be vext,
Considering what a *gracious prince* was next."

Pope might have in remembrance, *inter alia*, the loyal and dutiful addresses of both houses to George the First, when they asserted their deep grief at "the death of our late sovereign lady Queen Anne, of blessed memory," and their lively pleasure at the accession of a monarch of such "princely virtues" and "undoubted right to the crown." That crier in the law court of whom Judge Haliburton makes capital, and interest, is a typical official in his way; the crier namely, who at the first sitting of the court after the demise of the crown from William to Victoria, uttered his sonorous "Oyez! oyez! His Majesty's (I mean Her Majesty's) court is now opened. God save the King (I mean the Queen)."

Niemcewicz describes, in his Notes of Captivity in Russia during the closing decade of the eighteenth century, the extreme perplexity of the courtiers at what he styles the "imperfect death" of the empress Catherine, who for so long a time lay motionless, "except the abdomen, which still continued to heave." The courtiers were in presence of two sovereigns; of whom the one was, a few hours ago, mistress of their fortunes and life, and might perhaps yet recover, because she still moved; the other, the Grand Duke, in the vigour of life and health, was already touching with the end of his fingers the

sceptre which he would very probably hold firmly and long. Now zeal or indifference for one or the other might equally compromise them, and prove equally dangerous. "In this cruel dilemma, they took the abdomen of their sovereign as a compass to guide their actions and movements. It moved with force, they quickly surrounded the bed and uttered mournful lamentations; its motion began to slacken, and still more quickly, with an air half joyful, half respectful, they hurried to surround the Grand Duke. This manœuvring of fear and flattery lasted during thirty hours without intermission, as the abdomen did not cease to move until twelve o'clock on the following morning, when the immortal Catherine died for good and all." The Grand Duke was immediately proclaimed emperor, and took the reins and whip of government, handling them, according to Niemcewicz, with the impatience of a young coachman, who for a long time had been eagerly desirous to drive alone.

Happy was David's demise in every particular; in the manner of it, and in the time of it. He died in a good old age; but he outlived not his royal fame, wealth, and honours. It was a right royal ending. He went to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season. The mildewed ear that in the instance of Crœsus blighted the wholesome remainder of the shock, was happily missing in that of the king of Salem, which is king of peace.

When the wise king of Tezcucó, as Prescott designates him, addressed his august relative Montezuma, with words pronouncing "happy the empire now in the meridian of its prosperity," the sceptre being swayed by "one whom the Almighty has in His keeping,"—the felicitations were lavished on a monarch who was to live to see his empire melt away like the winter's wreath; to find himself a prisoner in the palace of his fathers; to be insulted, reviled, trodden in the dust, by the meanest of his subjects; to draw his last breath in the halls of the stranger, a lonely outcast in the heart of his own capital. The New World offers us in the person of Monte-

suma a double of what Chaucer calls "the richè Cresus caytif in servage."

To point a moral and adorn a tale, for all time, a twice ten thousand told tale, is the lot of "that rich prince, to whom sage Solon said, 'Call no man happy till he's fairly dead.'"

" . . . Crœsum, quem vox justi facunda Solonis
Respicere ad longæ jussit spatia ultima vitæ."

Respicere. On the old rule however, *Respice finem*, William Hazlitt makes free to remark, that were that rule to be made absolute, so that no one could be pronounced fortunate till the day of his death, there are few among us whose existence would, upon these conditions, be much to be envied. But this he contends is not a fair view of the case: a man's life is his whole life, not the last glimmering snuff of the candle. The length or agreeableness of a journey does not depend on the last few steps of it, nor is the size of a building to be judged of from the last stone that is added to it.¹ Nevertheless the imagination and the feelings are vividly impressed with every such catastrophe of reverse as Juvenal commemorates; and they respond to the touch of Ovid's strain,

" . . . ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

Plutarch was loth to give up, at the requisition of chronological criticism,² so favourite a story as that of Solon and

¹ "It is neither the first nor last hour of our existence, but the space that parts these two—not our exit nor our entrance upon the stage, but what we do, feel, and think while there—that we are to attend to in pronouncing sentence upon it." Hazlitt, *Essay on the Past and Future*.

A more recent essayist, who, though anonymous, may justly be said to have made a name, has some remarks to the like purpose, when discoursing on the constant habit people have of looking at the history of a man's career as if its character depended principally on its catastrophe,—a man's life being looked upon as successful if it ends triumphantly, and as a failure if it ends gloomily. But, in point of fact, the essayist reminds us, if a man lives seventy years, his seventieth year contains neither more nor less than one-seventieth part of his life, and will surely affect its success or failure to that and to no greater extent.

² He says, in his life of Solon: "I cannot prevail with myself to reject,

Cræsus in conjunction and colloquy. Herodotus had told the story in his best story-telling style: how Cræsus, king of Lydia, whose dominion extended over most of the countries westward of the river Halys, and whom the latest biographer of Herodotus calls "the Solomon of his age," fabulously rich, magnificent in his expenditure, and of unbounded hospitality, —was, for his reputation in these particulars, visited by great men from all quarters, who came, as Sheba's queen to Solomon's presence, to gaze their fill on the splendours of his court. Solon, as the story goes, was one of these foreign guests; and from Solon fain would the king elicit a confession that he considered him, Cræsus, the happiest of mankind. Solon refused to account any man happy till death had set its seal upon his felicity; and he took occasion, the old historian adds, to warn Cræsus of the instability of all things human, expatiating on the jealous nature of the gods. The king was ruffled at the uncourtliness of the didactic sage, and dismissed

for the sake of certain chronological tables, which thousands are correcting to this day without being able to bring them to any certainty, a story so famous and well attested, nay (what is more) so agreeable to Solon's character, so worthy of his wisdom and magnanimity." The author of *Athens, its Rise and Fall*, "cannot but feel grateful," in Plutarch's own spirit, to the modern learning which has removed the only objection to the story in a seeming contradiction of dates; for if, as contended by Larcher, by Wesseling, by Fynes Clinton, and others, we allow Cræsus to have reigned jointly with his father Alyattes, the difficulty is presumed to vanish at once. Mr. Grote, however, pronounces all these attempts to obviate the chronological difficulties, and to save the historical character of this interview, unsuccessful. He takes the narrative of Solon and Cræsus, and says it can be taken, for nothing but an illustrative fiction, borrowed by Herodotus from some philosopher, and clothed in his own peculiar beauty of expression, which on this occasion is more decidedly poetical than is habitual with him. It illustrates forcibly, as Mr. Grote accepts it, the religious and ethical ideas of antiquity; the deep sense of the jealousy of the gods, who would not endure pride in any one except themselves; the impossibility, for any man, of realising to himself more than a very moderate share of happiness; the danger from reactionary Nemesis, if at any time he had overpassed such limit; and the necessity of calculations taking in the whole of life, as a basis for rational comparison of different individuals.

Sir G. Cornwall Lewis is equally decided in his judgment that the colloquy of Solon with Cræsus, beautiful as a fiction, cannot, for chronological reasons, hold its ground as history. The internal improbability of the story he declares to equal its chronological inconsistencies. Colonel Mure too dismisses it as a fabulous legend.

him in dudgeon. But all too soon he was to prove the truth of Solon's warning; the terrible Nemesis was awakened, says Herodotus, who deems the awakening due to that very boast of being the happiest of mortals. When Cyrus placed the royal Lydian on the pile of wood that was to consume him, then did Croesus bethink him of Solon's words, and thrice he gave plaintive utterance to Solon's name.

In that oldest extant of English tragedies, the *Ferrex and Porrex* of Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, the sorely troubled king, Gorboduc, exclaims :

“ ‘ Oh, no man happy till his end be seen.’
If any flowing wealth and seeming joy
In present years might make a happy wight,
Happy was Hecuba, the wofull'st wretch
That ever lived to make a mirror of ;
And happy Priam, with his noble sons ;
And happy I, till now, alas, I see
And feel my most unhappy wretchedness.”

It has been said of Sophocles that he was condemned to illustrate (after a period of unprecedented brilliancy) the melancholy moral inculcated (in the instance of *Edipus*) by himself, and so often obtruded upon us by the dramatist of his country, “ never to deem a man happy till death itself denies the hazard of reverses.” Addison professes to have been very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris, (the letters of Phalaris were still accepted at that time of day,) to a bereaved father whom the writer essays to console by the reflection, that death had set a kind of seal upon the excellence of his son's character, and had removed him from liability to lapses from virtue, and so to forfeiture of his good name. “ Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.” This, among other motives, Addison proceeds to suggest, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. While he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions : he may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a

different light from what he appears in at present. "In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it. It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself deserved most to be esteemed,—‘ You must first see us die, (said he,) before that question can be answered.’”

Fortune's wheel, the whirligig of time, brings round its revenges ; and Croesus at the stake might, when thrice he invoked Solon by name, have apostrophized him in the style of Shakspeare's Edmund :

“ . . . Thou hast spoken right, 't is true ;
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.”

Historians take note of our Henry the First,¹ that he seemed to possess as great a share of happiness as human life admits of ; “but the felicity of man,” observes one of them, “depends upon a conjunction of many circumstances, which are all subject to various accidents, and every single accident is able to dissolve the whole contexture ; which truth was never verified more than in this prince,” who, by one domestic misfortune not to be prevented or foreseen, found all the pleasure and content he proposed to himself wholly disappointed, by one fatal wreck.

“So now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death,”

as Margaret of Anjou has it. Or to cite another royal speaker, in Marlowe's historical tragedy,—

“Whilom I was powerful and full of pomp :
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable ?”

Corneille's elder Horace is reminded by his prince that

¹ Of Edward the Third, again, Tytler observes, that nothing could afford a more striking lesson on the vanity of human grandeur than the circumstances in which he died : stript of the fairest provinces which had been the fruit of his victories, and pillaged and deserted in his last moments by his faithless mistress and ungrateful domestics.

“Beaucoup par un long âge ont appris comme vous Que le malheur succède au bonheur le plus doux.” The moral is from Herodotus which a modern paraphrast draws, with Croesus for his text, when he tells of Fortune, that, “as she passes, oft upon his head that, underneath heaven’s hollowness, doth stand highest of men,¹ her loose uncertain hand lets fall the iron wedge and leaden weight.

“Croesus, the lord of all the Lydian state,
Of men was held the man by Fortune best
With her unheedful blind abundance blest :
Because all winds into his harbours blew
Opulent sails ; because his sceptre drew
Out of far lands a majesty immense ;
Because, to’ enrich his swollen magnificence,
The homage of a hundred hills was rolled
Upon a hundred rivers ; because gold
And glory made him singular in the smile
O’ the seldom smiling world a little while.”

The commonly accepted import of the Scottish proverb, “Ruse [praise] the fair day at e’en,” is a grateful recognition of the past favours we have enjoyed when we come to the close of the day,² and of life ; but a learned commentator has suggested another reading of the adage, in accordance with the

¹ Hence the strain of Schiller’s stanza in *The Ring of Polycrates* :

“Wouldst thou escape the coming ill,
Implore the dread Invisible
Thy sweets themselves to sour.
Well ends his life, believe me, never,
On whom, with hands thus full for ever,
The gods their bounty shower.”

² Let a man’s setting out be as bright and glorious as the rising sun, many a black cloud, writes South, may gather over him, and many a furious storm fall upon him, which shall bring him beaten and battered with a *Non putavi* (the fool’s motto) in his mouth, to a sad and doleful journey’s end ; “and then he will find, when he has once felt it, that it is no such strange thing, for a fair morning and a foul evening to fall on the same day.” The plaint of those who have outlived their well-being ; in one of Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*, is,

“Now be we caytifs, as it is wel seene ;
Thankèd be Fortune, and hire false wheel,
That noon estat assureth to ben weel.”

saying of Solon (Aristotle, *Ethic. Nicom.* i. 10): *Karà Σόλωνα χρέων τέλος ὀρᾶν*—Do not praise the fairness of the day *till* evening; do not call the life happy till you have seen the close. Wallenstein's confidence in his assured prosperity is rebuked by Gordon with a direct appeal to the saw, sharp set for the purpose—

“And yet remember I the good old proverb,
‘Let the night come before thou praise the day.’”

* * * * *

But let us end as we began, with the dying of David in a good old age, and the succession of Solomon to his throne. A sonnet by Hartley Coleridge shall be our summing up:

“Then Solomon sat on the throne as king;
So had his sire appointed :—great and least,
Hebrew and stranger, warrior, chief, and priest,
With one glad shout make air, earth, rock to ring.
Ah! sons of Abraham, is it such a thing
That your old monarch is so nigh deceased?
And ye must blow your horns, as if the feast
Of the ripe harvest and the hopeful spring
Fell on one day. ’T is well the old man dies.
The sweetest string in all the holy lyre
Cracks when the old man heaves his latest sighs.
And with his breath the highest tones expire.
Ten thousand minstrels play for Solomon—
What are they all, if David be not one?”

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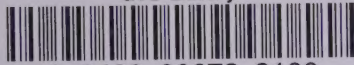
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